Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 598 2

No.....

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

Period
*AP2
D7
v.27
1892

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

L.H.
Vol 27,
Jan-June 1892

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

* Gratis
V. 27
Per Ann

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1892, TO JULY, 1892.

LOWER HALL

BOSTON:
PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1892.

1462
11

L.H.
Dec 7, 1892
4 r
cmt

Contents.

A

An Englishman's Tribute to Irish Virtue, 4.
Abducted by Pius the Ninth, 5.
A Christmas Carol, 25.
At Cork, 26.
Angel: A Life Sketch, 33.
A Dish for Young and Old, 52, 143, 237, 347, 435.
Amusements of the Middle Ages, 105.
Apostolate of the Press, 110.
A Young Irish Sculptor, 125.
Autocracy and its Effects, 163.
At His Tomb, 236.
A Contrast, 308.
A Country of Wonders, 342.
A Noted Priest, 344.
A Minister Paralyzed, 416.
An Irish-American Honored, 417.
A Letter from Home, 434.
Absolution on the Battle-Field, 440.
A Word for the Irishman, 459.
A Dirge, 527.

B

Bring Up a Child in the Way He Should Go, 80, 200, 292, 394.
Behring Sea Dispute, 232.
Biographical Sketch of Right Reverend Bishop Loughlin, 404.
Bishop Ludden on Dancing, 466.
Beautiful Death, 561.

C

Christmas in 1776, 20.
Catholic Historical Society, 55.
Charity Institutions of Paris, 132.
Comfort to a Bird, 133.
Chili and Its People, 155.
Cardinal Manning's Career (with portrait), 209.
Catholic Literature, 257.
Convict Priests, 314.
Cardinal Manning on St. Patrick, 329.
Columbus Announcing his Discovery, 339.
Catholics in Congress, 432, 550.
Cardinal Manning's Successor, 509.

D

Death of Cardinal Manning, 169.
Death of Rev. Father Blenkinsop, 178.
Death of Mrs. James Conway, 258.
Death of a Jesuit, 260.
Death of William E. Robinson, 262.
Death of the Earl of Charlemont, 266.
Death of John M. Shea, 395.
Death of Rev. Father Murphy, 457.

E

Emmet's Grave, 220.
Evictions in Free America, 458.
Easter Sunday, 467.

F

"Father" Hall and the Lessons of his Example, 1.
Footprints of Jesus, 120.
First Echo of Home Rule, 265.
Forty Years in the Church, 351.

G

Gen. Andrew Jackson, 112.
Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, 121.
George Washington, 255.
God's Irish Brigade in England, 451.

H

Hannibal's March over the Alps, 327.
How Wales Spends his Time, 354.
Hearing Mass, 527.
Holy Water, 552.

I

Irish Celebrities of New York, 212.
Irish Names of Towns and Cities, 30.
Irish Industries and the World's Fair, 91.
If the Know-Nothings Keep On, 229.
In Memoriam of Cardinal Manning, 248.
Importance of Irish Element in New York, 303.
In Honor of St. Patrick, 337.
Irish Wit and Humor, 414.
Important to the Clergy, 441.
Ireland Aided America, 445.
In Memoriam of Poets, 446.
Improper Pictures, 447.

J

James Stephens, 134.

L

Love Lyrics, 510.

M

Missionary Labors of Lazarists, 148.
Mary Magdalen, 319.
Mixed Marriages, 323.
Manliness; Be a Man, 535.

N

Noble Friends of Ireland, 18.
Notes on Current Topics, 83, 169, 268, 367, 469, 565.
New York Protectory, 234.
Negro Catholic Missions, 360.

O

Old Ironsides, 56.
Old Christmas Talk, 64.
Our Catholic Deaf-Mutes, 517.

P

Points About the Irish Crisis, 205, 426, 505.
Pilgrimages to La Chapelle, 61, 124, 216, 357, 430, 515.
Patrick Egan, 219, 543.
Patrick Sarsfield and Emmet, 264.
Preserve your Magazines, 438.

R

Recent Publications, 89, 183, 279, 379, 480, 579.
Right Reverend J. M. Farley, D. D., 316.
Rev. M. J. Savage and Evolution, 501.

S

St. Patrick's Church in Rome, 17.
She Got the Cow, 139.
Silver Jubilees, 181.
Sayings of the Saints, 249, 343, 439.
St. Patrick's Day, 253.
St. Brendan, 263.
St. Patrick, 359.
St. Brendan as a Discoverer, 541.

T

"Their Story Runneth Thus," 10, 126, 221.
The Church and the Republic, 19.
The Oldest Home in New England, 39.
The Clan-na Loughlan, 42.
The Pope of the Immaculate Conception, 62.
The Anti-Christian Movement in China, 109.
The Green Old Flag, 140.
The Inquisition, 141.
The Origin of Thanksgiving Day, 159.
The Management of Children, 162.
The Great Anti-Popery Scare, 203.
The Sick Room Temperature, 228.
The Picket Guard, 240.
Thomas Davis: A Sketch, 241.
The Lynch Family, 251.
The First Mass in America, 259.
Tribute of a Jew to Cardinal Manning, 267.
The Way to be Happy, 307.
The First President, 315.
Thomas Davis and his Betrothed, 345.
The Irish in British Art, 355.
Two Catholic Explorers, 403.
The Study of Civil Government, 448.
The Irish National Church, 456.
The Enchanted Mill, 460.
The Basilica of St. Patrick, 528.
The Apostle of the Dagger, 531.
The Wicked Lord Leitrim, 533.

U

Universal Expectation of the Virgin, 57.

V

Viewing the Procession, 155.

W

What Girls Should Do, 41.
Working Girls' Home, 161, 193.
What is Electricity? 328.
Wooden Shoes and Clogs, 358.
What a Magazine Costs. 366.
Who is St. Viateur? 524.
World's Fair Progress, 542.
What is Really the Number of Catholics in the United States, 559.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Calf on the Lawn, 65.
What Does it Mean? 65.
Leon Martin's Christmas Eve, 66.
As Quick as the Telephone, 71.
Charlie's Christmas Carol, 74.
First Bell Rung in America, 78.
Some Sagacious Animals, 79.
A Child's Requiem, 185.
A Word to Boys About Smoking, 185.
The Cowboy's Last Ride, 187.
The Saloon Habit, 189.
Six Grave Diggers, 190.
The Training of Boys, 191.
Asking the Echo, 191.
A Child of Mary, 194.
Hospice of St. Bernard, 194, 286.
A Protestant's Reasons, 195.
A Wonderful Mechanism, 196.
Thrilling Story of a Missionary, 197.
Display of Animal Intelligence, 198.
Food Before Sleep, 199.
Trying To Get Even Don't Pay, 281.
The Youthful Martyr, 282.
Trapping a Gorilla, 288.
A Light in the Window, 290.
Proper Food for Breakfast, 291.
The Children's New Year, 380.
Dangers Which Threaten the Young, 381.
The Convent of La Rabida, 383.
What Will the Harvest Be?, 385.
A Patron That Never Fails, 386.
Rash Judgment, 388.
Cool Generals, 392.
How Converts are Made, 393.

Mother's Girl, 483.
Miracle of the Cross, 483.
The Virtues of Walking, 484
The Uses of Peat, 485.
Girls Behind the Counter, 487.
Second-Hand False Teeth, 488.
Five Minutes Before Mass, 489.
Propriety of Dress, 491.
Log Book of Columbus, 492.
A Boy with a Future, 493.
City of the Bears, 494.
Washington's Physical Training, 496.
The "Tough," 497.
Since Mother Died, 581.
Little Johnny McDonnell, 581.
Young Squirrels, 585.
Katherine's Triumph, 586.
Our Boys, 588.
Christian Doctors, 589.
The Crowns, 590.
The Sign of the Cross, 593.
Example of Filial Piety, 595.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1892. No. 1.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

"Father" Hall and the Lessons of His Example.

THE late excitement attending the recall of Rev. "Father" Hall, from St. John's Episcopal Church, in Bowdoin street, Boston, by his superior in England, though pretty thoroughly discussed in the public prints, suggests, as we think, some lessons worthy of being noted and preserved. St. John's Church, formerly the somewhat notorious high church of the Advent, was purchased by a Protestant Episcopal brotherhood in England called the Cowley Brotherhood, and, during the administration of "Father" Grafton, since made Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, it was noted for its ritualistic practices. They called themselves Catholics, ("not Roman Catholics, you know") and aped the Church to a considerable extent. They had an ornate ritual; they professed to believe in the Real Presence; genuflected and blessed themselves on entering church; reserved what they called the Blessed Sacrament in a side chapel, and made visits and paid reverence to it. They heard confessions, and they had an order of imitation Sisters of Charity. They cultivated devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints.

We remember an incident that occurred while Father Fulton was Rector of Boston College. A very nice young lady, who belonged to a Catholic family, but who had evidently not been very well instructed in her religion, was led away by the plausible and rather attractive ceremonial and teaching at the Advent, but not being quite at ease she called on Father Fulton to have a talk with him. Willing, no doubt anxious, to justify herself, she expatiated on the beauty of the ceremonial and the Catholic teaching of the "Fathers." "Why," said she, "it is almost exactly like the Catholic Church."—"Well, my dear child," replied Father Fulton, in his usual quiet, dry way, "if the imitation is so beautiful and good, how much more the genuine."

During Mr. Grafton's incumbency, there was a pretty decided tendency to "Rome," and the church has really proved a school in which a number of excellent persons have been educated for the Church. Mr. Grafton was a vigorous administrator, and when argument failed with these "perverts," he usually attempted the most arbitrary, reckless, and imperative measures to prevent their apostasy. He absolutely forbade their reading a Catholic book; he insisted on their giving up their "foolish" notions and trusting

to his superior knowledge, and even went so far as to assume the fearful responsibility of their salvation as if he were absolutely infallible. We had this from the testimony of one of the converts, a most excellent and intelligent lady who had an awful struggle to free herself from his influence and take refuge in the peaceful bosom of Holy Mother Church.

Some difficulty occurred in the church, not necessary to be mentioned here, which led to the secession of Mr. Grafton, with a portion of the congregation of the Advent. They went over to Brimmer street and built the present fine Church of the Advent in that street, while the rest of the congregation remained in the old church, which took the name of St. John's, and "Father" Hall was made superior.

Now, here is a puzzle. Father Hall, though very reluctant to return to England when recalled by his superior, yet felt bound to go, because he had taken vows of obedience to his superior. Had not "Father" Grafton taken the same vows? Certainly, he must have done so. But how, then, was he dispensed? If there was a dispensing power lodged somewhere that Father Grafton could avail himself of, why could not Father Hall avail himself of the same? If Father Grafton assumed authority to dispense himself, why could not Father Hall do the same? Anyhow, Father Hall did not feel at liberty to dispense himself, but recognized the obligation of his vow of obedience and his duty to return to England at the call of his superior. This led to a development of a very curious nature, which illustrated in a marked manner the difference between a real Catholic religious and a bogus one.

A Catholic religious, at the first intimation of the wish of his superior, would have quietly and unostentatiously withdrawn from his position, packed his valise, and made his way to headquarters without delay. Evidently Father Hall ought to have done the same; or, if he chose to take matters into his own hands, to dispense himself, as Father Grafton apparently did, and set up on his own hook, then it was open to him to make a public appeal, explaining his motives, justifying himself as well as he could to his own people as well as to outsiders, refusing to obey the call of his superior, and, if he felt called to it, set up an independent church. He really made the public appeal and protest, and yet obeyed the call of his superior.

It was said the reason of his recall was the fact of his having voted for the confirmation of Dr. Brooks as Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. This revealed another curious phase of the proceedings. Father Hall and Bishop Brooks are supposed to represent opinions and teachings in church doctrine and practice the very antipodes of each other. Bishop Brooks does not believe in the apostolic succession, — unless indeed he has changed his views since becoming a bishop; of which, however, we have no evidence, — is even charged with Unitarian proclivities, at any rate is rated as one of the lowest of Low-Churchmen, or rather the most liberal of Broad-Churchmen; while Father Hall and the order to which he belongs are rated as the highest of High-Churchmen, with strong Catholic proclivities. What the attraction was between these two opposite poles of churchmanship, we have not been able fully to discover, perhaps it was mainly on the principle that extremes meet; but the fact was developed in the course of the discussion that there was a warm bond of sympathy and personal regard between the two leaders,

so that, while the bishop engaged earnestly in the defence of Father Hall, Father Hall did not hesitate to cast his vote for the bishop. The natural inference would seem to be that personal considerations are stronger than doctrinal, at least in the diocese of Massachusetts.

This, of course, would be a great practical inconsistency, were it not for the fact that the distinguishing feature of the Episcopal church is that it was founded in compromise, and though the various parties in the church, from the very beginning, have been contending for supremacy — High-Church, Low-Church, Broad-Church, Ritualist — they are now no nearer settlement than they were at the beginning, three hundred years ago. Probably the zealous and genial bishop, with his broad views, recognizes the fact that tolerance is the only true policy of his church; that no person, however extreme his views, has any right to say to another person, you are in error, you have no right in the Church. To agree to differ is their only safety. Hence, no doubt, Father Hall had reason to believe that the bishop would not interfere with their proceedings at St. John's, while the good bishop would naturally conclude that as long as Father Hall seemed to be earnest, enterprising, and devoted, as all gave him credit for being, it was hardly worth while for them to quarrel about church millinery, or the intricacies of attitudinizing ceremonial, or even the graver and more important matters of church doctrine. Their church is comprehensive, and as there is no infallible tribunal of final appeal to decide between the various phases of opinion, their true policy is to recognize the fact and agree to live together in peace and harmony.

There is another phase of the matter which serves still farther to illustrate the loose hold which sham and imitation principles of teaching and practice have upon the minds and hearts of their devotees. It is said that the recall of Father Hall has nearly broken up the church. The mass of the people have withdrawn, so that it is reported that at the first service after Father Hall's absence there were only two or three pews occupied by members of the parish, while all the societies connected with the church have disbanded, and it is a serious question whether the church will survive the catastrophe.

Now, if the people really believed in the Real Presence of our Lord on their altars; if they had faith in the authority of their so-called Fathers to give real absolution in the confessional as well as to administer all the life-giving Sacraments of the Church, think you they would abandon the church in that summary manner? Real Catholics would not do so. Their faith is not in man, but in the Church. No matter what the character of the priest is, if he be duly ordained and has the requisite faculties, he is the representative of Jesus Christ. He has real authority to act in His name, and if a favorite priest is removed from a parish, there may be regret on the part of the people, especially of his own penitents; but they don't think of raising a rebellion, or forsaking the Church. They know that other priests have the same authority, and that they can derive the same spiritual benefit from the Sacraments as they did from the administration of their favorite confessor.

But with our Protestant Episcopal brethren the peculiar views which are supposed to rule in the parish are necessarily associated with the man.

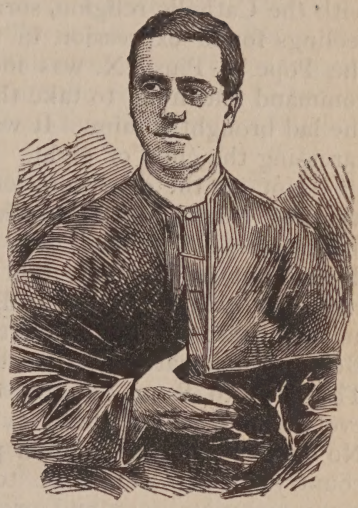
He is their authority. They pin their faith to his sleeve. He differs *toto coelo* from his brother "priest" in the next parish, or even from his bishop; they know it, but it makes no difference to them, their pastor is their infallible guide, so that when he goes away their religion may almost be said to go with him. Their imitation edifice crumbles into ruins, like a baby-house when a single block is removed. They have faith in him and believe what he says, because he says it. Alas! their church, with all their high pretensions, stands upon the same ground of authority as the other sects of Protestantism, — no better, no worse. They have no infallible guide, no final court of appeal to decide disputes; no authority above individual opinion. They are tolerant of each other's opinions and views only because they know their existence as a church depends upon it. Still the ritualists are undoubtedly doing a good work for the Church. "Father" Ignatius' bogus monks, whom he left in England when he came to this country, acted very wisely in taking advantage of his absence to escape from the thraldom of the one-man power and take shelter in the safe and secure refuge of Holy Mother Church. We can desire no better fate for Father Hall and his associates in the Cowley Brotherhood than to imitate their example. We believe they are sincere, earnest men; it is a pity they should come so near the haven of rest and peace, and yet fail to find it. H. L. R.

An Englishman's Tribute to Irish Virtue.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, who has made a special study of the causes and extent of social depravity, has been lecturing on this topic in Edinburgh, and in the course of his observations he made some statements which we commend to the attention of those who credit Irish Catholics with a double dose of original sin. "He himself was a Protestant, and he presumed most of those present were Protestants; but there was no blinking the fact that if they took a Protestant family and a Catholic family, and put them in a London slum, they would find that three or four years afterwards half the Protestant family had gone to the bad, while every member of the Catholic family had retained his or her virtue." This is the conclusion to which Mr. Stead has come after having made constant investigations in the metropolis. The experience which Mr. Stead gained during his visits to Ireland confirmed the opinion he had previously formed in London. "He had," he said, "been astonished to see in Ireland people living in miserable hovels, who, whatever else they might be, were most virtuous. This he attributed to the teaching by the priests, in the confessional and in the family, of the duties of parents to children and of children towards each other. The result was a moral miracle, at which they, as Protestants, Presbyterians, or whatever they might be, had reason to bow their heads in shame." Mr. Stead's advice to Protestants is to go and do likewise,— to realize in their own homes their great responsibility to their children, and to impress upon them the sacredness of the duty they owed to themselves and to their God to keep themselves pure and unspotted in the world.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

Abducted by Pius the Ninth.



CANON MORTARA.

THE reappearance in Italy of Pius Mary Mortara awakens old memories. Men of fifty have found themselves back again in the stormy autumn of 1858. The announcement that the ex-Jew would preach in a Christian church recalled the time when the name of a child of seven, written on a thousand leaves, and shrieked by every wind of religious and political doctrine, flew from one end of Europe to the other. Then the mere word Mortara was a call to arms; and bravely did every scribe obey the summons. Some, with pen dipped in gall, reviled Pope Pius IX.; others, deploring the deprivation inflicted on a Jewish mother, caused tender hearts to melt at the rigors of a law which could sever from his parents' embrace a child. The year 1858 ran out its course, and with 1859 other interests arose. Mortara ceased to rivet public attention. By degrees he dropped completely out of sight, and a new generation has come into existence, for whom Mortara would seem to be a name and nothing more. It may be so; and yet the crowds, largely composed of Jews, who flocked to the Church of San Carlo, at Modena, to see and hear the man, prove the fascination exercised on the mind of this same generation by the history of the boy.

Edgar Mortara was born in 1851. The date is important. His native place was Bologna. His parents were Jews and had seven other children besides Edgar. Those who pictured to themselves a lonely couple sitting childless in a silent house, overlooked this detail. The Mortaras had a Christian servant-maid, against both the ecclesiastical and the then civil law of the land. Once, when the youngest child was very ill, the servant happened to mention the fact to one of the Catholic neighbors. "If the child is really going to die," said the neighbor, "it would be a charity to baptize it." — "That I'll never do," replied the maid. Then, to explain her reluctance, she confessed that, six years previously, thinking Edgar was at death's door, she had christened him. Edgar had recovered, and now he was over seven years old and knew not but that he was a Jew. This was a lesson to her, and she would never run the risk of having another Christian brought up in a false religion. The servant's words passed from mouth to mouth until they came to the ears of the successor of St. Peter, who inherits the awful responsibility conveyed in the words, "Feed My sheep; feed My lambs."

Investigations were made. The girl's story was sifted. Her manner of administering the Sacrament was examined. It was clearly recognized that little Edgar was a Christian, and, in the flush of the discovery, he was removed from his father's custody and brought to Rome, where he was placed with some nuns who keep a house called the Casa dei Catechumeni. Of course, these good religious were like mothers to the child, and saw

that he was instructed in his religion. At first Edgar, who could not understand his position, was a lonely lad; but as soon as he was made acquainted with the Catholic religion, sorrow gave place to joy, and his newly awakened feelings found expression in the words: "I am baptized, and my father is the Pope." Pius IX. was indeed a father to the boy. Not only did he command the nuns to take the greatest care of young Mortara, but he had the lad brought to him. It was a touching sight to witness the aged Pontiff caressing the child of eight.

Not all the attentions of the nuns and the flattering marks of favor lessened Edgar Mortara's affection and respect for his parents. He wrote little letters full of love. He let them know where he was and what he was doing; but his very affection made him fear the danger his faith would be exposed to if he returned to Bologna. The boy was remarkably intelligent, and his heart was no discredit to his head. To have him back with them at Bologna was naturally the object upon which his parents set their mind. They flew to Rome; came to the house where Edgar was lodged, and used every kind of influence to try and turn their son's heart against his religion. No obstacle was put in their path. The child was not smuggled out of the country. They were free to visit him whenever they chose. Caresses, tears, remonstrances, and promises were employed; all was in vain. One day his mother caught sight of a medal of Our Lady which he was wearing. She snatched it from his neck with the words: "You are a Hebrew, and a Hebrew you should die." — "Out of respect I kept silence," Edgar Mortara said afterwards; "but as often as my mother uttered those words, I would say to myself 'By the grace of God, I am a Christian, and a Christian I will die.'" On another occasion, his father called his attention to the Fourth Commandment. "Do you know," said Mr. Mortara, "that God commands you to obey your parents?" — "Yes, my dear father," answered Edgar, "I am commanded to love you and respect you with all my heart; but I cannot obey you in what is against the law of God."

It was a waste of time to appeal to the child. The parents determined to appeal to public opinion. Not often had there been a case which could be so well worked by Jews against Christians, or by Protestants against the Pope. The matter was brought before the Synagogue of Alessandria, in Piedmont. The rabbins of France and Germany took up the subject. The Jewish influence, which has such weight on the German, French, and Belgian press, was enlisted in behalf of the Mortaras. England, still quivering with the excitement of the Indian Mutiny, was convulsed with horror and pity by stirring articles in the Times and Morning Post. Indignant leaders in the *Siècle* and *Débats* inflamed the passions of the French; and German sentiment rose to fever heat under the incessant strokes of the *Algemeine Zeitung* and *Volkefreund*. Governments and peoples were called upon to avenge the outraged sanctities of the home. Parental authority had been defied. Priestly tyranny was set in opposition to maternal rights. Jews and Protestants forgot their mutual differences. A child's name, like a spell, led their united forces against the Pope; and all this time every one who wished to see the little victim of mediæval bigotry had free access to him.

Edgar Mortara was interviewed by laymen and ecclesiastics, by magis-

trates and diplomats. His language was always the same. Clearly and decidedly, he proclaimed his love for his parents, and the happiness he would feel in living with them if only they were Christians. The boy's ideas about religion were evidently fixed. There was no resisting the evidence supplied by those honest eyes, and that earnest and naïve tongue. The language of Louis Veuillot * and other Catholic journalists helped to lay the storm. With the incoming of a busier season, the Mortara incident was suffered to die away.

The storm had strengthened the boy's claim on the attention of his august patron. After a couple of years spent with the nuns, Edgar was removed to the Apostolic College attached to the Basilica of St. Peter in Chains. The occasion of his going there was this: Walking one day through Rome, he met some of the little *Apostoliques*. Their white dress riveted the boy's attention: "I want to be dressed like that," said he to his guardians. The Pope heard of it and sent him to San Pietro. Here, with other boys of his own age, he was trained for the Order of Canons Regular of St. John Lateran.

The piety and talents of the youth justified the hopes of the Sovereign Pontiff, and, after a brilliant course of studies, Edgar was judged worthy to be admitted, in 1866, to the white habit of St. Augustine. His novitiate was passed at the Canonica of St. Agnes, outside the walls of Rome, where it was his privilege to pray by the relics of that noble child whose preference for Christ stirred pagan Rome to its depths, and whose sacrifice of pleasure, fortune, and life has made her the patroness of every novitiate in the Lateran Congregation. At his clothing, young Mortara, out of gratitude to the Pope, took the names of Pius and Mary. Pius IX. did not forget his foster-child in the cloister. Every year, on the 12th of April, he would come with the Pontifical Court to the Abbey of St. Agnes, there to sing a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for his miraculous escape from death in 1855. Dom Pius Mortara, as long as he remained at St. Agnes's, was always selected to read some verses before His Holiness, and there was always talk about incidents which gave cause for other congratulations.

But dark days were at hand, and Canon Mortara was soon obliged to separate from his august benefactor and from his fatherland. The loud-voiced preachers of the fourth commandment had no respect for the seventh. September, 1870, saw the hostile soldiery within the walls of the city where the young Canon Regular was pursuing his studies. Rome was scarcely seized by the Piedmontese troops before the father of Dom Pius presented himself in the Eternal City. In the downfall of the Pope he saw a chance of recovering his son; but that son was now in his twentieth year, and claimed his right to judge for himself. Going with his father before General la Marmora, Governor of Rome, he declared that he was of age to choose a religion for himself, and stated his determination to remain a Christian. At a moment when liberty formed the burden of every song, and the rights of Romans were celebrated in every *botega*, La Marmora could not enforce the Jewish father's fanatical demands, and Mr. Mortara had to leave his son in peace. But fearing some snare, and placing no reliance upon a government

* The Editor of the *Univers* often met Mortara in after years, and would say to him, "My son, you little know what gallons of ink you have cost me."

which stood on broken pledges, Dom Pius left Rome the following night and fled into Austria.

Under the shadow of the papal throne the young canon had spent twelve years of quiet happiness amongst dear and tried friends and amid his beloved books; now he was to begin another twelve of change and labor and trial. The unreliableness of the apostles of liberty drove him into a foreign land; the blood-tax was to keep him for twenty years out of his country. The anti-Christian principle, which would have destroyed the Pope for the sake of the boy Mortara, had been pushed to its legitimate conclusion. Pius IX. was a prisoner, and Mortara an exile. Consolation soon came to the the wanderer. In the very year he left Rome he was allowed to make his solemn profession. The ceremony was performed at Brixen, in the Tyrol. Conspicuous amongst the Canons Regular who assisted at this memorable spectacle was Father John Chrysostom Mütterutzner, for many years Bishop Comboni's companion in the African Mission-field. Hardly had Dom Pius acquired an acquaintance with German when by the General's orders he was sent to France. This was in 1872. He continued his studies in the Priory of Notre Dame de Beauchêne and took his Doctor's degree at Poitiers. Ordained priest, he found plenty of employment in this noted sanctuary of Mary. His command of French and his striking eloquence made numbers desire to hear him. Cardinal Pie, the illustrious Bishop of Poitiers, chose him to preach an Advent Course in his own cathedral. He also occupied the pulpit at Moulins and Nancy.

The Paris Exhibition of 1878 brought him a great joy. His mother, knowing that he could not see her in Italy without being condemned to prison and impressed as a soldier, came to Paris to meet her son. Dom Pius, with the permission of his superiors, went to the capital, where he spent some happy hours with her whose conversion he has never ceased to pray for. Mrs. Mortara was deeply touched at the first meeting, but her son's tender embraces helped her to overcome her emotion. Their relations have been most affectionate ever since. In 1878, Canon Mortara was obliged to say farewell to Beauchêne. Little did he know, at that time, that two years would not pass before profane hands would close the beautiful chapel in the face of devout pilgrims, and break down the priory doors. But if he was not allowed to stay to meet the brunt of the tempest with the Canons Regular at Beauchêne, it was simply because a similar trial awaited him at his new destination.

He had to cross France. His new home was to be in the Vosges — Mattaincour, the burial-place of the Apostle of Lorraine, Blessed Peter Fourier, was to have the benefit of his talents. He preached the Novena on the occasion of the great pilgrimage which took place in July, 1878. His brethren in the Abbey of Mattaincour felt thankful to God for sending them so able an assistant. His zeal, his charity, and his ardor for all those things which pertain to the canonical life made the Community hope to possess him many years, when it pleased the Lord to prostrate him with so severe an attack of illness that his health has ever since remained completely shattered. He lives entirely on milk, fruit, and vegetables. On account of his health he was ordered to Marseilles. During his stay in the south of France the Ferry Law was passed; and the government, if it did not actu-

ally thrust the boy Mortara, now an invalid, out of his house, left a paper at the Abbey ordering him to quit the soil of France within twenty-four hours.

And thus it came to pass that the year 1880, which saw his brothers in misfortune land on these shores, saw Canon Mortara doing his best in assisting to found a house of Canons Regular in Spain. Many and great were the difficulties which he experienced, and bitter were his disappointments. Attempts were unsuccessfully made to find a resting-place for the weary feet at San Fernando and at Cadiz. At last the Bishop of Vittoria chanced to hear of the Congregation, and offered them his episcopal seminary as a place of residence, if the Austin Canons would undertake the training of the students. This seminary is at Oñate, and here is the present home of Canon Mortara. The Community, exclusive of the diocesan students, is a large one, and is remarkable for possessing the only surviving member of the old Spanish Congregation of Austin Canons and a young scholastic who glories in the name of Dom Andrew Garro-Guerricaechebarria, C. R. L. Father Mortara's eloquence has found expression in Spanish. His reputation as a preacher has passed over the borders of the Basque country, and by command of the queen-regent he preaches occasionally in Madrid. In the pulpit he is all fire. His delicacy of health is not felt in his sermons.

To end where we began. The boy Mortara has just visited Italy. Business relating to his Order and a legitimate desire to see his widowed mother had much to do with his short stay in the land of his birth. He stayed chiefly in the head house of the Congregation at San Pietro in Vincoli. And how could Father Mortara go to Italy this year? Because he is now forty years of age, and cannot be compelled to strap on a knapsack and carry a rifle. The twenty years of banishment pronounced against the boy Mortara by the "Deliverers" of Rome have come to an end; and Pius Mary Mortara, without fear of arrest, visited the home of his aged mother, and knelt at the tomb of Pius IX.

GILBERT HIGGINS, C. R. L., in Merry England.

A Catholic Lady's Sacrifice.

LADY BURTON, being called on by Providence to sacrifice her only means of support in the interests of religion and morality, responded nobly to the appeal. Her husband left, as the only provision, or at least the chief provision he had made for her, the manuscript of his translation of an Arabian work, The Scented Garden, enriched with many notes. One publisher offered Lady Burton thirty thousand dollars for the manuscript. On reading over the work, however, she was convinced that its publication would do great harm, and she therefore, as we have already informed our readers, burned it with her own hands. Protestant Englishmen thereupon wrote her abusive letters, which she received as so many testimonies to the rectitude of her conduct. It is characteristic that a Protestant religious journal, while devoting a leading article to this act of noble self-sacrifice, and warmly praising it, carefully refrains from telling its readers that this lady, whose ideas of morality are so superior to those of most people, is an ardent Catholic.

"Their Story Runneth Thus."

"Good news! good news! I bring you glad tidings, *mes demoiselles;* but you must guess what my news is," said Raymond Hoyt, as he entered the dining-room where his sister Grace and her guest, Kate Murray, were at breakfast.

In his right hand he waved aloft three of the morning newspapers, and in his left hand he carried a small package and several letters which the postman had just left. One of the envelopes had been opened. Had the news come by telegraph or mail?

"The Giants have won a glorious victory!" exclaimed Grace, knowing her brother's enthusiasm for base-ball.

"Guess again," he replied.

"The Democrats have carried Kentucky, or the Republicans have won in Maine," continued Grace, touching another of Raymond's favorite subjects, for, as became the descendant of a long line of public men, he was intensely interested in party politics.

Raymond laughed low and pleasantly at his sister's attempt to poke fun at his twin hobbies. Then he took a seat at the table, and, turning to "Bonnie Kate"—as he was wont to call their visitor when speaking of her to his sister—he said:

"Miss Murray, it is your turn to guess."

"Did you read the news in a journal or get it from a letter?" she asked.

"That is a Yankee guess," he replied, "and therefore one that should not come from Dixie."

But, as he spoke, his eye involuntarily glanced at the opened envelopes, which he had turned face down on the table so that the handwriting of the address could not be seen. The look was noticed, and the answer came swiftly:

"The Stella is in port."

"Bravo! A centre shot—you have told the story. The Mascot has arrived. The roses there will smell sweeter and the breakfast grapes taste finer, now that you have guessed the good word and know that your *protégé* has returned safe from 'the wild, raging sea;' and here is a letter for you that will repeat the news that was contained in mine."

Miss Murray took the letter, glanced at the contents, then read it aloud:

School Ship Stella Navy Yard Brooklyn, July 11, 1877.

Dear Miss Murray we arrived today from Rio Janero I hope you are well, we had a plesent voyege. I would like to see you, how is my mother we will be at the navy yard wharf for a week or more I am well and contented.

Your greatful friend
Francis P. Marr.

Ps I send you a book which I picked up in a Jew's second [-hand] store at Rio. I bought it because it has your name written in it.

"Doubtless here's the book our sailor-boy refers to," cried Raymond, handing the package to Miss Murray.

Kate opened it and found a copy of The Faith of Our Fathers, by the Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. And there, sure

enough, on the fly-leaf, in neatly-written letters, was the name: "Katherine Murray."

"Who can your namesake be?" queried Grace.

"She must be a Catholic, whoever she is, and therefore not an agreeable person," said Raymond, as he poured the cream over his oatmeal.

"That is a *non sequitur*, Lawyer Hoyt," replied Kate, "much worse than my "Yankee guess." I know a number of Catholics who are cultured in intellect and charming in manner. You know I am from Maryland."

"You forgot Rose Leary, too, when you said that," added Grace, as she passed the toast to her brother.

The person referred to was the sweetheart of one of Raymond's friends at his club. She was a graduate of a convent academy, an art student, and a writer for the magazines.

"I accept the correction," he said; "let me modify the statement, and surmise that the unknown bearer of the fine old Scotch name of Murray is probably a subject of the Pope's, and declare that, if she be worthy of her Caledonian ancestors, she is a lady 'of purest ray serene'; and state that if she were here now I should recommend her to try these chops, which are broiled to a turn."

The meeting of gallantry and gastronomy in the same sentence was whimsically characteristic of the speaker.

"What will you do with the book?" asked Grace.

"She will put it at the bottom of her trunk and forget that she ever received it," interjected Raymond.

"Oh! no; I shall keep it for Frank's sake, and read it for my own."

"What! Read a Catholic Archbishop's book!" exclaimed Grace, taking the privilege of an old friend to express her astonishment.

"Certainly; why not?"

"Well, you are true to your old self, still," answered Grace, remembering the epithets "Queen Katherine" and "Miss I-will Murray" that were coined for her by the other school-girls of Miss Houghton's Seminary. "No one can believe those Catholics," she continued; "I don't see what any one of them can have to say in favor of their denomination."

"Neither do I," replied Miss Murray, "simply because I have never tried to find out. But I'm willing to hear their own statements of their won doctrines. I have been intending to get a few Catholic books to read, just to see what that Church has to say for itself. I like to hear both sides of every controversy before I make up my mind finally, and so far I have listened only to the Protestant version. It is high time for me to examine the Catholic account of the last three hundred years."

"You would make a good umpire," laughed Raymond, "only you've been a little slow towards the other nine. But"—intending to change the subject—"when shall we go to see Frank?"

"If Grace could go this afternoon, I"—

"Of course she can," answered that young lady for herself; "shall we say two o'clock?"

"That hour would suit me," said Kate; "would it be convenient for you?"

"Yes," Raymond agreed, "that will please me to a dot. We'll start

from my office at two, get to the ship before three, spend an hour with the Mascot, have an hour in which to get back home for dinner, and over the dessert we'll recount the adventures of the day. And now, after a fresh *demi-tasse* of coffee, taken in order to show my appreciation of cook's genius, I'll say good-by to you, my friends and fellow-citizens, and hurry down town to my daily toil."

He sipped the aromatic coffee as if it were nectar. "It beats Delmonico's" was the criticism. When he laid down the empty cup, the three arose from the table, the ladies going to their rooms and Raymond taking a stage at the door on the way to his office.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, with their younger son and daughter, Clarence and Lily, were in Europe, whither they had gone to give the banker a vacation and to enter Clarence at one of the great German universities. At home, in their city residence on Madison avenue, they had left Raymond, — their twenty-two-year old son, who was chief clerk of the law firm of Choke, Avert & Co., and could not leave his work — and Grace, who had volunteered to stay with him for company's sake. This offer of Miss Hoyt's was not made altogether from heroic sisterly affection — she had a nervous dread of the ocean, and had suffered torments from *mal de mer* on the two occasions when she crossed it.

To keep herself alive during the day — so she had herself expressed her motive — Grace invited an old schoolmate of hers, Miss Katherine Murray, of Baltimore, to spend the summer in New York, holding out the inducements that they two should keep old maids' hall in the house all day and have frequent trips with Raymond to Glen Island, Rockaway, and all the other near-by resorts.

Miss Murray was a teacher in one of the Baltimore public schools. She was Grace's age — "half-past twenty," as Clarence said — and an orphan. She was of good family, but reverses had come to them and before the death of their parents their possessions had dwindled to a quarter-acre of ground and a cottage on the York Road and a few hundred dollars in bank. But the "sole daughter of their house and heart" was of a brave spirit, who hated idleness and dependence, and who was bent on doing her share of the work of the world. The fall before her father's death — and he, poor, broken-hearted man, lived only seven months after his wife was laid to rest in Green Mount — Kate succeeded in getting a position as teacher in one of the old-town schools, and was happy in her employment and in her ability to earn her own support.

Among the pupils of her school was Frank Marr, the only son of a widow, a wild boy of fourteen, who detested books, and who would play truant at every chance he got, in order to go down the Chesapeake Bay in whatever boat he could get aboard as stowaway, cabin-boy, or passenger. He had a passion for deep water, which was all the more unaccountable as his father had lived and died far from the sea, and his mother had never been on a steamship. Frank would sometimes come to school, but he was so frequently late, so seldom knew his lessons, and was so apt to get into mischief, that he was often in punishment. Miss Murray was somehow drawn to him, although he was not in her class, and, after making his acquaintance and getting interested in him, she visited his home, got him

off from more than one whipping, and, finally, through the coöperation of the Superintendent of Education, obtained a berth for him on the School-ship Stella, and persuaded his mother to let him follow his bent toward the ocean.

Slowly, under the gentle care of Miss Murray, the boy's better nature began to develop. Almost as soon as she commenced to notice him and to speak kindly to him, he became devotedly attached to her and tried hard to please her. The tumbling of the waves in the bay, and the roar of the waters on the distant beach, would still call him occasionally from his studies, but he would come back unsought, his absences were less numerous and less prolonged, and he would always profess penitence to her and promise to reform. And when she crowned her favors by getting for him his heart's desire — the opportunity to learn seamanship and go sailing out into the trackless deeps — his gratitude was eloquent and sincere.

When Father Sunam heard of Miss Murray's salutary influence over Frank, and of her purpose to try to rescue him from the fate of a roustabout, he was well pleased; and, later, when he learned that the lad was going to be an apprentice on the school-ship, and that there no impediment would be placed in the way of his learning and practising his religion, he predicted that the boy would some day bring a blessing to her. The prediction was repeated to her by the superintendent who heard it uttered by the priest; and from that day Frank began to be called "Miss Murray's Mascot." How a knowledge of the nickname spread, no one could tell; but it was used as often as his Christian name by those who knew him and her.

Frank had now been on the Stella for eight months, and was returning from his first cruise in foreign waters. It had taken the ship to Brazil and other South American countries. His first act on the day that the vessel sighted port, was to write to his mother and to his benefactress. His letter to the latter you have read.

To be continued.

L. W. REILLY.

Faults of Many Mothers.

AMERICAN women of all classes are, as a rule, sinfully negligent of some of the duties which pertain to health, especially exercise in the open air. The excuse that their many cares engross them, and that they, in consequence, have but little opportunity for leaving their homes, is scarcely sufficient. The number who actually cannot enjoy each day an hour's outing must be small, indeed, even among the class forced to work the hardest. Not only do many women fail in this respect in their duty to themselves, but their young children suffer in consequence of the same neglect. From one week's end to another during the winter not a few of them keep their little ones in overheated rooms, if not huddled around the kitchen stove, and the result is we find them, as spring approaches, weak, puny, and ailing. In such families colds, coughs, sore throats, and the like are common afflictions. There is scarcely a day during the coldest season when even the baby cannot be safely taken out-of-doors.

Irish Celebrities of New York—John D. Crimmins.

IV.

THE pre-eminence of Irish-Americans in all the professions and business walks of life has been demonstrated over and over again. As physicians, the honored names of Drs. Agnew and Emmett stand unrivalled; in law, the names of men of Irish birth and blood who have won distinction have been handed down to us in unbroken succession since the days of the lamented Thomas Addis Emmett and James T. Brady. Upon the bench we have Recorder Smyth and Judge James Fitzgerald,—not to mention such names as Judge John R. Brady, lately deceased, and Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, lately retired. In oratory, Erin's gifted sons readily take front rank. We have amongst us men whose names are household words: Richard O'Gorman, Bourke Cockran, Daniel Dougherty, and a host of others. In journalistic life, to use a homely phrase, "the woods are full o' them." In banking circles, there are Eugene Kelly, the Brown Brothers, and a score of others. Going into one of our courts of record, one is likely to be tripped up in treading his way by men of Celtic blood. Many of the big guns who have been considered the fathers of the New York bar have passed away. In this connection the name of Charles O'Conor will readily be recalled. As a great merchant, the name of Alexander T. Stewart stands unequalled. In business life to-day, we have William R. Grace, the great shipping merchant, and Joseph J. O'Donahue, the coffee merchant. Not to extend the list, we have at the head of all contractors, a man whom everybody knows and all respect, John D. Crimmins.

Mr. Crimmins was born in the city of New York, May 18th, 1844. His father was Thomas Crimmins, a native of Limerick, Ireland, who came to this country in the spring of 1837. Twelve years later he engaged in the business of contractor in which he acquired wealth and distinction. In 1842, Mr. Crimmins became a benedict, marrying Joanna O'Keefe, a native of Waterford. Of the few children born to this marriage, John D., the subject of this sketch, is the oldest. He was educated at the public schools of New York, where he completed his course at the age of fourteen. Two years later he graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College, then known as the "Free Academy." In his seventeenth year he had charge of the accounts of his father's business, and also acted in the capacity of superintendent. At twenty, he and his father formed a firm under the title of Thomas Crimmins & Son, which handled contracts to the amount of many millions of dollars. During this time, Mr. Crimmins put before his employes an image of tireless life and energy, of keen insight into the valuations of the cost of building streets and sewers, and of marvellous power to recall incidents of the most trivial character in business matters. Every step of advancement which he made was conquered by patient labor. He was the first to appreciate and use steam appliances, and all improved methods wherein economy and time could be taken advantage of in carrying out excavations. He next added a practical knowledge of mason work to his other accomplishments, and soon seemed to typify the thought of mastery.

In 1867 he became a large operator in real estate, and owing to his knowledge of property values he was frequently selected as an arbitrator in the settlement of large real estate questions. He was, on more than one occasion, appointed by the Supreme Court as commissioner in the adjustment of estates.

When the panic of 1872 began, Mr. Crimmins had considerable real estate. Towards the close of 1876 so low had the value of property fallen that all or nearly all, of the prominent dealers in real estate, were forced to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law then in existence. At the time of the great depression, Mr. Crimmins' name was on bonds with other parties to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars. In several instances the property had passed out of his hands to other purchasers.

In time they failed to meet their interest and taxes, and as a result, Mr. Crimmins was not only called upon to make good all the deficiencies, but the expense of the litigation incident to foreclosure proceedings as well. This he did without a moment's default, although it took all his earnings and savings to meet the demand. "I made the obligations," he said, "and they shall be met." When the last of these matters were settled, Mr. Crimmins' funds were very low; but his credit was strong. He at once began the purchase of real property, and within a few years had made good all his losses. Being industrious, sagacious, and cautious, a keen reader of human nature, and an excellent judge of property valuations, his real estate ventures, with scarcely an exception, were crowned with success. He has erected upwards of four hundred houses in the city of New York including the Lennox Lyceum.

Mr. Crimmins has had in his employ at various times as many as eight thousand men in addition to hundreds of horses and machinery of every description used in excavations for gas works and mains, railroad building, and for the foundations of buildings and the construction of docks and subways. Although living in a city where labor unions are numerous and powerful, Mr. Crimmins never had any dispute with his men. His demeanor towards them is always firm and just. From his childhood he has been prominent in public affairs, and throughout his career, he has been distinguished for his unswerving honesty and personal integrity. He is an acknowledged force in politics, and a conspicuous democratic leader in state and national affairs. Many are the nominations for public office which were tendered to, and, in turn, refused by him. He was Park Commissioner under Mayor Edson, and served in the double capacity of president and treasurer of the Board. When he resigned the office in 1887, it was generally conceded that no more painstaking and efficient officer ever held that position. The mayor requested him to remain in office, but owing to the pressure of his numerous business duties, he insisted upon his resignation being accepted.

The spring of 1880 saw Ireland in the throes of a mighty change. Law had entered into a wrestle with liberty: the right of free speech was attacked in the prosecution and imprisonment of men whose only crime was the advocacy of legal redress for legalized abuses, men were muzzled who had made the hill-sides ring with patriotic teachings, the expression of discontent was deemed disaffection, opposition to Liberal hypocrisy betrayed a felonious intent, and trial by jury was declared to be "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." At this crisis, Mr. Crimmins came to the front, gave time, thought and that practical aid which money gives to the condition of the people in Ireland, and encouraged his brethren on this side of the Atlantic by his patriotic example.

Mr. Crimmins has demonstrated that he possesses that sort of wisdom which has been defined as "a knowing what is best worth knowing, and a

doing of what is best worth doing." There is no man on the horizon of public life more conversant with the needs and resources of the city and state of New York, or so ready to sustain enterprises calculated to advance local prosperity as he. Think of the number of men to whom he gives constant employment, and the vast productive expenditure he creates in every line of industry! Mr. Crimmins' entire time and thought have not been engrossed by his private interests. He is a power and controlling spirit in various charitable and religious fields of activity, and a leader in all public spirited works whether of benevolence, of political reform, or of material progress. He is a member of the Board of Trustees, and also Treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral; a member of the Board of Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum; a member of the Advisory Committee of the Foundling Asylum; a Trustee of St. Mary's Lodging House, and several other charitable institutions, in each board of which he is chairman of the active committee. He is also a life member, and an officer of the Catholic Club; a member of the Board of Managers of St. John's Day Nursery, and the Home for Incurables; a member of the executive committee of the Prison Association; the Tenement House Association; an officer of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; a Trustee of the Fifth Avenue Bank; a member of the Real Estate Exchange, and of the Chamber of Commerce; Treasurer of the Central Park Improvement Company; Vice-President of the Young Men's Democratic Club; a member of several leading clubs, and a member of many committees in connection with charitable and educational organizations including the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the American Museum of National History, and the American Geographical Society. In April, 1868, Mr. Crimmins was married to Miss Lily Lalor, an admirable lady who had just graduated from the Sacred Heart Academy at Manhattanville, where she carried off the highest honors of her class. She died on March 6, 1888. Her death aroused a feeling of universal sorrow throughout the city, and her funeral was a sad but striking tribute to the hold which she had on the hearts of the people.

Mr. Crimmins is a representative man of the people, thoroughly in sympathy with our institutions, and blessed with excellent qualities of head and heart. No deserving applicant for relief ever appealed to him in vain. His charity knows no distinction of birth or color: it recognizes no inequalities of blood save such as Nature herself enjoys: it reaches out not only for the Caucasian but for the Mongolian, not only for the white Celt, cradled under northern skies, but for the tawny child of tropical climes created by the same God and redeemed by the same Saviour.

His private life is the reflex of his character. In manner he is simple, modest, and unassuming, in spirit, frank and social, and together with his interesting children is a welcome addition to any social circle. In personal appearance, Mr. Crimmins is a little above the medium height, of rather slender build, with a full, brown beard, blue eyes, a handsome nose, and a countenance expressive of culture and intelligence. He dresses well at all times, and his bearing is at once dignified and imposing. Mr. Crimmins has resided in a handsome brown-stone house on Sixty-Eight street near Central Park. The residence is perfectly arrayed, and is elegant in all its appointments. As an example of Irish-American manhood, no better representative can be found than John D. Crimmins. JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

To Collect for St. Patrick's in Rome.

THE POPE CHARACTERIZES ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH IN ROME AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT.

THE Very Rev. Thomas M. Kenna, D.D., C. S. A., and the Rev. Alphonso Welsh, O. A., arrived on the steamer Alaska, from Rome, and are guests of the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, rector of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, Brooklyn. The priestly visitors come to ask for funds to finish the erection of St. Patrick's Church in Rome, the corner-stone of which was laid three years ago. They have started westward. They bring with them a letter from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., bearing the Pope's autograph and sealed with the fisherman's ring. In it he states that the foundations of the temple to be erected in Rome in honor of St. Patrick are already completed. He characterizes it a national monument, and earnestly urges contributions, that the work of completion may go on.

AUGUST 24.

MY DEAR DR. KENNA: — Taking a very deep interest, as I do, in th new National Church about to be erected in Rome in honor of St. Patrick, I was delighted to learn from the Very Reverend Prior Glynn that you are on the point of starting for the United States to collect funds for that purpose.

Fortified, as you no doubt are, with the beautiful letter addressed on the 7th of last June, by his Holiness the Pope, to the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, the United States, Canada, and Australia, in reference to the matter, you have no need of further credentials, or of introductory letters to our countrymen abroad, from me, or from anybody else.

But that should not prevent me from wishing you a hearty God-speed, as bespeaking for you this kind office of all my friends in the various countries through which you mean to travel.

I trust that your mission may be a successful one.

I remain, my dear Dr. Kenna,

Yours very faithfully,

T. W. CROKE.

POPE LEO XIII.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, GREETING AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

In letters under date June 24, 1888, addressed to the bishops of Ireland, we earnestly commend the project of erecting, in our city of Rome, a temple in honor of St. Patrick, the Apostle of the Irish race; and, to the utmost of our resources, we most cordially aided the great and holy undertaking. We have lately learned, with much pleasure, that our ardent wishes have begun to be realized.

The foundations of the sacred edifice are now completed; the structure itself, in the marked beauty of its outline, is coming into view, and not long since, solemn rites for the celebration of this happy event were performed in the presence of the Archbishop of Dublin and a large number of his distinguished countrymen. This national monument in our city will be a

fresh testimony of the union that has ever existed between the Irish people and the See of Rome, as well as an abiding proof of our paternal benevolence towards them.

It is our ardent desire that this most laudable work be pushed to a speedy completion, and we, therefore, earnestly exhort you, Venerable Brethren, to zealously commend to your flocks the collection of funds for this noble purpose.

Your earnest appeals to the faithful for practical aid in behalf of St. Patrick's Church in Rome, will, no doubt, meet with a hearty and generous response.

The well-known devotion of the Irish race to their great Apostle and Patron will powerfully stimulate them in erecting this great temple in his honor, a temple which will not only be commensurate with the dignity of their nation, but constitute a new and imposing addition to the many ecclesiastical edifices for which the Eternal City is famous.

As an earnest of our interest in this holy undertaking, we pray God to bless you and your labors, and we, moreover, lovingly in the Lord, bestow upon you, Venerable Brethren, your clergy, and your flocks, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, 7th June, 1891, 14th year of our Pontificate. POPE LEO XIII.

Noble Friends of Ireland.

It is rather a suggestive fact that the two most active and zealous workers in behalf of industrial Ireland, to-day, are the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, representatives of the most aristocratic connections in England, whose ancestors, titles and estates are the envy of the world's first four hundreds.

The earl was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1886, and the countess, instead of giving æsthetic teas and parading as a social leader, busied herself chiefly in the work of bettering the condition of the poor of Ireland.

Having visited the agricultural districts, and seeing that farming, as it is carried on in Ireland, was quite inadequate to occupy idle hands, especially among the women, she conceived the idea of stimulating the taste for textile industry. Time was, when the women of Ireland made laces and embroideries that were the admiration of the world. The countess utilized her social prestige by going among her aristocratic connections and gathering such patterns as were laid away in old books. These she used as object lessons, showing what might still be done, and succeeded in inducing many eminent people to assist her in organizing a society now known as the Irish Industries Association.

This association, started in 1887, has a depot in London and another in Dublin, and has the most powerful social backing. The visit of the earl and his wife to this country is for the purpose of engaging a similar interest here, and to secure a place for Irish exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair.

The disinterested and zealous efforts of this aristocratic couple in behalf of the poor of Ireland is certainly a very gratifying example of the uses to which great connections can be applied where the will and philanthropy

exist. Since landing in this country, the earl and countess have not even found time to examine the McAllister register, but have paid their attentions to such wealthy people as have some purpose in life beyond chasing the mere gilded phantom of social position.

This truly noble lady proposes first to start hand industry in Ireland, and, with the revived taste thus secured, to lay the foundation for factories, and thus, with the aid of the wealthy and philanthropic, to rescue Ireland from dependence upon the one resource of agriculture, to take her place again among the industrial nations of the earth.

What a picture of womanhood is this, in contrast with some of the empty-headed *parvenus* who are struggling up the golden stairs in pursuit of mere airy social nothingness.

Boston Daily Globe.

The Church and the Republic.

THE heart of every fair-minded American is fraught with generous indignation when it hears the religion of Christ reproached with the odious comparisons of self-constituted critics. Christianity, which virtually means Catholicity, is ever subjected to the calumny and vituperation of unlearned *parvenus* who plagiarize on subjects in the presence of which their feeble intellects dwindle into insignificance. It is true that if we confound the spirit of real freedom with the "freedom of divorce" we will not find it in Catholicity. But if we abstain from an absurd abuse of the term; if we give the word its just, useful, and reasonable meaning, then the Catholic religion may claim the gratitude of mankind for civilizing nations who have professed her, and in that civilization has scintillated the gem of true Christian freedom. Why should an American calumniate the Catholic Church and the Catholic school, which flourish second to none in the land dedicated to Catholicity? They teach all that is taught in others — they teach more — they teach the divine geography of the world beyond — loyalty to their God, and fealty to their country. Its children in peace are faithful to their trust, and in war have baptized with their blood every battle field of the Republic. Yes, dear indeed to the Catholic heart is the land where the grand old Faith has fair play; where its earliest history glows with the imagery of the Holy Mass. Catholicity is inseparably blended with every breeze which kisses the four corners of our continent; the saintly names throughout the land declare its founders Catholics. Civilization was planted on Santa Fé and St. Augustine long before the Puritan dedicated Plymouth Rock to intolerance. Not a cape was entered, not a river discovered, but Catholicity led the way. A monk first inspired Columbus with hope. Catholic sovereigns sent the Catholic Columbus with his Catholic crew to discover this continent; a Catholic gave it the name of America, and the new land was dedicated by a Catholic priest to the Blessed Mother. The only martyr that ever, upon the soil of the Empire State, rose from the fires of sacrifice to a happier world beyond, was a Catholic. Catholic Maryland alone established religious liberty. Catholic France aided with her best blood the struggle of our Revolutionary fathers, and Catholic powers first welcomed us to a position among the nations of the earth.

The Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon.

Christmas in 1776.

WASHINGTON CROSSES THE DELAWARE CHRISTMAS NIGHT. — BATTLE OF TRENTON.

THE nation's first Christmas fixes an event indelibly upon the pages of American history, and dear to the heart of all liberty-loving people, by reason of the fact that the *coup de main*, which General Washington had so long meditated, was carried out on the dawn of the succeeding day, to the utter rout of England's Hessian allies. The preparations were made on Christmas, and the colonists awoke to the fact that they were a free and independent people, and no longer the colonial subjects of a brutal monarchy.

"Christmas day at night," wrote Gen. George Washington to Colonel Reed, "one hour before day is the time fixed upon for our attempt upon Trenton. For heaven's sake keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us; our numbers, I am sorry to say, being less than I had anticipation of, yet nothing but necessity, dire necessity, will, nay must, justify an attack."

Things were in a critical state about this time. General Lee had been taken prisoner, and General Sullivan arrived in camp with the fragment of the troops recently commanded by the unlucky Lee. They were in a miserable plight, almost destitute of everything, and many of them fit only for the hospital. Beside this, there were many of the men whose terms of enlistment had nearly expired, who were thinking of their discharge. On the same day that General Sullivan marched into camp, General Gates arrived with the remnants of four regiments of the Northern army. With him came Major Wilkinson, who was brigade major in St. Clair's brigade. When these two divisions joined General Washington, his numbers were somewhat increased, but his difficulties were by no means lessened. Ten days at least would disband his corps, and leave him about fourteen hundred men, all of whom were miserably provided for. An officer, who was in the corps, wrote afterward of Washington: "I saw him in that gloomy period, dined with him, and attentively marked his aspect. Always grave and thoughtful, he appeared at that time pensive and solemn in the extreme. There were vivid schemes forming under that solemn aspect."

Washington's keen perception of men and things showed him that the British had grown carelessly confident. General Howe was in winter quarters at New York. The orders to the troops under him were such that they endeavored to show that they had all but won the fight. His troops were loosely camped about New Jersey, from the Delaware to Brunswick, so that they could not be brought into concerted action without serious delay and alarm. The Hessians were in the advance, stationed along the Delaware, facing the American lines, which were along the western bank. Lord Cornwallis, thinking his work accomplished, so sure was he that the war would be ended with the almost certain fall of Philadelphia, and weary of waiting for the river to freeze over, was on the point of embarking at New York for England.

With the re-enforcements he had received Washington had now between five and six thousand men fit for service. So far as will, determination, and

righteous wrath can make men fit for battle, the troops now with their great Commander-in-Chief were of excellent material. The fearful and faint-hearted have gone back. With these good and brave men Washington meditated to cross the Delaware on Christmas night, at different points, and make simultaneous attacks upon the advance posts of the Hessians. The dread at first inspired by the Hessians was entirely lost in bitter resentment of their brutality. Washington calculated upon the support of his troops, who were eager to revenge the outrages on their homes and families committed by these foreign mercenaries. The troops considered the Hessians mere hirelings, slaves to a petty despot, fighting for sordid pay, and actuated by no sentiment of patriotism or honor. In Washington's camp, at this time, were men to whom British oppression had left nothing but their arms. So great was the horror at the brutality indulged in by these paid murderers that even the peaceful Society of Friends, which had hitherto looked upon the war with horror, felt the old fighting blood stirring in their veins.

At first the military discipline of the Hessian forces had inspired awe, but of late they became careless and unguarded, knowing the broken and dispirited state of the American soldiers, whom they contemptuously considered incapable of offensive enterprise. A brigade of three Hessian regiments was stationed at Trenton under the command of Colonels Rahl, Lossbery, and Knyphausen, the former of whom was in supreme command by reason of the laurels he had gained at White Plains and Fort Washington. According to all accounts, Colonel Rahl was totally unfitted for a commander, being deficient in foresight and care. He was fond of parade and bustle, and an officer writing of him said:

"I am particularly disgusted at his partiality for martial music. He keeps the officer of the guard marching around the church with his men and musicians."

The authorities say that Rahl was withal a boon companion, and made night hideous with revelry, but lay in bed until nine o'clock in the morning. At this juncture Colonel Rahl took no precaution against the possibility of his forces in Trenton being attacked. So poor an opinion had this gallant but sleepy Hessian of the American troops that when Major Von Dechon, a veteran, proposed that some works should be thrown up, where the cannon might be placed ready against an assault, that he replied: "Works! Pooh, pooh! An assault by the rebels! Let them come. We'll at them with the bayonet."

Washington knew whatever he had to do must be done quickly. He had learned from a letter that had fallen into his hands, through the fortune of war, that the enemy were only waiting for the river to freeze over, for them to form and push on to Philadelphia. Washington called to his assistance General Gates with whom he consulted. He asked Gates to take command at Bristol, and from there assist the operations. To his discredit, be it said, Gates refused, averring that he was not well and asked leave to go to Philadelphia.

This was a strange request that General Gates made on that Christmas Day, the eve of the battle, on which hung the fate of the army; but Gates, like Lee, was no friend to Washington. His vanity had been wounded at

having been made subordinate to Schuyler in the North. Washington, as a last resort, asked Gates to stop at Bristol and consult with Reed and Cadwalader, but instead of complying he took quarters at Newtown and left for Baltimore.

Some writers have claimed that Christmas night was fixed upon for the *coup de main*, because the Germans are prone to revel and carouse on that festival, and it was supposed a great part of the troops would be intoxicated and in a state of disorder and confusion. The correspondence between the great Commander-in-Chief and his subordinate has, however, shown that Washington would have chosen an earlier day had it been in his power.

"We could not ripen matters," wrote Washington to Colonel Reed, "for the attack before the time mentioned (December 25), so much out of sorts and so much in want of everything are the troops under Sullivan."

The attack on the Hessians was to be made in three divisions. Washington was to cross the river at McKonkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton, and march down upon Rahl; General Ewing, leading the Pennsylvania Militia, was ordered to cross a mile below Trenton, secure the Assumpink, which ran south of the town, and cut off retreat. General Putnam was to take the men then at work under his command in fortifying Philadelphia, join Cadwalader, cross below Burlington and fall upon the forces under Count Donop. The orders were for all three divisions to cross at night and be at their posts at five o'clock in the morning. This combined attack, like many others, was not carried out in full operation. An insurrection had broken out in Philadelphia, and General Putnam was obliged to remain in the city, but he detached five hundred militia under Colonel Griffin, his adjutant-general, who entered Jersey to be on hand to operate with Cadwalader.

Early on the evening of Christmas Day the division under Washington, about two thousand four hundred strong, with a train of twenty small pieces of cannon, was drawn up near McKonkey's Ferry, ready to cross over as soon as it was dark, as the original order contemplated that all the troops should be on the other side before midnight. Shortly after the head of the column began to move Major Wilkinson, who had left Gates on his way to Baltimore, returned to the camp with a communication from that General addressed to the Commander-in-Chief. Washington had, in the meantime, repaired to the ground and was accompanied by Generals Greene, Mercer, Sullivan, Stephen, and Lord Stirling. Wilkinson hurried on to join the army and deliver the letter to Washington, and in his memoirs he shows what the gallant American troops must have endured in their tramp on that Christmas night, one hundred and thirteen years ago. There was some snow on the ground, and he had traced the march of the troops for the last few miles by the blood which had flown from the feet of those whose shoes were broken. He arrived at the Ferry and found Washington alone.

"He was just about to mount his horse," wrote Wilkinson, "when I presented the letter of General Gates to him. Before he received it he exclaimed, "What a time is this to hand me letters." Wilkinson replied that he had been charged to deliver it by General Gates.

"By General Gates," said Washington. "Where is he?"

"I left him in Philadelphia this morning!"

"What was he doing there?" asked Washington.

"I understood he was on his way to Congress."

"On his way to Congress," replied Washington, earnestly. He then broke the seal, after which Wilkinson made a bow and withdrew to join St. Clair's brigade on the bank of the river.

Whatever the nature of Gates's letter was, the great commander showed no indignation. Considering the past, he could hardly fail to suspect that some of his officers were conspiring against him. If any thoughts than those connected with the impending conflict filled his mind they were given to God, to his wife, his home at Mount Vernon, and to Christmas nights passed in dear old Virginia. He soon joined Sullivan, Mercer, and Greene, and the other generals on the bank of the river, and the great work commenced. The boats began to cross about sunset, and Colonel Glover, with the sailor regiment of Marblehead, took the lead, so that they might serve as a guide in the darkness. Had it not been for these bold seafaring men, accustomed to face storm and wind, the passage would have been wellnigh impossible. These same fishermen have navigated the army across the Sound in its retreat from Brooklyn to New York. The night was dark and the river rough, while great cakes of ice drifted against the boats and a general wreck was threatened. Colonel Knox, who was in charge and superintended the passage of the artillery, made his stentorian voice heard over the rushing waters in giving commands to his men. Washington, who had crossed the river at first with the troops, stood patiently waiting on the eastern bank, while hour after hour rolled by and the men came safely over. So difficult was the passage against the fierce wind and floating ice, that it was three o'clock before the artillery was safely landed, and an hour later before the troops took up the line of march. Trenton was nine miles away, and it could not be reached before daylight, and to surprise it, was, therefore, an utter impossibility. To beat a retreat undiscovered was not thought of, because if the other divisions had crossed they might, if left unsupported, be cut to pieces. There was only one thing to do, and that was to push onward. Washington made the resolve to take up the march and trust to a greater power above for guidance.

He gave the order to form the troops in two columns, and took command of the first one, accompanied by Generals Stephens, Greene, Stirling, and Mercer. He proposed to make a circuit of the upper road, to the north of Trenton. The second column was led by General Sullivan, and included St. Clair's brigade. They were ordered to take the river road, which led to the west end of the town. The orders given were that, on arriving at Trenton, they were to force the outer guards and push right into the town before the enemy had time to form.

Notwithstanding all the secrecy of Washington's movements, General Grant, who was at Princeton, had heard of a contemplated attack, and at once warned Colonel Rahl, who was accordingly on the alert. About dusk, just as Washington was preparing to cross the river, there was an alarm in Trenton, and guns were firing in the streets. The garrison was ordered out, and Colonel Rahl hastened to the outpost. A body of men had come out of the woods suddenly and fired upon the guard, and then disappeared. With two companies, Colonel Rahl made a careful inspection, but found no traces of the enemy. Thinking that this was the attack of which he had

been apprised by General Grant, he went back to the barracks, with the hope that all was over.

While the Hessian troops were sleeping peacefully, General Washington and the loyal American troops were making the circuit of Trenton. Rahl attended a Christmas dinner that night at the house of Abraham Hunt, who was a traitor and a well-known Tory. The flowing bowl was passed and repassed, and the card tables were well patronized, and, in fact, were still in progress, when, just at dawn, a messenger came hurriedly bearing a note to Colonel Rahl, from a friendly Tory who had seen Washington's advance guard. The colored gentleman who waited on the door, volunteered the information that the Colonel was inside playing cards, and on no account could he be disturbed, and he refused to permit the messenger to enter. The note, however, was delivered to Rahl, who was too well primed with liquor, and too much interested in the game of cards, to pay any attention to it; so it was thrust into his pocket, with the seal unbroken and the contents unread.

As the American troops began their march the hail and snow began to fall, and increased in violence as they advanced. So intense was the cold that two men were frozen to death that night. In pursuance of his orders, General Sullivan halted at the entrance to Trenton at the dawn of day. It was discovered that during the march through the snow and hail many of the muskets had been rendered useless.

When Washington drew near the town it was about eight o'clock, and the snow storm had not only been the means of deadening the tread of the troops, but the inhabitants of Trenton had been kept within doors. Very likely the Hessian officers and soldiers had passed the night in the same fashion as their commander and were sleeping comfortably in their beds. As they neared the town Washington, who was in the lead, came to a man who was chopping wood by the road side and inquired, "Which way is the Hessian picket?"—"I don't know," was the reply. "You may tell," said Captain Forest, who was a good judge of human nature, "for this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you!" cried the man, raising his hands to heaven. "The picket is in that house and the sentry stands near that tree."

The advance guard, led by Capt. William A. Washington, seconded by Lieut. James Monroe (who afterwards was President) received orders to dislodge the picket, and proceeded at once to do so, much to the discomfort of those in command. Seeing they were overpowered, the Hessians fell back. The artillery cleared for action, and the column, with Washington at its head, pressed on. The gladsome sound of fire-arms from the other end of town told that Sullivan had charged. These attacks were simultaneous, and so effective that the outposts were driven in and they retreated behind houses, from which they kept up a running fire. The Hessian drums beat to arms, and the trumpets of the light horse sounded the alarm, and the whole town was in an uproar.

Washington advanced with his column to King street and rode beside Captain Forrest of the artillery. When the battery was opened, Washington kept on the left, giving directions to fire. His position was an exposed one, and, although repeatedly warned of the danger, was so heated that he heeded not the entreaties to fall back. The enemy were training two cannon

across King street to check the advancing Americans, but Captain Washington and Lieutenant Monroe, with a detachment of the advance guard, rushed forward and captured the two pieces when on the point of being fired.

During the heat of the struggle, Colonel Rahl was trying to rally his men, but upon learning the strength of the Americans, led them out of town into an orchard. He had intended to retreat by the Princeton road, but felt so badly over being whipped by the "ragged regiments" that he rallied his six or seven hundred men and led them back into Trenton. He was gallantly leading his troops when he was hit by a musket ball, and fell from his horse. The men, struck with terror, turned to retreat by the Princeton road, but had to run the gauntlet of Hand's rifles, who were on their right, and the Virginia troops stationed on their left. The Hessians stood still as if bewildered, and General Washington, thinking that they had formed for battle, ordered Captain Forest to give them a taste of canister.

"They've struck, sir," said Forest.

"Struck!" replied Washington.

"Yes, sir; their colors are down."

"So they are," replied the great commander, who, putting spurs to his horse and followed by his troops, rode up to the Hessians, who surrendered. A non-commissioned officer said to Washington, "Had not Colonel Rahl been severely wounded, we would never have been taken alive."

The firing had ceased everywhere, and Major Wilkinson, who was with Sullivan's column, rode up at the moment Colonel Rahl was presenting his sword to the Commander-in-Chief. Washington, with his face beaming with joy, extended his hand to the Major, and said: "This is a glorious day for our country." Thus was brought to a successful finish, the great battle that forever sealed the doom of British rule in the free and independent states.

WILLIAM A. DEERING, in (N. Y.) Mail and Express.

A Christmas Carol.

WHAT maketh Christmas bright,
Though earth be dreary?
Truly I think 'tis so
Because God's angels know
The rosy dawn is near to chase the night,
And rest to soothe the weary.

What maketh Christmas gay,
Though heart be sorry?
Nay but I think because
The star of glory draws
Man's soul above, beyond the stormy way
Of earthly care and worry!

What maketh Christmas peace,
Though rage be striving?
A hush of seraphs' wings;
A heavenly choir that sings,
Bending before the Babe that brings release
From death and sin's contriving!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE, in Verses Along the Way.

At Cork.

I HAVE observed that citizens of Cork are rather boastful of their advantages, and I have recognized the type of the Corkman who, when he was told that a certain city was ornamented with a pillar of silver, instantly replied : "Oh, that is nothing ; we have a pillar of gold in Cork!" However, Cork is really an extremely good city, with several fine, well-built streets, and a good many picturesque features, though with, of course, the inevitable fringe of squalor and dirt, which we cannot ignore (however patriotic we may be), as the hall-mark upon all Irish towns and settlements, barring the establishments of the religious communities.

Turning into Patrick street from the Imperial Hotel, that pleasant street has a very imposing appearance. It is wide, with fine shops and houses, and looking upward from this end, across the wide bridge flanked with shipping, and toward the steep, fantastic hill, with its white flights of up-going steps and its coronal of trees, gardens, and villas, all green and white aloft in the blue sky, one is reminded of some picturesque continental town — whether German or Italian one can scarcely decide.

Looking down Patrick street, it is all the more imposing because the lower end is not seen on account of the double curve — in reality a winding of the river, which once pursued its way through the centre, dividing the city. Where this curve begins, the street takes an aspect somewhat reminding one of Regent street in London ; but a little country cart, laden with turf and an old woman in a hooded cloak, comes along, led by a barefooted boy, and the resemblance disappears. Over yonder, to one side of the fine bridge, lie the boats to take you down the river for a day's pleasuring — a day to be remembered, for the river Lee is, in its own wild, sweet way, as beautiful as the Rhine. Its curves and bends are full of lovely surprises, and as the steamer stops at one picturesque, riverside sojourning-place after another, one is reminded of the Lake of Como, with its villas and villages hanging over the water.

Turning your back on the boats and crossing the bridge, you hasten to ascend the white hill with its up-going flights of steps, eager to discover what kind of city may lie yonder at the top against the blue. So steep a hill, lined with houses and used for daily traffic, I have never seen anywhere, except in Heidelberg, where to ascend a certain street is like walking up the wall of a house, and to descend it in a vehicle is like travelling in a sleigh. In Cork the vehicle is a "jingle," cabs and jaunting-cars being alike useless. If you take a rather shallow box, remove the lid and hang a curtain across the opening, then set the box on its end upon two wheels, you will have a perfect jingle. If the horse falls up the hill or down the hill, the jingle remains standing upright, calmly undisturbed. When you ride in a jingle, you had better sit at the lower end if you can, as it is pleasanter to establish yourself there at once than to be shaken down gradually. If you take the upper seat, you must hold on to a cord to save yourself from sliding into your neighbor's lap. Bearing these things in mind, you may venture to go up Patrick's Hill in a jingle, but it is better to walk.

All the way up the hill are handsome houses ; as you come near the top, the houses become smaller and more peculiar, like the storm pines on the higher Alps. Trees and gardens climb the hill with the dwellings, and

at the very top is a terrace, forming a little boulevard, from which, over a low wall and between the trees that stand in a row, you can look down on the city of the Lee, lying in its valley of green, much as you look down upon Cologne from the top of its cathedral. You can count all the churches and other monuments where they stand, and listen to the chimes of Shandon bells. Lingering here, it is really hard to believe that you are looking down upon an Irish city.

Having explored the high ground on that side and returned to the ancient river-bed of Patrick street, you will take your way through the level town and find three or four very fine streets, as George street, the South Mall, the Grand Parade, all wide, nobly planned, solidly built streets, which would do honor to the finest city in the world. Away beyond these, again, you come upon a stream of the river, and get out by another bridge to the great cathedral of St. Finn Barre, which, though it is the Protestant Cathedral, must take precedence of all our own churches as the most splendid monument of any kind which the city of Cork possesses. It is Norman Gothic, and has that fortress-like look of solid strength and dignity which impresses the imagination so forcibly in a sacred structure. The heaviness of the style is in the exterior, relieved by the startlingly beautiful flight of spires from the roof to the sky, chasing each other like the notes in a *fugue*, and ending in the tapering belfry that seems to rock in the sky from its great height, as one stands to look up at it. The interior is a little disappointing as to size; one feels that rather too much has been sacrificed to those winged spires, the pillars have rather too tun-like a circumference, and the walls and windows are a little over-suggestive of the fortress. The ancient cathedral at Tréves impressed me as having been built in a terrible age with a view to keeping out an enemy — a mindfulness of warfare with others beside Satan; but in that interior there was a wild, free space, and curious quaintnesses of detail, which looked like happy accident. The interior of St. Finn Barre's at Cork is too ponderous, and unrelieved by detail. However, it is a truly noble cathedral, the only thing seriously wanting being a high altar for the Holy Sacrifice to the living God. On the whole, the part of this great building of which I have the happiest recollection is the sculpture in the three door-ways. In the central porch are the five wise and five foolish virgins, with the mystic figure of the Bridegroom standing between, dividing the two doors under the arch. Here the carver has evidently shown his sympathy for the woe of the unready ones, who, with their sad eyes and unbound tresses, and in the stricken despondency of their attitudes, are even more appealingly beautiful than their clear-browed, veiled, alert, and lamp-bearing sisters.

Nevertheless, though St. Finn Barre's bears the palm, the Catholics of Cork are rich in their fine churches, more than one of which far excels any church we possess in Dublin, notably St. Peter's, where the carved confessionals and other decorations remind one of Antwerp. A dear, old, quiet, brooding church is the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the care of the Capuchins, where the dark, high-walled benches take you in as if they expected you to stay and live there. The cathedral is fine, the Dominican Church is spacious and well appointed, and some of the very old chapels are even more interesting than the newer edifices.

I must say I think the Cork people are the pleasantest people to speak

to in all Ireland. It is a pleasure to have to ask your way in the street, so kindly and helpful is the response you are sure to meet with; and in the shops you are tempted to buy merely through the civility of the attendants. Here and there you meet with charming surprises in ways and things unusual to a person whose ideas of an Irish city are founded on Dublin. For instance, I bought a rose for a penny on the pavement in Patrick street. It is true that, of late years in Dublin, primroses and daffodils are, in their season, offered for sale in some of the thoroughfares, but we have not yet got so far as the picking up of vagrant roses in the course of our wanderings. My Cork rose vendor was a fresh, comely, country woman, in a white frilled cap and neat shawl, wearing a green box strapped round her neck, in the holes of which stood rows of roses. I found later that Cork excels Dublin even more in its flowers than in its churches, producing roses more richly-hued and scented, geraniums more brilliant, than are to be found in less genial and southerly atmospheres.

Among the many charitable institutions of Cork, perhaps the Hospital for Incurables and the Blind Asylum, both under the care of the Sisters of Charity, are the most interesting. The latter is fitly dedicated to the Angel Raphael, "one of the seven who stand before the Lord," that kind Archangel, whose name means the healing of God, who was sent to cure the aged Tobias of his blindness, and to conduct his son, the young Tobias, safely on his forlorn and perilous journey. The first impression of the visitor to St. Raphael's is of wonder at the great beauty of its site and the splendor of the building, which is the home of those who can in no way appreciate their beautiful surroundings, because they cannot see. The Sisters apologize with great humility for the magnificence of their stately house, which would seem to have been built for them by Providence, and placed in their possession, instead of the plainer and simpler dwelling they coveted as a shelter for their afflicted clients. A gentleman, fond of beautiful things, built St. Raphael's as a home for his family; and, after his death, the family, finding themselves unable to afford to keep up so princely an establishment, very properly sold the mansion. The Sisters were able to buy it at a price lower than they might have been expected to pay for an ordinary house upon a large scale, simply for the reason that there were no people in Cork wealthy enough to live in the style which would be required by the splendor of the present St. Raphael's. The stateliness of the entrance, the marbles and mosaics of the hall, the marble gallery running all round above it, strike one on entering, as something quite extraordinary on the top of a green hill of Cork, looking down on the valley of the Lee. The self-denying Sisters are half-scandalized at the grandeur that has been thrust upon them, and bear with it as a sort of mortification. "When I came here first," said a Sister, "it was quite a trouble to me. I could scarcely believe I was in a convent; but we try to get used to it." The poor, blind people glide about, beholding nothing of the beauty within doors and without, but feeling a half mysterious pleasure in knowing that they are in a lovely place, lovely enough to make seeing people exclaim with wonder when they come into it.

In a noble room, with large windows looking down over cultivated terraces into the green valley, we were introduced to a number of intelligent-looking young girls and women, who treated us to a most delightful concert. Many voices joined in part-singing; we had a very sweet perform-

ance on the Irish harp, and another by four performers on two pianos. Then we heard the sightless children read, and saw them write. Their letters are pricked into paper with a pointed instrument, so many pricks making a little projected dot on the paper, going to form each. The sensitive finger passes over the dots, and the letter is known by the number and position of the dots. Every useful handiwork which the blind can learn is taught to their children by the Sisters at St. Raphael's. There is a pathetic eagerness to please, and a delight in communicating with those interested in them, peculiar to the blind, besides an extraordinary sensitiveness of apprehension by ear, and by a sort of intuition. For instance, a good many strangers were in the room, when the door opened noiselessly, and two very quiet ladies came in without making the least sensation. There was a murmur of voices all over the place, and the tones of the new-comers were in no way distinct from those of the other speakers. Yet, after a few minutes, a blind girl lifted her head and said to her neighbor, "Some other strangers are in the room!"

The pet and baby of the house is a little girl of about four or five years old, who is more graceful and winning in her blindness than any other creature I ever saw. She has a pretty, keenly intelligent little face, colored like a fresh rose, with the large, white, dark-fringed eyelids, always closed over the unseeing eyes, which the child involuntarily hides, as if sheltering their failure. As she moves about, with her little face held appealingly upwards, as if feeling its way to sympathy, waving her little arms as other children do when they play at blind man's buff, you wonder what will be the fate of a creature so helpless and so engaging. If her eyes are useless, she has at least good use of her tongue, and talks in a sort of crooning, singing fashion, asking suddenly the most naive and pertinent questions in a tone that would, as we say in Ireland, "coax the birds off the bush." When she makes friends with a visitor, she feels the stranger's dress all over, and criticises or admires as the case may be. Some one dangled a ribbon above her hand, and asked "What is this?" and she said at once, "It is the string of your hat." She speaks of colors as if she knew them all, and always asks of a thing, "What color is it?" When any new thing present is spoken of, she waves her arms towards it, crying out, "Let me see it; let me see it." Up to the present time she is as happy as a child can be, happier than most children, inasmuch as she never gets into mischief. The Sisters of Charity at St. Raphael's are at present very anxious over their undertaking, which is a new one, and earnestly ask for sympathy and help. They say that the beauty and ornament of their house tell against them, as people are apt to conclude that they must somehow be very well off to live in such a dwelling. As we left St. Raphael's, we looked back on a sight which had a peculiar pathos of its own, a band of sightless women linked together, walking up and down a flower-bordered terrace, with their faces turned towards one of the most beautiful views in the world, which they could not see.

The wards of a hospital for incurables are full of sadness, and yet also of hope, for the suffering here will soon be over. The faint and overthrown unit of all humanity, whose wistful eyes rest on you as you stand by his bed, is already girt for his journey, that mysterious journey upon which no man can accompany him, but which will end on the shores of peace. You wish him

God-speed, as the friend safe on land watches the departure of an explorer of unknown seas; yet your spirit reaches after his as one which will soon be at the end of all fear, who will soon know no more the taste of human anguish. To the healthy battler with life, whose heart is strong to suffer a thousand stabs and wounds yet to come, the nearness to release of the spirit shining behind those hollow eyes on the pillow is a thing fascinatingly inconceivable. I talked awhile with a dying sailor, thirty-five years old, not six feet high any more, but six feet long as he lay, one who had been a splendid fellow and proud of his strength. The handsome features were pinched, the eyes burned with a weary fire under the pallid brow. He had fought long against his doom, had been in the hospitals, and insisted on returning to life and work, but, at last, was glad to come back to the Sisters to die. He was very patient, very meek, and his smile was a good thing to see. A contrast to him was the very old lady who felt so gay and happy at having come so near the end of an unusually long mortal pilgrimage that she kept all her ward lively with her songs and sallies of fun.

ROSA MULHOLLAND, in Irish Monthly.

Irish Names of Towns and Cities in America.

SCARCELY A STATE WHICH HAS NOT BORROWED DESIGNATIONS FOR TOWNS OR CITIES FROM IRELAND.

WHEN reading Irish newspapers and the speeches of Irish orators, one frequently comes across such phrases as "The Irish Nation in America," "The Greater Ireland across the Atlantic," etc. To the Englishman and Anglo-maniac, such phrases seem but the idle bombast of the imaginative Irish.

But those phrases are not fictions nor empty boasts. The long, steady influx of Irish men and women into the United States has made them positive realities. Some one has estimated that the city of New York contains more Irish than Dublin, Cork, and Belfast combined; that the city of Brooklyn contains more Irish than Galway and Waterford together; that Boston contains more Irish than Dublin; that Philadelphia contains more Irish than Belfast; and insignificant indeed must be the town, village, or hamlet in the United States that has not its quota of Irish-born persons. And the presence of the Irish is felt in the nomenclature of cities and towns.

The Atlantic Ocean contains but one Ireland, but the United States contains four, one each in Alabama, West Virginia, Indiana, and Minnesota. And then Hibernia, which is another name for Ireland, we have three of them, one each in Florida, New Jersey, and New York. And then we have no fewer than five Erins, a pet name for Ireland, scattered through the states of Georgia, New York, Tennessee, Texas, and Wisconsin. We have an Irishburg in Virginia, an Irish Ridge in Ohio, and an Irish Ripple in Pennsylvania. Nebraska has an Erina, Virginia has an Erin Shades, and Indian Territory has an Erin Springs.

The provinces in Ireland are represented in the United States by Munster in Illinois, Munster in Pennsylvania, and Ulster in the latter state, besides an Ulster Park, an Ulsterville, and an Ulster county in New York. We have neither Leinster nor Connaught.

The counties of Ireland are abundantly represented here. We have

seventeen Dublins, eighteen Waterfords, nine Tyrones, seven Limericks, five Clares, four Mayos, four Sligos, three Corks, three Wexfords, six Antrims, nine Derrys (four of which are called Londonderrys), a Roscommon, a King's County, a Queen's County, a Galway, a Wicklow, a Longford, a Kilkenny, a Kildare, a Donegal, a Carlow, a Monaghan, and an Armagh. That is a pretty substantial "fiction" truly, but only a fraction of the "Greater Ireland" has been told yet.

As for the towns and villages of old Ireland they are reproduced here in a great profusion. We have twelve places called Avoca, that world-renowned place in the county Wicklow, immortalized by Moore in his Melodies; we have six places called Avondale, after the beautiful residence of Charles Stewart Parnell, also in county Wicklow, and we have several places called after Parnell himself.

Even the hot-bed of county Armagh Orangeism, the Monches, is here in Wisconsin, and another Orange stronghold of historic fame, Ballybay, is in Pennsylvania; and then we have ten places called Belfast, and a Boyne lies in Michigan, a Bandon in Minnesota and in Oregon, a Lurgan in Pennsylvania, a Fermoy in the same state, a Nenagh in Wisconsin, an Athlone in California and in Michigan, a Bray in North Carolina, a Ramelton in Indiana, a Clontarf in Minnesota, a Dungannon in Ohio, a Drumcliffe in Maryland, a Croome in the same state, a Cookstown in Georgia and in New Jersey, a Randalstown in Maryland, a Boyle in Kansas and in Pennsylvania, a Ballyclough in Iowa, ten places called Banbridge, five called Coleraine, a Green Isle in Minnesota, two places called Greenisland, after Greenisland in the county Antrim, nine Milltowns, eight Middletons, and twenty-five Milfords, and five places called Adair.

The list is by no means exhausted, but it is cut off here simply that it may not become tedious. Enough has been given to show that the "Irish Nation in America" is a pretty big and substantial fact.

Nearly every state in the Union has counties called after the famous Irish-Americans of Revolutionary fame. We have two counties, eight towns, and seven lesser places called after Jack Barry, the father of the American Navy, a county Wexford Irishman; thirteen counties, thirty-eight towns, and twenty lesser places called after Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; fifteen counties, fifty-eight towns, and fifteen lesser places named in honor of Mad Anthony Wayne, the Irish-American hero of the Revolution; in honor of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, we have ten counties and eighteen towns; in honor of Commodore Stewart, "Old Ironsides," Parnell's grandfather, we have towns and places almost *ad libitum;* in honor of Maj.-Gen. Richard Montgomery, we have nineteen counties and twenty-three towns; in honor of Commodore McDonough, we have one county and four towns; in honor of General Stark, we have three counties and about twelve towns, though it is probable that some of these places were named in honor of Mollie Stark, who took her husband's place when he was killed at his gun, and remained in command of that gun until the end of the war. She was created captain for bravery in action, but was always lovingly referred to as "Irish Molly Stark." Then we have seven counties and eleven towns called Sullivan, in honor of the Irish-American revolutionary patriot of that name.

As for Jackson, the places named in his honor are almost too numerous

to count, Jacksonville, Fla., being a proud monument to his beloved memory; in honor of O'Brien of Machias Bay fame, we have an O'Brien county, Iowa, and an O'Brien in Glynn county, Ga.; in honor of Patrick Henry, we have ten counties and eighteen towns. In fact, nearly every state in the Union possesses towns or counties called McDonough, McCulloch, Sullivan, Jasper, McCracken, Calhoun, O'Brien, Emmet, Meagher, Dougherty, Murphy, etc.

Phil Sheridan had no fewer than three counties and seventeen towns named. "Black Jack" Logan has nine counties and no less than sixteen towns named after him. In fact, all the Irish-American heroes of the late war have counties and towns named to forever perpetuate their memory; thus we have Corcoran, Burke, Shields, Kearney, Cleburn, Cass, Mulligan, and all the rest of them.

Indeed, the "Irish Nation in America" is a big, heavy fact, for we have here in great profusion towns and places named after all the principal Irish surnames, so multitudinous that a volume less in size than Webster's Unabridged would be incapable of holding them. These names look just like this: O'Bannon, O'Quinn, O'Neill, O'Connor, O'Daniel, Patrick, Kelly, Bidde Ford, Lynch, Malone, Moran, Moore, Orr, Muldoon, Kennedy, Murphy, Doyle, Flaherty, Ryan, Mulloy, Mulvany, Shane, Shannon, Donovan, Downy, Donohoe, Norah, Dunn, Dunnigan, Brady, Dillon. And if these are not distinctively Irish, then there is nothing Irish on earth. A very significant fact is this: That the states of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Virginia, North Carolina, Nebraska, Missouri, and Arkansas, each wear a shamrock every day in the year — and if not aggressively Irish, it would be interesting to know what is. But still more emphatically Irish is the fact that Minnesota, Missouri, and Louisiana each has a Saint Patrick all to herself, and all the time, besides a San Patricio in Texas, so that the soil of America should be kept continually free from poisonous things. But, alas! the precaution is a failure, for we have four places called Corydon, the most hated combination of letters in modern Irish history, a name that, in the estimation of every patriotic Irishman and Irish-American, is vile enough to poison the granite rocks of Maine, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, who each carry this foul blot on their fair bosoms, and thus seem desirous of doing honor to the cowardly informer.

Enough is here shown to prove that the phrases, "The Greater Ireland in America," "The Irish Nation in America," etc., are by no means empty boasts.

JOHN DEIGNAN, in Sunday News.

THE Catholic News says: Some of our contemporaries are taking up the subject of Irish names in America. It is somewhat curious that the oldest of these is Brazil, the Hy Brasil of Irish legends, which with St. Brendan's Isle and the Seven Cities was so diligently sought by early navigators. Hy Brasil was given as a name to the main-land of South America, under the belief that the land of romance had been found. The greatest and most important city in the United States with an Irish name is Baltimore, the Great House, the oldest Catholic see in the United States. The early movement of emigration from Ireland to this country was from the Protestant district of the North, and they gave their new homes here those borne by the towns and villages whence they came in Ireland.

Angel: A Life Sketch.

Told by AUNT MARY. Edited by VICTOR O'D. POWER, Author of "Kildoona," "Bonnie Dunraven," etc.

THE wistful sighing of the September breeze in the old elms by my window has set a minor chord of memory vibrating within me this evening, and across my silent room I hear the patter of a child's footsteps; a child's tuneful voice is in my ears, and I fancy I behold once again the deep blue eyes, flaxen hair, and sweet, dreamy little face of my tiny comforter of the past.

"Dood Aunt Mavie! Angel's very fond of 'oo. Tiss Angel, Aunt Mavie!"

For Angel was her name — and surely it was not misapplied.

When her poor mother — my dear sister Honor — lay dying, a day or two after the birth of her first-born, she turned her heavy eyes on the tiny infant and murmured, with a faint, labored smile, —

"Is she not an Angel?"

These were the last words she ever spoke in this life. An hour later she had passed away.

So the child was called "Angel," and, as her old nurse, Kate Driscoll, often said, "She was a rale angel in this world — a quieter, better-timpered, *knowinger* infant never breathed, God bless her!"

At this time I seldom saw the child. My poor sister had married against all our wishes, and her brief wedded life was a most unfortunate experience.

I can hardly refrain from writing down here the story of her bitter disappointment — the cruel awakening from her girlish dreams of love and happiness; an awakening which struck a death-blow to all her hopes, and hurried her to an early grave.

Suffice it to say, however, that her death was a merciful relief to her and to all who loved her. Had the infant followed its mother, I almost felt at the time that that, too, would be for the best.

How could that stern, cruel man — my dear sister's husband — be intrusted with the care of this fragile child? I longed to be with my baby niece, but I dared not venture into the house.

The child's father was truculent always, and often violent in his cups. So I held aloof; but Kate Driscoll would steal away little Angel of an evening and bring her to me, either to my own house here, or, if the weather were fine, to some secluded spot near Angel's home.

For three years this went on; then one day, poor Honor's husband announced his intention of selling the place and going abroad. He wrote me a few characteristic lines to the effect that "as I was so mighty fond of the squealing brat," I could take her altogether and look after her until he "required her valuable services;" — or some such words as these.

Need I say how eagerly I seized the offer?

That very evening found Angel and good old Kate Driscoll under my roof, and a week later poor Honor's persecutor had quitted the country, never to return.

So here was my cherub — my "bit of the world,"* to use our sweet

* *aeuidh-un-thale.*

old Irish term of endearment — really and truly in my care at last, sleeping beside me every night, waking me in the morning by the music of her fairy laughter, or by the touch of her tiny lips on mine.

She was a lovely child, and day by day she became more and more like what her poor mother once had been — the same deep, sea-blue eyes, the same sweet, sympathetic face, the same clinging, affectionate disposition — so far as we could judge as yet.

"Oh, she's like the poor mistress, sure enough, God rest her soul!" Kate Driscoll would say, her dark-gray, Celtic eyes fixed tenderly upon the child. "May the Heavens smile on her, and give her long life and happiness, and a kind husband when her time comes!"

"Rather soon to think of that, Kate, surely."

"Och, *wisha*, Miss Mary, she'll be no time springing up! Wait till you see. An she'll be the finest young lady going into the chapel at Liscorrig of a Sunday. Won't you, *a-gilla mo-chree*?" (Brightness of my heart.)

Then she would seize Angel and toss her high in the air — and how the child would crow with delight and clap her tiny hands, her flaxen curls floating in silky threads and tendrils over her dreamy, sea-blue eyes!

Oh, me! they were happy, happy days, and every incident of them is graven upon my heart.

Our old house — Glenronayne — was, and is, a lonely, forgotten, out-of-the-way dwelling, amid the heathy hills and glens of the picturesque South-west of our own green isle. The world was shut out from here. We scarce heard a murmur of its mighty voice.

The quiet fishing village over the blue Atlantic was our "market-town." Our visitors were few; the chief and most honored guest being our kindly old parish priest, Father John Dwyer.

A genuine *soggarth* was he of the old school, and he took wonderfully to little Angel. I have often watched them, myself unobserved, as they laughed and chatted together, Father John humoring the child's fancies, heartily enjoying her baby speeches, then catching her up and setting her proudly upon his shoulder, while her golden curls brushed his own silver locks, and the waxen child-face was beside the furrowed, care-worn countenance of her companion.

Angel knew no shyness when with Father John; whereas from others who endeavored to win her over to them she shrank into herself and remained mute.

"She is a wonderful child," Father John said to me one day; "a strange, interesting child. She surprises me by some of her remarks; such quaint, old-fashioned, almost startling remarks!"

"Ah, yes, sir," I replied, with a little shiver; "but I dread to hear her talk so. It is not like a child. I sometimes fear" —

But no! I dared not put my foreboding into words. How could I live *now* without my Angel?

"God bless her always!" the old clergyman said, after a pause, and in low, solemn tones. "Tell me, Mary," he added, rather abruptly, "does she ever say anything to you about her poor dear mother?"

I started a little, and my heart sank. "I have always endeavored to hide her mother's sad story from the child," I made answer. "It is better so, Father John. Surely, Angel has heard nothing!"

"Surely, she has, though, Mary, — and I was surprised to think that you could be so unguarded. This very day Angel asked me to tell her 'all about' her mother — and oh! Mary, her little face looked so sad and wistful that my heart shivered within me.

"'Your mother is gone to heaven, child,' I said. 'She will wait for you there. So be good, and you will meet her some day.'

"And what do you think was her reply, Mary? — 'I often meet her,' the child said. 'She comes to me in the wood and down by the sea-shore. Ah! why was papa so bad? *Why did he kill her?*' — Now, Mary, who has been so *wicked* as to tell the poor child these things?"

I was shocked and then highly indignant. I cross-questioned Kate Driscoll and the other servant; but I could not discover the tale-teller.

"Miss Angel must have heard it from some of the women around," Kate said. "Sure, you *know*, Miss Mary, I wouldn't whisper a word of the likes o' that!"

Then I appealed to Angel herself. I petted and coaxed her, and begged of her to tell me who had given her the information as to her poor mother.

The child's deep blue eyes sank from mine. Her tiny face became strangely pale, and her sensitive lips quivered.

"I know it all, Aunt Mavie — I know it all," she murmured. "Old Nellie Bawn told me first, and then — then" — here Angel's voice died away to a faint whisper — "then she told me herself."

"'She'! *Who?*" I gasped, terror-stricken. "What are you saying, child?"

"She often comes and talks to me, Aunt Mavie. I met her yesterday in the glen."

"Nellie Bawn is it, child?" I asked wistfully; "the old chatterbox! Wait until I see her!"

"No, no, no!" Angel answered hurriedly. "It was mother herself. She was all in white, and her face was shining, and her hair was like gold. She took my hand and we walked together for a long time. Then when we came to the little grave-yard on the hill and stood near the place where they hid her under the hawthorn tree, I saw her no more. Oh, Aunty, fordive me for makin' 'oo cry!" The child broke off, impulsively throwing her arms about my neck and kissing me again and again with almost passionate fervor; "Angel is sorry, Aunt Mavie — Fordive Angel, dood, dood Aunt Mavie!"

I grew calm presently, and asked the child to tell me the details of her strange story. Who had shown her her poor mother's grave? Who had spoken to her of her father? Was it Nellie Bawn who had done all this? And, surely, that lady in white had never really appeared! It was but a fancy of the child's! Had she not fallen asleep in the glen and dreamed it?

So I questioned and urged; but Angel shook her head.

It was useless to endeavor to disabuse her mind of this illusion; and she seemed sorry now for having told of Nellie Bawn's communication. Wishing, I suppose, to put an end to my inquiries, she ran off with herself and left me to my own anxious musings.

And day by day, from this time forward, I observed a change in

Angel, although for some weeks I did not suffer myself to acknowledge that there really *was* a change.

The child became silent, nervous, wakeful. Her merry laughter was seldom heard now, and the crow of delight which had so often issued from her coral lips was already a thing of the past.

At times it seemed to me that she was uneasy when I was with her, as though she feared some awkward inquiries from me. She would spend hours and hours away from the house; and one day Father John Dwyer strolled up to Glenronayne and explained to me what these long absences of Angel's really meant.

"The child is constantly to be found in the little church-yard, kneeling beside her poor mother's grave, or sitting near the head-stone," was the gist of his communication. "So I have been told. And sometimes she comes to the chapel and brings bunches and garlands of wild flowers — meadow-sweet, wild roses, woodbine, and white heath — and places them on the Virgin's altar. But she shrinks from every one, — even from Nellie Bawn herself, who used to be a prime favorite of hers. It is extraordinary."

My heart sunk, and I waited and watched in silence. I said nothing to Angel; but I saw that the tiny, waxen face was growing paler, and that the deep blue eyes were taking to themselves a new expression — Oh! such a far-away, wistful look. My heart died within me as I observed it.

One day the child was absent an unusually long time, and, in much anxiety and foreboding, I set out from Glenronayne to look her up.

It was a beautiful summer day. The light breezes sighed musically through the green oaks and elms, beeches and bending chestnuts. Away on the heath-clad hill-sides the lights and shadows of sun, wind, and cloudlet swept and sped in lines of golden-brown, violet, and amber. On the heathery heights the red and white cows stood motionless as statues, save when they lazily flicked off the flies with their long tails and ears.

As I ascended higher on the hill-side above the glen, drawing nearer and nearer to the tiny church-yard, with its surrounding hawthorns and its mossy, broken-down wall, the radiant plain of the Atlantic suddenly flashed before me "so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," with white sea-birds sailing, like silvered snow-flakes, above its serene expanse, and a croon, as of fairy music, travelling upward to my ears from the glistening shingle where the tiny wavelets were at play.

Oh, it was a beautiful day, in truth, but my heart was heavy within me. I felt that, for some mysterious cause or other, Angel had grown estranged from me; and I also vaguely felt that I was on the eve of some painful discovery now.

I slowly approached the little church-yard; but at this moment Angel's voice reached my ears.

I started. I listened incredulously. The child was singing — but what song was this? Where had she heard it?

It was my poor sister Honor's favorite song; and for the moment I almost fancied that the voice of the dead was, verily, in my ears once again!

The next moment I saw the singer. She was sitting on the green mound below the head-stone beneath which her poor mother's coffin had been placed. Her lap was full of wild flowers which she was fashioning into

a wreath. Now and then she glanced up and broke off her song to ask a question, such as — "Will this do?" or, "Is not that nice now?"

Then, apparently satisfied on the point, she resumed her work and her song.

A great fear overwhelmed me as I watched.

Great Heaven! Was the child's mind affected? Whom was she addressing?

Save for herself, the little grave-yard was deserted. There was no other living creature there; and the sultry breeze whispered through the hawthorns and stirred the long grasses around the graves, as though unseen, ghostly fingers were at work.

I could endure this new agitation no longer. I hastened to the church-yard gate. I pulled it wildly open.

"Angel! Angel!"

The child started, with a cry, and the garlands fell from her hands. Her waxen face grew white, and her lips trembled. Then she rose and hurriedly approached me, her little hand uplifted with a deprecating wave.

"Oh, Aunt Mavie, why did you come here! She was here all day with me; but the moment you spoke she was gone!"

"Child, child!" I gasped, throwing my arms about her trembling little figure, and drawing her hungrily, passionately, to my yearning heart, "this is all fancy. There was nobody there save yourself. I was watching you for the past few minutes and heard you talking — but, in truth, you were asking questions of the empty air! Oh, Angel, Angel, come back with me to Glenronayne! Don't you know I love you, child? Why do you avoid me of late? Why do you spend your day here? I am sad and lonely when you are away from me, dear, — and I thought you loved Aunt Mavie too well to treat her thus!"

"An' so I do love 'oo, Auntie; Angel always loved 'oo," the child almost sobbed. "But — but — oh, Aunt Mavie, she comes for me every day and brings me here, and she sings songs for me, and — and" — here Angel's voice sank so low that I barely caught the words, "she is to take me away to her own happy Home soon!"

"No, no, *no!*" I cried, almost fiercely; and I strained the trembling child to my heart as though I would never release her more; "you shall not die! Oh, I could not live without you!"

I was unable to utter another word, and a strange, long silence followed.

In the glow and happiness, the light and music, throbbing life and deepening loveliness of the glorious summer day, my heart seemed to have turned to stone. Despite my almost frenzied rejection of the child's words, I felt within me — nay, I *knew* — in that dreadful pause, that Angel's days were numbered.

I saw the truth in her colorless face, in her eyes gleaming with a preternatural lustre. As I folded her to my heart I felt the frail limbs,— a mere handful of flesh and bone, and yet, dearer to me, more prized, more yearned for, than all the treasures of this wide, pitiless world.

Then the breeze sighed wistfully, and the long grasses waved, and the shadows of the hawthorns fell slant-wise across the gray head-stones.

The sun was sloping westward. It was growing late. How long had I lingered here?

I started; then I screamed aloud.

Angel lay on my heart, apparently lifeless, her tangled, flaxen hair falling limp and lustreless about her tiny, pallid face.

. . . . . .

An hour later Father John Dwyer and I sat by Angel's tiny cot; for I had myself placed my darling in her snug little bed, on our return to Glenronayne, and had then at once sent for the kindly old clergyman — our truest friend..

Father John listened to my story with painful interest; but he averted his eyes from mine, as though he feared to meet my glance lest he should lose all courage and betray openly the grief and misgivings of his heart.

We decided to send for a doctor, and one of the servants was despatched on horse-back on this errand.

"Though, in truth, I know not what a doctor can do in the case," the clergyman said. "I fear the child's ailment is beyond merely human ken. Still, it will ease your mind — *afterwards*, Mary — to reflect that you left nothing undone."

The "afterwards" pierced my heart like a dagger-thrust. I seized Father Dwyer's thin, white hand in my trembling fingers.

"You have no hope then, Father John! Our little Angel is to — to leave us!" for I could not bring my lips to utter the dreadful words, "to die."

"The plain truth is the only kindness I can show you now, Mary. Yes; I fear we are to lose her. Look into her face!"

What a changed face it was! During the past hour Angel appeared to have grown years older. Yet the expression of the eyes and mouth was sweet and peaceful. But the cheeks were sunken and overspread with the pallor of death.

I cannot dwell upon that evening. A few words shall suffice.

Doctor O'Brien arrived in due time, examined the child, and shook his head gravely. Then he and the clergyman had a whispered interview. I was at the far end of the room and heard nothing; but glancing round suddenly, I caught Father John's dark gaze turned upon me, and I uttered a sobbing cry.

I knew the worst then. There was no hope!

By and by, when I grew calmer, Father Dwyer explained the case.

"The malady — an internal and most dangerous one — has been suffered to progress too far without being checked," he said. "A critical operation may now, even at the eleventh hour, prove efficacious. It is, however, but the merest chance, and should it fail, the child dies a painful death. So that really, Mary, the doctor thinks — and I agree with him — that" —

"Yes, yes, yes!" I broke in wildly, unable to control myself a moment longer. "There must be no operation. Oh, no, no! My darling must die in peace."

My memory preserves nothing distinctly of what immediately followed. All is blank; or nearly so. Vaguely I see the figures of the doctor and clergyman and poor Kate Driscoll passing and repassing through the shadows, and voices — low, hoarse, and anguish-stricken — come back to my ears out of the past.

One incident alone I clearly recall. The moon was shining in through the window and trembling upon Angel's cot. I had stolen upstairs from the dining-room, where the doctor and clergyman still lingered. On my way up I met Kate Driscoll hurrying downstairs and hiding her tear-dimmed eyes with her apron.

At the bed-room door, which was partly open, I paused and glanced in.

The moon was, as I tell you, shining on my darling's cot, and now the quivering beam trembled upon the child's face — upon the flaxen hair — upon the widely-opened, sea-blue eyes.

Beautiful indeed the face looked now — no longer sunken, no longer pallid. A rare happiness kindled in the eyes and played about the lips and cheeks in sunny curves and dimples.

The child tossed up her arms and — or did I dream it? — was that a crow of delight which once again issued from the coral lips!

"Mother, I am going to 'oo. Tiss me! Tiss your own Angel. Dood-by, Aunt Mavie. Dood-by, Fawda John. Dood-by, Kate — dood-by!" —

The voice died away in a long, happy sigh. The smile still lingered on the features, played about the lips, glanced in the beautiful eyes.

How I reached the cot I know not. All is again blank. But Father John and the doctor told me afterwards that, when summoned hastily by Kate Driscoll, they entered the sick-room, I lay as if dead across Angel's cot, my darling's tiny lifeless form folded fast in my arms.

So she passed away from us, and was laid beside her mother in the lonely church-yard on the hill. They placed upon her grave the very garland of wild flowers which her own fingers had woven on that smiling summer evening.

But I could not look upon them. Ah, no, no!

And many a dreary month rolled by ere I could drag my faltering footsteps up the hill-side to the spot where my lost Angel lies at rest.

The Oldest Home in New England.

A STRANGE and significant fact developed in the recent controversy regarding the oldest inhabited house in the United States, is that the old Puritan family, for so many years sheltered beneath its roof, finds one of its most prominent representatives to-day in a Catholic priest, the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks, of St. Patrick's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

Father Fairbanks is not only a direct descendant of Jonathan Fairbanks of Dedham, but his mother was a Franklin, and his great-grandfather of that name, who died about sixty years ago at the age of eighty, was a near relative of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, signer of the Declaration of Independence. His ancestors on both sides removed from New England nearly a century ago, and his parents, as well as himself, were born in New York state. He was not educated in the faith, but towards the close of his classical course in a Protestant University, he became a Catholic. Four years after this, at the age of twenty-two years and eight months, he was ordained by Archbishop Henni. Father Fairbanks has travelled extensively in this country and in the Old World, and has written charmingly o

travels; yet, strange to say, he has never looked upon the quaint old home of his ancestors, said to be the oldest dwelling in the United States, which has been continuously inhabited since its foundation.

This old New England home was built at Dedham, Mass., in 1640, by Jonathan Fairbanks, — known in the early records as John Fairbanks, — of Yorkshire, England. He came to America in 1633, and went, shortly after, with a number of settlers from Watertown, to the new settlement, which afterwards became quite a thriving village, and enjoyed the distinction of being the county town. Before Dedham reached this enviable position, however, the Fairbanks homestead was already one hundred and fifty-three years old, and there were few traces left of the other houses erected at the same time.

It is, of course, a very substantial edifice, and built more with a view to solid comfort and durability, than beauty; but age has brought to it charms unknown to its younger days. The steep roof is gray and moss-covered, the venerable walls have a mellow brown tint, harmonizing with the color of the earth and leaves, while venerable forest trees rear their mighty forms alongside, and stretch their giant branches far above the huge chimney-stack which rises from the centre of the roof. On one side a smaller house is joined to the main building, and on the other is a detached cottage of goodly proportions.

The interior has never been plastered, but is wainscoted, while the partitions are of wood. The homestead is full of treasures of early colonial history. In a chest is preserved the blue and white china brought from England by the first settlers, and to the collection have been added the purchases of succeeding generations, the newest set of dishes being seventy years old. From a great beam in the kitchen is suspended an ancient fire-lock, with a stock running almost to the muzzle, the property of the original Jonathan Fairbanks; and there is no doubt that this venerable weapon, now a dumb and harmless thing, once did plenty of talking, with what the valiant captain of Plymouth called, "the only tongue that is understood by a savage."

Outside the house near the kitchen is an oven where a century ago the bread and pies, and, above all, the proverbial pot of beans, were baked. What visions of Thanksgiving dinners are evoked by the description of that old oven; and could the walls of the homestead speak, what a wealth of historic memories could they reveal. They could tell of the solemn councils of the early settlers, the midnight watch for the dreaded attacks of the savages, the mirthful family reunions, and the bitter partings, the anxious days of the American Revolution, and the rejoicings of the victorious patriots. A thousand tales could those hoary walls tell, had but our mighty "wizard" of the phonograph lived and flourished two centuries ago. Really, when we think of what those old Puritans missed by living so long ago, when we think of a world with nothing in it but a few log cabins, no steam-cars, steam-boats, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, or machinery of any kind, and compare those "good old times" with the present, we conclude that the early settlers would have had a humdrum time of it without the red-skins, and later on the red-coats, to keep them lively.

The Fairbanks homestead has sheltered many generations of the name,

and the members of the family have always been noted for longevity. At last accounts, the house was occupied by Miss Sarah and Miss Nancy Fairbanks, both of whom were advanced in years. It is probable that their circle of relatives is very large, and that connections of the family are scattered all over the country.

It is said that there is only one thing in Dedham older than the quaint old house; that is an oak-tree, sixteen feet in circumference, rising up in the midst of the town like a giant sentinel, and stretching its mighty arms protectingly over the homes of the citizens. It narrowly escaped being cut down to furnish timber for the building of the ship Constitution; but luckily for the town, the old tree was spared. No one knows its age, as it was hale and flourishing before Dedham was founded. May it long live to keep company with the old homestead. AGNES HAMPTON.

Washington, D. C., November, 1891.

What Girls Should Do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card-case; keep the former mended and the latter filled.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

The Clan-na Loughlan.

AN IRISH HISTORICAL POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM COLLINS.

Author of "Rory the Rapparee," "Dalaradia: A Tale of the Days of King Milcho, A. D. 432," "The Wild Geese." "Desmond;" "Poems, Songs, and Ballads," etc.

Canto Second.

I.

Morning's rosy glow of light
Rests on Donard's topmost height,
Day has changed the clouds of night
From the mountain side,
Winding slowly to the gaze,
From the wildwood's darkling maze,
With their banners all ablaze,
Priest and clansman ride.
Soon they gain the rugged space
At Slieve Donard's rocky base,
And with slow and measured pace
Climb, afoot, the hill;
Pass by moss-grown rock and sward,
Girt by many a watchful guard,
Till they reach the rill
That rises bubbling from the rock
That seems man's puny pride to mock,
Darkened and seamed by lightning shock,
And frowns above the pass
Which rises by St. Donard's cell,
Where sounds the early matin bell,
That calls the monks to Mass.

II.

Upon the mountain's rugged side,
In lengthening circle, deep and wide,
The clans of Ulster kneel,
And bursts the sun's effulgent gleam
In glorious light o'er wood and stream;
Until the hills in beauty beam,
As bright as burnished steel.
The white-robed clerk the censer swings,
The holy Mass the abbot sings,
His prayer responsive answer brings
From king, and chief, and kerne.
"Glory to God!" the strain rings high;
"Have mercy, Lord," sounds to the sky,
Besought with heart-felt tear and sigh
From out the hill-side fern.

Downpatrick ne'er such scene beheld
In all her pride and power,
Nor Glendaloch, in days of old,
As witnessed in that hour!
Their altar was the mountain peak,
Their shrine the dewy sod,
And lient each heart in homage meek,
In love to Freedom's God.
The banners kissed the morning air,
The tall spears flashed between,
And from a thousand bosoms there
Welled forth to Heaven the fervent prayer,
From out the ranks of green.
The sunshine o'er the valley's shade
And on the waters sweetly played.
Dundrum, aye girt with sullen frown,
Drearer than Donard's winter crown,
Stony, and dark, and cold, and dread,
Upraised its battlemented head,
As if to catch upon the lea
The anthem of the brave and free!
Oh! 'twas a fond and feeling sight
As ever graced by morning light,
As king and warrior, bard and knight,
In adoration knelt —
With lance and war-axe armed for fight —
And prayed to Heaven for strength and might
To right the wrongs they felt.

III.

The Mass is sung, the prayer is said,
Deep in the heath each clansman's head
Is hidden from the eye;
And, save two horsemen valeward led,
You can from Donard's stately head
No living thing espy.
Onward they ride, till, in the vale
Where fierce De Lacy met the Gael,
And braved their chieftain's wrath.
They halt their steeds and tarry still,
Till, from the woods that fringe the hill,
Two knights pursue their path,
In trappings dight of shining gold,
Of visage grim and giant mould,
The foremost horseman speeds;
His haughty look, like lightning's flame,
And proud defiant glance proclaim
A man of desperate deeds.
Sudden he draws his charger's rein,

His bugle horn rings o'er the plain,
And ere the sound leaps Conla's wave
A louder blast an answer gave ;
It came from him who in the vale
Impatient heard it on the gale.

IV.

Scarce had its echoes died away,
When, panoplied in war array,
The foremost chieftain rode apace,
With lance in rest, till face to face,
Defiant, fierce, and firm they stood,
Like rocks amid the solitude.
One was green Ulster's princely knight,
O'Loughlan, armed for Ulster's right,
As bards and brehons tell ;
And one of Norman robber brood,
Of speech and aspect fierce and rude,
And heart as dark as hell.
De Lacy, chief of tainted name,
Of murder, treachery, and shame !

V.

Again the trumpet blast rings clear,
Tighter they grasp the pointed spear,
Their throbbing hearts you well might hear,
So silent was the scene,
When, with a bound that mocked at fear,
They cleared the space between.
Rider and horse together meet,
Rude is the greeting — fast and fleet
The blows pour down like hail ;
They wheel their steeds with ready rein,
A blow to ward or vantage gain ;
They rush with maddened strength amain
Till dinted is their mail ;
Shivered their spears, and cast aside,
The axe alone their hate supplied ;
Long, fierce and deadly were they plied,
Till by one desperate stroke,
O'Loughlan's steel came ringing down
On fierce De Lacy's iron crown,
And hurled him headlong to the ground
As lightning hurls the oak ;
Their squires in dark, impatient mood,
But silent and alone had stood
Upon the battle plain ;
McArtan, Kinnelearty's heir,
Of heart and arm to do and dare,

And Fleming, kin of Lord De Clare,
The youthful chief of Slane.
Nor stirred they till De Lacy fell,
For honor's laws they guarded well,
But maddened by his chieftain's woe,
At proud De Lacy's overthrow,
Honor and fame he dared forego,
And, reckless, aimed a daring blow
Full at O'Loughlan's crest.
But ere it met its gallant foe,
McArtan's blade found ready sheath
In treacherous Fleming's breast,
Who fell upon the bloody heath,
Dishonored — unconfessed!

VI.

Nor could De Lacy ere have sped
From where his henchman vile, lay dead,
Shrouded in guilt and shame,
Wert not that from the copse-wood clear,
And from the dark-green woods anear
A shower of arrows came;
And, fast as hunter tracks the deer,
The Norman foe, with lusty cheer,
Came bounding on the game.
"The treacherous fiends," McArtan cried;
"To horse! to horse! my prince, and ride!
One moment longer, if we hide,
Shall Ulster mourn her lord;"
De Lacy rises from his swoon;
Oh! mark his brow of guilt and gloom,
Oh! for our Kerne amid the broom
To aid with axe and sword.
They mount, and toward the hill-side hie,
While fast and thick the arrows fly;
One struck O'Loughlan's plume of green —
One glanced his cheek and eye between;
While riding in his chieftain's rear,
McArtan pealed his war-note clear,
And at the foeman shook his spear.
Clan-Loughlan heard that war-cry ring,
And leaped to aid their hard-pressed king;
High rose their slogan, loud and shrill,
In volleyed thunder from the hill;
With foot of deer and heart of flame,
The Kineal Owen bounding came,
Reckless of bowman's barb or shaft,
In blithsome mood, O'Louglan laughed,
And while his green plume danced and shone,
With battle-ardor urged them on.

VII.

Meanwhile, De Lacy's bugles bray,
For stunned, not slain, the chieftain lay,
(Though 'twas no gentle lady's fan
That hurled to earth so bold a man);
His squadrons muster on the plain,
And, mounted on his steed again,
Surveys the scene, and marks with care
The look his trusted warriors wear,
And hears, with fiery breast and brain,
The Gael's exulting battle-strain,
That tells of douty Fleming slain.
Proudly their banners flaunt the sky,
Rings on the wind their wild war-cry.
Their war-trump's clanging peal,
The sun-bathed hills, in gorgeous sheen,
Were dazzled by their ranks of green,
Were dazzled by their steel!
Their pennons from the hill-side show,
In fitful flashes hid on high,
As fringed by spears they come and go,
Like cloudlets in a summer sky.
Fast from the brake the Norman sped,
The Celt from broom and fern,
The foremost spears De Lacy led;
With blazoned banner, high outspread,
O'Loughlan, in that hour of dread,
His safforn-shirted Kerne!
And never in war's dreadful close
Throughout green Erin wide
Did braver chief wrong's power oppose,
Or braver heart meet honor's foes,
Or battle steed bestride.
Scant space between each vanguard now,
'Tis scarce ten spear lengths wide;
They come with burning heart and brow
The battle's chance to bide.

VIII.

Ha! 'tis no French or Flemish field
De Lacy treads to-day,
Scant use is buckler, glaive, or shield
When Loughlan leads the way;
'Tis not a maiden's soft caress
The belted Earl shall feel,
But the rude shock in battle's press,
Of burning Irish steel.
Nor is't in Windsor's wavy wood,

Or fens of Windermere,
That ye are now, O bowman good,
Of merry Lancashire!
Ho! send your shafts as thick as rain,
As fierce as tempest blast,
Valor, and strength, and skill are vain,
This onset is your last.
For never yet in any land,
In shock of battle never yet
Could Britain's boasting soldiers stand
When Irish blade their broadsword met!

IX.

The hills ring out the charging cheer
That greets them from the Gael,
The valleys echo, loud and clear,
Their "Farroh" to the Pale;
They come like billows of the deep,
Or torrent from the mountain steep,
Downhurled in foaming fury vast
Before the Northern tempest blast.
God and St. Mary guard us well!
They meet as meet the fiends of hell!
'Tis not alone a foeman's hate
That falls in every blow,
But 'tis the fortune dealt by fate
In feeling deep, in hatred great,
That, ambushed in each heart, await,
To nerve the spear and bow!
Saxon and Celt can never mate,
And down in darkness, soon or late,
One of the twain must go!
The levelled lances, keen and straight,
This dread doom seem to know!

X.

Foremost amid the clash of spears
O'Loughlan leads the way,
Foremost his battle charger rears
Among the dread array.
The first that clears the space between,
And meets the chieftain's brand,
Is dazzled by its burning sheen
And feels the strength, dark, fierce, and keen,
That nerves an Irish hand.
McArtan speeds with fiery pace
Against De Lacy's line,
And in Maguire's fierce, war-bronzed face,
And in O'Hagan's, he can trace

Full many a desperate sign
Of what these dauntless chiefs can do,
Against the braggart Norman crew.
McNeely rides with bated breath,
His heart as torrent strong,
MacQuillin gaily laughs at death,
As fast he speeds along.
Rider and horse in hate are borne
Against each other there;
Banner and brand are wrenched and torn,
And wail of wild despair
Rings with the battle-charging cry
That swells upon the wind;
Fiercely in front the axes ply,
The arrows fast behind.
The tempest's strength is not so rude
Though hurled from hell in demon mood,
The tiger hungers not for blood
More fiercely when trepanned,
As flamed the red hearts of the Gael,
When, bursting on their ranks of mail,
They met the braggarts of the Pale,
The chiefs of Saxon-land!

XI.

The first fierce charge of battle past,
The first dread onset o'er,
De Lacy's shattered column fast
Wheels backward to the shore,
As rolls the dark wave of the main
Back from the stubborn rock,
To gather strength and force again
With more determined shock.
Clan Loughlan's ranks are firmly set,
His spears the hill-side crown;
And let the Saxon fume and fret,
What recks he of his frown?
A little mound before him rose,
By holy hands upraised,
And there, defiant to his foes,
His banner proudly blazed,
The war-pipe's note, in thrilling tone,
The Norman bugles greet,
As once again the Kineal Owen
De Lacy's lances meet.
No coward dread, no craven fear
Lurks there in heart or eye,
The Bloody Red Right Hand waves clear
Above them to the sky;

And, hoarsely, ringing far and near,
Is heard their wild, war-charging cheer,
That fear and death defy,
And hands as red grasp pike and spear
As that which floats on high!

XII.

Where on the strand the white waves flow,
The battle rolls and raves below;
Maguire has pierced the Norman line,—
Amid their ranks his axes shine;
Before McNeely's lances tall,
The foremost lines, like ripe grain, fall,
And lie upon the reddened heath,
Cold, in the rude embrace of death.
To stem the tide that round him rolled,
De Lacy, ever fierce and bold,
But reckless now, sees with despair
What deeds the Gael can do and dare,
And summons all with desperate blow
To stem the bloody torrent's flow.
The archer casts his bow away,
And broadsword grasps to join the fray;
The knight more firmly draws the brand
His squire supplies with ready hand;
The broken lance is thrown aside,
The saddle-girth more deftly tied,
The brawny yoeman's ponderous blade
Flashes amid the hazel shade,
The trumpet rings its war-note loud,—
The answer comes as fierce and proud;
And, with the bravest of his train,
De Lacy leads the charge again!

XIII.

"Advance our standard till it waves
Above yon host of mail-clad slaves!
Let burning blow and naked blade
Pay back the debt so long delayed,
And Ulster's sons, in proud array,
Avenge Clan-Loughlan's wrongs to-day!
Let England's Nero vengeance wreak,
On the defenceless and the weak,
And revel in those deeds of shame
The faithful Christian fears to name;
But he will fear and falter when
His cohorts meet with freeborn men!
They come, hedged in by iron mail,
These craven hirelings of the Pale;

But the bare arm and naked shaft
Can laugh to scorn the forger's craft,
And the best armor worn by man
Is a brave heart in battle's van."
Onward Clan-Loughlan's flag is borne,
Free as the breeze that fans the Mourne.
Onward they rush with desperate blow,
In maddened billows 'gainst the foe.
Maguire, though red with bleeding scars,
Has pierced Morisco's helmet bars;
MacHugh, grim-dark as scowling fate,
Flings in each blow his deadliest hate;
O'Hagan, by McNeely's side,
Makes room, with carnage deep and wide;
Fitzstephen leaps to block his course, —
Unhorsed, he falls, a shivering corse;
De Burgo's might is spent in vain,
McArtan hurls him on the plain,
Fitzhenry hies his chief to aid,
But meets Kilpatrick's crimson blade;
Shivered is helmet and cuirass.
On speeds the fiery Gallowglass,
The tough and tempered armor rends
Before the blow their vengeance sends.
Onward the Red Right Hand floats high,
Sunward rings out their battle-cry;
O'Loughlan spurs with eager pace
To meet De Courcy face to face;
But the base Earl his vengeance fears,
And, circled by a plump of spears,
Evades the shock he fears to meet,
The fierce embrace he knows will greet
His iron-girded breast and blow,
And shrinks before his gallant foe, —
But doomed in after days to fall
Ignobly, in his castle hall.

XIV.

Onward the Red Right Hand is sped,
On! o'er the dying and the dead,
St. George's red-cross lances quail
Before that onslaught of the Gael;
They reel, they wheel, they backward turn.
O maids of Merry England, mourn!
The chivalry that boasted high
To flame their flag in Northern sky
Are shivered, scattered, torn and rent,
As sapling by the tempest bent,
Upheaved and rooted from the soil,

For every menial hand a spoil.
Fierce is the chase, and fast their flight
As dundeer from the hunter's sight;
Nor halts the remnant of that band
Till safe in Newry's towers they stand,
Bleeding and weak from desperate fray,
But thankful still, God wot, that they
Survived the slaughter of that day!
Such is the tale by minstrel told
Of Erin's chiefs in days of old;
Such is the tale that thrills the veins
Of Erin's sons on Ulster's plains.
They cherish well, with love and pride,
The good who for their country died,
And while they ban the willing slave,
Weep o'er the ashes of the brave,
And pray that they, in fitting hour,
When Right again meets tyrant power,
May prove as brave in Freedom's van
As did O'Loughlan's deathless clan!

NOTE. I would consider it an impertinence to the intelligent readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to give notes explanatory of the names and places mentioned in the foregoing poem. All are historical, and will be found in any history of Ireland. The O'Loughlan's gave sixteen kings to Ireland, and for five centuries, they and their correlatives never let a Norman enter their territories unless to measure the length of a grave. Ireland is teeming with historical lore, but few, poetically (in America), care to wander in her historic meadows. I have only snatched a bough from one of her historic trees, but hope that some more gifted writer of the MAGAZINE may follow my humble example. We should teach the rising Irish-American generation what men their fathers were; how they fought and died for freedom, and how they always and ever opposed English domination.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is the most fitting vehicle through which this instruction can be imparted. The contributors to its columns are better qualified than I to write on these subjects. But I have done my best.

New York, 1890. WILLIAM COLLINS.

Saving the Sacred Host -- Heroism of an Officer.

AT Vinadio, near Turin, the beautiful sanctuary of St. Anne has been accidentally burned down. While the fire was in progress, a band of military men heard the cries of seven Sisters of Charity who were in a room at the top of the church. It was absolutely impossible for them to get out. Then the courageous soldiers ran to the rescue, and succeeded in rescuing the terror-stricken ladies. Just at the same moment a lieutenant, having heard that the Sacred Host lay in the tabernacle of the church, threw himself into the flames, and, rushing to the sanctuary, he secured the Host and brought it to the place where the Sisters were. Then he returned, and, paying no attention to the danger he was incurring, succeeded in saving the miraculous picture of St. Anne. The population is full of admiration for the soldiers and the valiant lieutenant.

A DISH FOR THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

JOAN OF FRANCE. — A number of devout Lorrainers brought, in the course of the past year, an "authentic standard" of Joan of Arc to lay on the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. They asked the Bishop of Nancy to receive and bless them before they set out to fulfil their purpose, which they fully explained to him by letter. After some delay he fixed a day to receive them. The bishop, before consecrating the relic, spoke of Joan as having been sent to give confidence and moral unity to a shattered nation, and ordained for a great work in the world. The Church was represented as having been her enemy, and as having condemned her as a witch. This was an erroneous view. The Church in Joan's time was distracted, and the Pope an exile in a foreign land. Joan appealed from the Rouen sentence to the Church Universal. It was then unable to help her. But twenty-five years after her death Pope Calixtus ordered all the charges made against her to be investigated, and a new trial to take place. She came out of it victorious, and was rehabilitated. The inquiries set on foot by his order enabled France to know what manner of heroine Joan was and the miraculous nature of her mission. Her name was freed from the reproaches of witchcraft and heresy. "The Papacy," said the bishop, "which rehabilitated her will glorify her purity, piety, patriotism, and valor. It will give a place on the altars of the churches to the warrior and martyrized shepherdess. When it does, France will quiver with new hopes from the Pyrenees to the hills of Lorraine, and from Brittany to the Alps. She will then invoke with boundless confidence Saint Joan of Domremy, Saint Joan of Orleans, and Saint Joan of France.

DRUNKENNESS is indeed a blight upon this country, as it has at various times been upon most countries of the world. In the early Church, as prescribed in Corinthians, the drunkard was classed among the excommunicated; and there were canon laws against the vice in England in the eighth century. The habit must have reached the dimensions of a plague in Scotland, in the ninth century, when King Constantine issued an ordinance punishing it with death. King James the First, dealing more gently, imposed a fine of five shillings, with the stocks as an alternative. Legislation on the subject has not since grown more severe, but the reverse, and most drunkards can now go on soddening themselves without incurring a very serious lash from the law. As to the mortality from abuse of alcohol, we know that sixty thousand is the annual figure in England. A moderately healthy man, who is, at the same time, a sober man, can at fifty look forward to an average of twenty years of existence, while the average of the drunkard is four. Between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, the deaths among drunkards have been found to be more than five times, and between thirty-one and fifty, more than four times, what occur among the general community at like ages.

CRUEL JOKE ON AN EDITOR. — A cruel joke was recently perpetrated on an editor. He was at the beach and had been taking a bath in the roaring breakers. Emerging from the brimy ocean with the salty water sticking to his hair, teeth chattering with cold, and a generally broken-up

look altogether, he was arrested by a friend, who took occasion to ask, "Are you cold?" — "C-c-c-cold?" chattered the editor; "c-c-c-cold, did you say? D-d-d-do you th-th-think I'm shaking m-m-m-my teeth all loose, and getting the vertebra of m-m-m-my spinal column all spilled for fun?" — "Why, what on earth's the matter with you?" asked his friend. "Oh, m-m-m-my circulation's poor," said the editor. "Why, don't you increase your circulation?" innocently questioned his friend. That settled it. The editor didn't shake any more. His dander riz, and if the friend hadn't been bigger than himself he might have felled him to the earth. But now they never speak as they pass by.

WHAT MANY PROTESTANTS FEEL.—Mr. James Parton, in his famous article on Our Roman Catholic Brethren, which appeared years ago in the Atlantic Monthly, drew the following picture of the difficulties which assail the minds of many Protestants. What he noticed then troubles the Protestant mind yet:

Among the most frequent causes assigned by inquirers for dissatisfaction with their hereditary belief are the following: The difficulty of believing in the literal infallibility of the whole Bible; the gloom of the Sabbatarian Sunday; the ban placed by many sectarians upon innocent pleasure, such as dancing and the drama, which tends to drive people into guilty pleasures; the frenzies of the camp-meeting, more revolting in some parts of the country than the howling of the Dervishes of Turkey; the painful uncertainty which many persons feel all their lives, whether their souls are "saved" or not; the dulness and barrenness of the public service, in which a duty is assigned to every clergyman which only one in a thousand can discharge, namely, the production of two powerful and entertaining sermons every seven days.

The effect of the war in multiplying conversions is explained thus: The Catholic Church alone escaped division, since the Catholic Church alone kept itself entirely aloof from the political questions involved. The spectacle of this unity in the midst of such contention and severance has proved captivating, I am told, to several educated minds.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE. — Zschokke, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride: "In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never, I say never! wrangle in jest, since putting on an air of ill-humor, merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually and every moment see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely — let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand

between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are."

Our Church Doors. — The Catholic Standard finds cause for complaint "respecting the absence of proper attention to the means of ingress and egress from our churches." Doors that are kept bolted and locked might just as well not exist. Legal requirement and repeated catastrophes do not seem to make apparent the necessity, to many, of having the main doors of their churches open *outwardly*, instead of into the building. A panic with all its horrible consequences would make such see their culpable thoughtlessness or neglect. Ingress, in many instances, is limited to one door, but as the people go in gradually and separate, there is no inconvenience or danger. But to limit and contract means of egress is inexcusably blameworthy. Why it is done, where ample provision has been made, is accounted for by the Standard on the supposition that "some sextons or their assistants are too lazy or negligent to go to the trouble which the opening of all the doors involves." Keep the boors unbolted.

How Women Rest. — How differently men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting spell. "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge, or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and home maker.

Home Decoration. — No one who enters many of the homes of the country can fail to notice what a marked progress has been made in beautifying them. Almost every young woman and many of the older ones are now capable of doing a large variety of things that go to make up home decoration, and these are found in the household in profusion. A few cents or dollars will go to a surprising length in the purchase of materials for this work of æstheticism, and these in deft fingers of wife and daughter become choice attractions in beautifying the home. The decoration of the home is not only an effect of the growing taste and appreciation of the time, but it is also a cause of improving these. Whoever lives amid beautiful surroundings partakes of the influence that emanates from them, and his or her life must be moulded considerably by them.

Catholic Historical Society.

We have been favored with a copy of Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, Vol. III., 1888–91, published by the Society, 1891. It is a volume of four hundred and forty pages, and full of exceedingly interesting and valuable matter, of which our space will not allow us to give even the table of contents. But we can assure all who are interested in the subject, and surely every intelligent Catholic ought to be interested in it, that that table indicates a series of historical and biographical sketches of very great interest and value. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our gratification in noticing that the volume has recorded, in permanent form, the account of the proceedings of the grand public meeting held in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia in March last, at which, among other distinguished persons, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and His Grace Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, were present. As is usual, when these two great lights come together, they indulged in some pleasant by-play, which always brings down the house. We are quite sure our readers will thank us for reproducing those happy sallies in our pages. The Cardinal, who delivered the first address, after alluding to the duty of encouraging the young men of the country to imitate the Greeks and Romans in studying the history of their country, and of their country's heroes, statesmen, patriots, and men of letters, and even in committing to memory and reciting some of the great orations and poems of the best of their country's orators and poets, went on to remark, "Now, if I am not much mistaken, ladies and gentlemen, your own most eloquent Archbishop, when a little red-headed boy, or, to put it more politely, a boy with auburn tresses, committed to memory some of the orations of the great Daniel O'Connell, whom he had the pleasure of knowing. [Merriment.] However, I would never suspect, still less would I dare publicly to accuse your Most Reverend Archbishop of attempting, at any time, to palm off, as his own, some of those great orations of O'Connell's — far be such a thought from me; indeed, there could be no reason why he should be guilty of any such literary theft, for the stream of genuine eloquence flows so spontaneously from his own breast, that he is not compelled to draw from the verse of any other man." [General merriment and applause.]

The Archbishop, whose spontaneity of wit is equal to his flow of eloquence, failed not to return to His Eminence as good as he had given. He said: "The Cardinal has spoken to you of one of the characteristics of the society, namely, its American character, and he has spoken eloquently. By the way, I forgive His Eminence for the witticism in which he indulged at my expense. I can only rejoice in being able to reply that what nature did for me, and which was so conspicuous in my early days, the Pope has done for His Eminence by sending him the red cap. [Prolonged merriment.] I thank him for the complimentary things he said of me, and I beg to say that I entirely reciprocate the kindly feeling which dictated these compliments, for I heartily unite with the American people in my admiration and love for this prince of the Church." [Applause.] The Archbishop also gave several exceedingly curious and interesting instances of the perversions of history, such as the Cursing

Bull of the Pope, and the famous Shepherd of the Valley article, which has done duty in the great anti-Popery war since it appeared, some forty years ago, ago, down to the late republication in Dr. Dorchester's History of the Church which elicited about the hundredth denial of the Archbishop and others, and for the error of which Dr. Dorchester had the grace to make public acknowledgment. Both stories, the Cursing Bull, and the Shepherd of the Valley, are told by His Grace in his inimitable manner. The book will well repay perusal. The two speeches of His Eminence and His Grace are more than worth the cost of the volume.

"Old Ironsides."

W. T. STEAD's Review of Reviews narrates two old but good and true stories of the gallant Irish-American sailor, Commodore Stewart, "Old Ironsides": "When Mr. Parnell's grandfather was newly married, his honeymoon was interrupted by a summons to take the seas against the English. As he bade his bride farewell, he asked, 'What present shall I bring you, when I come back?'—'Bring me a British frigate!' was her reply; for she, too, was of the sturdy English breed which has ever been the boldest and deadliest foe of the British government when it is false to the true principles of English liberty. 'Bring you one British frigate?' said Charles Stewart; 'you shall have two, and I shall wear my wedding uniform in battle.' He was as good as his word, and his capture of the Cyane and the Levant is one of the most brilliant episodes in the naval annals of America. A remark, attributed to him after the battle was over, when the British captains, as prisoners of war, were disputing in his cabin as to who was to blame for the loss of the fight, might almost have been uttered by his grandson as he listened to the recriminations of Liberals and Tories about the coming triumph of home rule. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there is no use getting warm about it; it would have been just the same, whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again, and you can try it over.' The last promise, however, Mr. Parnell would never have made. He was too cautious to risk the chances of a battle that was already gained. But it was natural that a man with such ancestors should approach the struggle with the British Government in a spirit that could easily be mistaken for intense hatred of England and the English."

HINTS FOR THE EYES.— Next to sunlight the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effect on the eyes by the electric light are erroneous. The vast majority of people who wear glasses can see well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes.

THE new king of Wurtemberg is winning golden opinions for himself. A manifesto, issued on his accession to the throne, brought him into sympathetic touch with his subjects, and with the rest of the empire, by the exalted tone which breathed through the whole document. It was very favorably commented upon by the Catholic press for the great stress it laid upon the cultivation of a religious life, and on education based on religious principles.

Universal Expectation of the Virgin and the Messias.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

When God created our first parents He placed them in a delightful garden called Paradise. In that garden He planted "the tree of life" — a plant of heavenly origin, which had the property of repelling death, as the laurel, according to the ancients, repels lightning. To this mysterious tree was attached the immortality of the human race; afar from this protecting tree, death recovered his prey, and man fell back from the height of heaven into his miserable coating of clay. Thus, in substance, speaks St. Augustine (*Quæst. Vet. et Nov. Test.*).

Man was never immortal in this world in the same way as the pure spirits, for a body formed from dust must naturally return to dust; he was so by a favor unexampled. This favor was granted conditionally, and exalted him and maintained him in a position very superior to his proper sphere. Immortality here below was never acquired by man by right of birth; every terrestrial body must perish by the dissolution of its parts, unless a special will of the Creator opposes this. Such divine will was manifested in favor of our first parents. Satan, however, attacked man in his strength, and Adam fell from the high position to which he had been exalted into the frightful abyss of disobedience and ingratitude.

No one, I imagine, will call in question that God acted upon His just right in banishing Adam from the earthly paradise after his fall; but banishment involved the sentence of death upon man and his posterity; without the tree of life he was no longer anything better than a frail and perishable creature, subject to the laws which govern created bodies. When the antidote fails, it is plain that poison kills. Again become mortal, Adam begot children like himself: the children must follow the condition to which their father had fallen. In this God did the human race no wrong; we are mortal by our nature; He has left us such as we were. To withdraw a gratuitous favor, when the subject of such favor tears up with his own hands the deed which confers it upon him, is not cruelty; it is justice. The justice of God demanded a punishment proportioned to the offence, and there was no hope for the human race if a divine Being had not undertaken to satisfy for us all. Wherefore, almost simultaneously with the fall of our first parents in the garden of Eden, a mysterious prophecy, in which the goodness of the Creator was visible even amidst the vengeance of an offended God, came to revive their dejected minds. A daughter of Eve was destined to crush the head of the serpent, and regenerate forever a guilty race: that woman was Mary. From that very instant a tradition became prevalent that a woman would come to repair the evil that woman had done. Even the great dispersion of the human race in the plains of Sennar failed to efface this belief from the minds of men, and they carried with them beyond the mountains and the seas this sweet but distant hope. Later on, when all the other ancient traditions were enveloped in clouds, that one of the Virgin and the Messias resisted almost alone the action of time. And, indeed, if we but make a survey of the then known world, if we take a casual glance at the religious annals of nations, we shall find the promised Virgin and her divine parturition to be the foundation of almost every theogony.

In Thibet, in Japan, and in part of the eastern peninsula of India, there is a tradition to the effect that the god Fo became incarnate in the womb of a young woman, in order to save mankind. As to the Chinese, we find that they reckon among the "sons of heaven" the emperor Hoang-Ti, whose mother conceived him by the light of a flash of lightning. We find, too, in the Chi-king, a beautiful ode on the marvellous birth of Heau-Tsi, the head of the dynasty of the Tcheons; and the paraphrase on this ode given by Ho-Sou, makes the resemblance to the divine parturition of Mary most striking. "Every one, at his birth," he says, "destroys the integrity of his mother, and causes her the most cruel sufferings. Kiang-Yuen brought forth her son without suffering, injury, or pain. This was because Tien (Heaven) would display its power, and show how much the Holy One differs from men. He was born without prejudice to his mother's virginity." The Lamas say that Buddha was born of the virgin Maha-Mahai. The Brahmins also tell us that when a god takes flesh, he is born in the womb of a virgin by divine operation. In the annals of the Macenicans, a tribe of people who dwell on the borders of Lake Zarayas in Paraguay, we read that at a very remote period, a woman of rare beauty became a mother, still remaining a virgin; and, moreover, that her son, after working many miracles, raised himself in the air one day, in presence of his astonished disciples, and transformed himself into a celestial luminary. We find a similar belief contained in the religious annals of several other nations; so much so, indeed, that if time and space permitted us to collect the scattered fragments of their various creeds, we would reconstruct, almost in detail, the history of the Virgin and the promised Messias.

It is certainly a matter of surprise that those legends, which are incontestably more ancient than the Gospel facts, should form, when connected together, the actual life of the Son of God. Can truth, therefore, spring from error? What are we to think of the striking analogy which exists between the Gospel facts and the marvellous traditions of heathen nations? Are we to conclude with the self-styled philosophers of the school of Voltaire, or with the German visionaries of our own day, that the Apostles borrowed these fables from the various and poetic creeds of the East? But to say nothing of the jealous care with which the books reputed divine were guarded in those ancient times, how could poor men of the humblest class, whose whole and sole knowledge was almost limited to steering a bark over the waters of the lake of Gennesareth, and whose nets were still dripping with its fresh waters, when promoted to the apostleship — how, I repeat, could such men find time or means of perusing the sacred volumes of the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Bactrians, the Phoenicians, and the Persians? How, therefore, are these analogies to be explained? We have not here a game of chance. These traditions evidently go back to the very infancy of the world. The antediluvian patriarchs, seeking to form an idea of that woman whose miraculous maternity was to save the human race, pictured her to themselves under the features of Eve before her fall. They gave to her a sacred and majestic beauty, which would create in the souls of men a religious veneration. They made her a lovely star, whose rising was to precede the sun of justice. With this tradition of a pure virgin, was connected the tradition of a saviour born of her womb, who was to immolate himself for the salvation of the human race.

The bloody sacrifice, too, which we find established from the most remote times among all nations and peoples, could have no other object than to preserve amongst men the remembrance of the sacrifice of Calvary, and thereby perpetuate faith and hope in a Redeemer to come. The worship, which Adam and Eve paid to God in Paradise, consisted, no doubt, of certain prayers, and offerings of fruits and flowers. But when, ungrateful as they were, they had violated the precept of easy obedience, when they had lost, with the immortalizing fruits of the tree of life, their talisman against death, we find them offering to God the firstlings of their flocks. Here it may be asked: How came it into the mind of man that the Creator could be pleased with the violent death of His creature, and that an act of destruction could be an act of piety? Adam was, without doubt, endowed with the tenderest feelings of humanity. The immolation of animals — to his mind, at least — had not the smallest connection with vows and prayers; and consequently, when, as yet, unskilled in killing, he stretched at his feet a poor creature, gentle and timid, he must have stood pale and dismayed like the assassin after his first murder! This thought, however, came not from him; it was not an act of choice, but of painful obedience. Who imposed it? He alone to whom it belongs to dispose of life and death — God. Moved by the repentance of our first parents, God made known to them the mode of imploring His pardon. This manner of worship was none other than sacrifice, by which man, confessing that he had deserved death, substituted innocent victims in his stead, thereby recalling perpetually to his mind the great Victim of Calvary. The bloody sacrifice, therefore, was not a work of human invention, but reposed in reality upon a thought of the Divine mercy, and perpetuated among all nations the traditions of the Messias.

But what were all these traditions of heathen nations, marvellous as they may appear, compared with that flood of light which illumined the elect children of God? If we turn to the oracles of the Old Testament relating to the Messias, we are struck with astonishment at the long chain of prophecy, the first link of which hangs on to the infancy of the world, while the last is fastened to the tomb of Christ. The threat of Jehovah to the infernal serpent includes the first of the oracles relating to the Messias, and it appears that Eve concluded from the words of the angel that she herself should be the mother of the promised Redeemer. The first of the race of Seth flattered themselves with the same hope. Noe, who was constituted heir of the faith, transmitted these revelations to Sem; and Sem, whose long life almost equalled those of his ancestors, might have repeated them to the father of the faithful. These traditions are succeeded in due course by the grand prophecy of Jacob. The dying patriarch having assembled his sons around his death-bed, announces to them that Juda has been chosen amongst all his brethren to be the father of that "Shiloh," so often promised, who is to be the King of kings and the Lord of lords. He shall spring up, he says, from the ruins of his country, when the "Schebet" or sceptre (that is, legislative authority) shall have passed into the hands of a stranger. It is true, indeed, that some modern Jews strive to elude the force of this argument by translating "Schebet" and "Shiloh" differently from us. But their ancient books contradict them. This prophecy is understood of the Messias in the Talmud; and Jonathan, to whom the Jews assign the first

place among the disciples of Hillel, and whom they reverence almost as Moses, translates "Schebet" by principality, and "Shiloh" by Messias.

Towards the end of the mission of Moses, and whilst the Israelites were still encamped in the desert, Balaam came in his turn, to confirm the promise of the Messias, and to designate, in the clearest manner, the time of his coming. "I shall see him, but not now," he says; "I shall behold him, but not near." The soothsayer, from the banks of the Euphrates, standing upon the rocky summits of Phogor, moved by the Spirit of God, beholds, as "with the eye of a dream," a wonderful vision. He sees the ruin of that Judea, which is not to be in existence till long afterwards; he follows with his eye the fall of the Roman eagle, seven hundred years before the birth of the sons of Ilia, and when the wild goats of Latium are browsing upon the shrubby declivities of the seven hills.

Ages now roll on without any other promises from Jehovah; but the oracles relating to the Messias are confided to tradition or deposited in the sacred law. In the meantime Israel is called upon to wage an incessant contest against the idolatrous nations which surround her; but during her many and varied fortunes her people do not forget the coming of Christ; and, in default of new revelations, their very life becomes prophetic. Nothing but the present incredulity of the Jews could equal in depth the faith of their ancestors. On the threshold of eternity they hailed from afar the hope of the Redeemer, as Moses hailed with a sigh "that land of milk and honey" which the Lord closed against him. From the time of David, and under the kings, his children, the thread of prophecy is joined again, and the mystery of the promised Messias becomes clearer than before. David spoke of the virginal parturition of Mary. Solomon, too, delighted in tracing her image with sweet strokes of the pencil. He sees her rising up in the midst of the daughters of Juda, "as a lily among the thorns," and her beauty rivals in splendor the "rising moon." Finally, we have the great oracle of Isaias. He declares to the house of David, that God will give an encouraging sign of the future condition of Judea — a future to be yet long and glorious. "A virgin shall conceive," he says; "she shall bring forth a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel, that is, God with us." This Child, miraculously given to the earth, shall be an offset from the stock of Jesse, a flower sprung from his root. He shall be called God, the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. He shall stand for an ensign of people; Him the Gentiles shall beseech, and His sepulchre shall "be glorious." This oracle has been the subject of a long dispute betwen the Jews and the Christians. The Rabbins contend that the word "Halma," used by Isaias, signifies merely a young woman and not a virgin, as the Septuagint translates it. But St. Jerome, who, without exception, was the greatest of commentators, and most profoundly versed in the Hebrew tongue, pronounces, without fear of contradiction, that "Halma," wherever the word occurs in the Sacred Scripture, signifies exclusively a virgin in all her innocence, and nowhere a married woman. Luther, too, who made so deplorable a use of really great learning, admits the same; and even Mahomet himself has borne testimony to the Virginity of the Mother of God.

The mystery of the Messias was entirely unveiled to the prophets;

some of them see Bethlehem rendered illustrious by His birth; others foretell His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Nothing is wanting to the completion of the prophecies; Jacob has determined the coming of the "Shiloh" at that precise moment when the Jews shall cease to be governed by their own laws, which implies the ruin of a state; Balaam adds that this ruin shall be the work of a people come from Italy; and the satrap Daniel reckons up precisely the weeks which are to elapse to that time.

"All that happens in the world," says a man of genius, "has its sign before it. When the sun is about to rise, the horizon is tinted with a thousand colors, and the east appears all on fire. When the tempest comes, a dull murmur is heard on the shore, and the waves are agitated as if by themselves." The figures of the Old Testament are the signs which announce the rising of the Sun of Justice and of the Star of the Sea. "All these things happened to them in figure." God matures His counsels in the course of ages, for a thousand years are with Him as one day; but man is eager to obtain, for man endures but a short time. After an expectation of four thousand years, the time marked out by so many prophecies arrived at last; the shadows of the old law disappear, the figure gives way to the substance, and Mary arises in the horizon of Judea, like the star which is the harbinger of day.

PHILIP DUFFY, C. C., in Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

A Pilgrimage to La Chapelle, Montligeon, Orne, France.

PART SECOND.

THE pilgrims who come to pray at the altar of our Lady of Montligeon, cannot fail to be edified at the sight of a whole village occupied in a work of charity, the most disinterested and generous, viz., for the dead, for those who have departed this life, and expiate their faults in the other world.

Every one is busy, from the much-loved curé of the parish, to the young boys and girls, in this bee-hive of Christian love for the relief of the poor captives of purgatory.

The pilgrims are shown over all the departments belonging to the Œuvre Expiatoire, and everything explained to them. Their first visit is to the Bureau of the Director-General, where the secretaries are occupied answering the numerous letters which arrive twice a day, from all parts of the world. There they will see the pictures of the Œuvre printed in different languages, European and Asiatic. From thence they pass to the typographic room, where several boys are engaged under a skilful master, in setting the type, etc., for the three Bulletins, the books and lists used in the propagation of this great work. They must now descend to the printing rooms, where three engines work in the place of the small one with which M. L'Abbé Buguet started his first Bulletin and lists. Fifteen workmen are employed there. They deserve a word of special praise, for they have taught themselves their trade. On the same floor is the book-binding office. The professed tradesman who works in it finds time to do something for the public too.

The pilgrims will then be taken to the Convent of the Nuns of the Œuvre (who belong to the "Congregation of Mary" Logny, Orne). The

Sisters are affable, humble, and devoted to the souls in purgatory. The workrooms for young women and girls are here, the printed papers are folded, sewn, and covered by their skilful fingers, under the superintendence of the good Sisters.

The Bulletin (printed in French, English, and German) lists, pamphlets, and pictures, are used for propagating the work. The Rosary Book, The Summary of Indulgences, and Devotion to the Holy Souls, are printed in the English language. When ready, they are directed and sent off on their mission of charity. This is done in another department, situated near the well-stocked shop (also the property of the Œuvre), where the pilgrims may see the handsome collection of pictures and other beautiful objects of piety, and provide themselves with pleasing souvenirs of La Chapelle, Montligeon, and the Œuvre Expiatoire.

Before taking leave of M. L'Abbé Buguet, to whose generous devotion to the Holy Souls all this happy activity, by God's blessing, owes its origin, the pilgrims' last visit will be to the Church to beg there a blessing upon this noble work of charity, that has sprung from the priestly soul, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. * M. S. L.

To be Continued.

The Pope of the Immaculate Conception.

THE festival of the Immaculate Conception occurred on the 8th of December, and was celebrated throughout the Catholic world. It is well known that in 1854, when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was to be defined, the united influence of the Imperial Government and the press of France was brought to bear on the French bishops to urge them either to abstain from going to Rome, or to remonstrate with Pius IX. about the imprudence of raising such questions in such troublous times. The German bishops were beset with influences of even a more formidable nature. The noble Pontiff, who has well been called the Pope of the Blessed Virgin, ascertained exactly how each prelate felt, and dealt with each accordingly. He infused into the doubting, the timid, and hesitating, his own courageous determination, his contempt of the political complications threatened, and his great impatience to see the Catholic doctrine positively affirmed once for all. To a prelate high in the esteem of Napoleon III., and who, in his name, was urging the inopportuneness of the proposed definition, the following characteristic reply was made: — "When you go home, Monseigneur," said the Pope, "tell his Majesty that lately a public journal dared assail the honor of his dead mother, Queen Hortense, and thus cast a slur upon his own origin. I did not wait for his consent to have the slander retracted and the honor of mother and son repaired. Shall I, who am Christ's Vicar, allow the stain, or suspicion even, of original guilt to rest on the Mother of my Redeemer, and allow His honor and hers thus

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire must be addressed and P. O. O. *internationale* made payable to the Reverend Paul Buguet, La Chapelle, Montligeon (Orne) France, upon the Post-Office there. Subscriptions yearly, one half-penny; twenty years, one shilling, and in perpetuity, five shillings to have a share in the merits of more than three thousand Masses per month.

to remain clouded? Tell him that he, as a good son, never would have permitted blemish or imperfection to attach to his parent had it been in his power. It *was* in Christ's power to prevent it in His Mother's case, and He *did!* His Majesty believes this as I do; all Catholics believe it. That belief is a fact, and as such I shall proclaim and define it."

TO THE IMMACULATE.

STAR of the Morning, whose splendor illumined
Shadows that dark o'er the primal world lay,
Still doth thy glory redeem the sad story
Angels record of mankind day by day;
Stil art thou shining bright,
Piercing the mists of night,
Steadfastly gleaming o'er life's troubled sea;
Gladly we hail thy ray.
Hopeful the while we pray,
"Virgin Immaculate, guide us to thee!"

Lily of Israel. Nature's ideal,
Type the most perfect of woman most fair,
Poets have hymned thee and painters have limned thee,
Art knows no beauty with thine to compare.
Lily all free from stain,
Soul in whom Grace's reign
Ne'er was disturbed by the shadow of sin;
Virgin Immaculate,
Teach us like thee to bate
Aught save the glory that lies all within. *

REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C., in Ave Maria.

Indigestion.

INDIGESTION is something more than simply an inconvenience. A body which is served with food by a dyspetic stomach receives very poor material of which to rebuild its tissues. None of the food is perfectly digested, and hence the quality of all the tissues is deteriorated. The stomach sometimes holds up wonderfully under the heavy burdens laid upon it, and digests a much larger amount of food than is necessary to supply the wants of the body. In such, the excessive amount of nutriment received is either at once excreted, or accumulates in the tissues, clogging the various organs and interfering with their proper activity. Accumulations of this sort are the chief cause of gout, rheumatism, biliousness, and numerous other disorders which are usually attributed to other causes. Eating when tired, and engaging in active mental or physical exercise immediately after a hearty meal are two of the most common sins against dietetic rectitude in our modern civilization. An old medical writer tells us that a hundred years ago it was the custom among the merchants of Edinburgh to take two hours' "nooning" for dinner in the middle of the day, during which

* "All the glory of the king's daughter is within." Ps. xliv. 14.

time the shops were closed and all business suspended. It is quite hopeless to attempt a resurrection of this good old-fashioned custom in these fast times; and the best thing we can suggest is that no hearty meal should be eaten during the active business hours of the day, unless at least an hour or two can be allowed after the meal has been taken, to give the stomach opportunity to get the digestive process well under way, The plan which our personal experience leads us to prefer, is to defer the hearty meal, as did the old Romans, until the latter part of the day, say four o'clock in the afternoon, taking if necessary, an apple, a bunch of grapes, an orange or two, or some equally simple food, at midday, to appease the clamoring of the stomach until it has become accustomed to the lengthened interval between the first and second meals. Two meals a day are in every way preferable to a larger number. The ancient Greeks and Romans took but one meal per diem. During the Republican era the Roman custom was to eat twice a day, breakfast being simply a light repast of fruit and bread. At the present time the two-meal-a-day plan prevails quite extensively in France and Spain, especially among the better classes. The inmates of the hospitals in Paris are supplied with but two meals a day. The same is true respecting the soldiers of the French army.

Good Health.

Old Christmas Talk.

AFTER Christmas comes Lent.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

A white Easter bringeth a green Christmas.

A black Christmas maketh a fat churchyard.

He hath eaten many a Christmas pie.

They keep Christmas all the year.

It smells of Muscadel like an English Christmas.

Christmas, long looked for, comes at last.

St. Andrew, the king, three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in.

The devil makes his Christmas pie of lawyers' tongues and clerks' fingers.

He that maketh at Christmas a dog his larder, and in March a pig his gardener, and in May a fool a keeper of wise counsel, he shall never have a good larder, fair garden, nor well-kept counsel.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

If Christmas day on a Sunday fall,
A troublous winter we shall have all;
If Christmas on a Monday be
Then a great winter we shall see.

Yule is come, and Yule is gone,
And we have feasted well;
And Jack must to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE CALF ON THE LAWN.

I'm going to hitch this 'ere young caff out here in my front lawn;
He'll stay right here an' chaw the grass till the hull thing is chawn;
He'll chaw thet corner off to-day until he's et it bare;
Ter-morrer I will move his stake an' he'll chaw over there.

Looks bad, yer say, to see a caff in a man's front yard,
An' blattin' like a barn-yard on this stylish boolevard;
But that air caff shall eat that grass until I get him fat,
An' if he feels like blattin', w'y, I reckon he will blat.

W'en I fust took my farm out here this wuz a country road;
Across the way wuz parstchure lan', ware huckleberries growed.
My caff wuz then hitched in my yard fer the hull town's inspection,
An' no darn enterprisin' dood cum roun' to make objection.

W'en this road growed a village street my caff wuz in the yard,
An' now the street it swells 'ith style—a city boolevard—
But I will hitch this 'ere young caff out here in my front lawn;
He'll stay right here an' chaw the grass till the hull thing is chawn.

You say the way I carry on makes the whole city laff,
Wall, let 'em laff; this 'ere's my lawn an' this 'ere is my caff,
An' things hez reached the purtiest pass the wor'l hez ever sawn
Ef an ol' duff can't let his caff chaw grass on his own lawn.

Wall, let 'em laff; this 'ere young caff shall stay here any how,
An' if I hear em laff too hard I'll trot out the old cow,
I'll hitch 'em both to the same stake, right here in my front lawn,
An' let 'em stay an 'chaw the grass till the hull thing is chawn!

S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too!" Had a bomb-shell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one could have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all; but Kate, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question, and it was answered: "A man who drinks liquor and makes a beast of himself."—"Is that what you do father?"—"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied, in a choked voice. "It's bad, ain't it?"—"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"—"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this—"Yes."

"Then I shouldn't think you'd do so any more; 'cause mother's good,

an' I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more will you?"—"No, darling, I won't," and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping me," he added reverently. "God bless you, darling, you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Kate, whether her shoes were old or not, but when, a few days later, she became the possessor of some long boots with red lacings and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place. Since then she has often received beautiful gifts, and always she remembers, with a grateful heart, that her father is not a drunkard.

LEON MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE snow was falling thickly and steadily, and the evening shadows were gathering so closely around the house that Léon and Annette were glad to turn from the window where they had been for the last half hour, and nestle down together in one corner of the big fireplace. There was no lamp or candle in the room, but the large fire of peat and brushwood sent forth a ruddy glow, which brightened everything around it, while an occasional leaping flame would suddenly bring into view some more distant object, and send the shadows chasing each other into the farthest corner of the low kitchen.

The pot was boiling over the fire, and Mère Maturin was walking backward and forward, preparing supper.

"See, Léon," whispered Annette, "how funny grandma's cap looks on the wall! When she goes over to the cupboard it is quite small, and when she comes nearer here it grows up, up, half way over the ceiling. Look, there it is now, just like one of Maître Caussin's hay-mows in July!"

"Yes, and see the spinning-wheel change and turn as if the fairies were spinning on it!"

"Do they ever, Léon? Perhaps they are doing it now. Oh, if we could see them!"

"You little silly," replied her brother. "Who ever saw fairies' Christmas Eve? If it were mid-summer now! St. John's Eve is the time for them. See here, Annette, if you are very good from now till St. John's Eve—if you do everything I want you to—if, if," said Léon, wishing to make as good a bargain as possible, "if you always drive Blanchette home from pasture when I want to play with George, if you will always get grandmother the cresses when I don't want to go to the brook for them, I will show you the fairies on that night; that is," added the boy, thinking, perhaps, he had better not promise too much, "I will let you go with me to the big stones in the middle of the wood yonder, just at midnight, and there—Maître Caussin's Joseph told me so—you will be sure to see them."

"Oh, Léon, I will do anything for you if you will but let me see them! But it is so long to wait; perhaps grandmamma knows if one can see them any other time. Grandmother" (raising her voice), "do the fairies ever come at Christmas Eve, and do they ever turn spinning-wheels to help people?"

"Nay, child, who ever heard of fairies, then?" said Mère Maturin;

"and if they did take the trouble to turn spinning-wheels, it would not be for idle folk like you! Come and put the dishes on the table, for the pot is boiling, and it is time we had supper."

Annette speedily obeyed, and there was no more talk of fairies for an hour. After that, the dishes being all washed and put away, and grandmother seated in the chimney-corner with her knitting, the children took their places, side by side, on the hearth opposite to her, and began to plead with her for some legends and stories, such as they loved to hear.

Léon and Annette lived in Brittany, in a little old cottage not far from the sea, and a few miles from the town of St. Malo. Their eldest and only brother, Louis, had gone as a soldier, two years before, and was at Toulon with his regiment. Once in a great while they heard from him, and his last letter but one had told them he was married. They were looking for a letter from him now, for it was six months since the last one came, and they said:

"Louis will surely send us a message for Christmas."

This Christmas Eve, the father and mother had gone into St. Malo, to be present at the Midnight Mass and Christmas morning service, after which they were to come home, and the children had been left with their grandmother. Since sunset, the snow, which had been gathering overhead all day, had begun to fall, and was rapidly covering up the well-beaten road, on which for many weeks no fresh snow had fallen.

"Tales, tales," said the old woman; "you have heard them all many times, my children. I have no new stories for you."

"Then tell us old ones, dear grandmamma!"

"They say, then, little ones, and I have heard it ever since I was but half your size, that on the holy Christmas Eve, when the hour of midnight strikes, all the oxen and cows and asses can speak like us human creatures, because they stood by when the Blessed Mary laid the Holy Babe in the manger," and the old woman made the sign of the cross devoutly.

"But is it true, grandmamma?" said little Annette, eagerly.

"I cannot say for myself, as I never heard them speak, child; but why should not poor brutes have a voice given them for once, for sake of that blessed night, that they may praise God. There was Antoine," the old woman went on, murmuring to herself, "sat up on purpose to hear them one night, and at twelve he went out to the stable, but the poor fool made such a clattering in undoing the door, that the beasts in St. Malo might have heard him through their sleep, so the ass and the cow were well warned, and never a word would they speak before him; and they were wiser than some folk if they had secrets to talk about, for everything Antoine heard he went straight and told it, and, indeed, I believe he could not have helped it, if he knew he was to swing for it the next minute; but he is dead now, like many a one I once knew. May he rest in peace!"

"But did you ever know any one else who tried it?" cried both the children at once.

"Only Pierre. Pretty Madeline, old Jacques the miller's daughter, waited up one Christmas Eve, and, when midnight drew near, she was too afraid all at once to stir out in the dark alone for anything so strange and wonderful, so she sent Pierre, her cousin. He had heard nothing, he said,

when he came back; but nobody thought that counted for much, for though Pierre was a clever fellow enough, and could even read in the newspapers all by himself, without the priest to help him, everybody knew he wouldn't have heard the church bells, if they had all rung at once and he in the same tower, if he were thinking of Madeline; and that same evening didn't the miller — Jacques was lame then — ask him to give him his crutch, and put a stick on the fire, and didn't Pierre put the crutch on the fire and give Jacques the stick, and Madeline was but just in time to pull the crutch out of the flames, and it was scorched ever after. So you see he was not much to be depended on, till he married Madeline and settled down.

"Madeline was only a goose-girl; but she was a stout, comely maid, with cheeks like roses, and Pierre from a boy had always been fond of her. He taught her to read while she was minding the geese, and there never was a storm so bitter that Pierre wasn't glad to face it, if he could only help Madeline home with her geese. Ah, they've risen a bit since that day, for Pierre turned out a thrifty fellow, and — the saints shield us! Léon, what was that?"

"I heard nothing but the night wind blowing," said Léon, gravely. But Annette clung to her grandmother, and the grandmother laughed lightly to think how slight a thing startled her in her old days.

The little girl listened for some time longer, while Mère Maturin wandered on, telling old stories of the people she had known in her youth, but Léon was strangely silent. A thought was working in his brain. Why should not he, that very night, find out with his own ears if this were true. He would not tell Annette, for she might be afraid and cry or make a noise, and spoil all, and he would succeed no better than did Antoine, whom his grandmother knew. So when Mère Maturin said it was time to go to bed, he undressed, and said his prayers, and climbed up to his little mattress in the loft. He had grown too big for it, but it was the best he had, and his sleep was always sound. Grandmother and Annette would soon be asleep in the room off the kitchen, and Léon lay in bed watching the faint glimmers and shadows that fell on the loft stairs from the remains of the fire that burned low in the wide chimney. They had had a larger fire than usual, for it was very cold weather and Christmas Eve, and Mère Maturin had said: "We must be warm to-night, if we are cold all the rest of the winter." He kept his eyes open for some time, but fell asleep at last, and started awake again in a sudden fright, lest the magic hour had slipped away from him in his sleep, and he would have a whole year to wait before he could try his chance again. The clouds had all cleared away, and the moon was shining brightly in through the diamond-shaped panes in the little window. Léon slipped out of bed and into his clothes, and then softly crept down the stairs. He could just see the face of the old clock in the corner, and he was in time. It wanted five minutes of twelve. He crossed the kitchen so softly that he did not disturb his grandmother and sister, and, unfastening the door, stood alone out in the night. Léon was a brave boy, so no thought of fear came to him, but he shivered in the nipping winter air, and pulled his cap further down over his ears. He could easily see by the moonlight where the path to the stable ought to be, although it was covered by several inches of snow, and in a few minutes he was at the door.

Very softly now, Léon, or Blanchette will lift her head and look at you out of her large, gentle brown eyes, and old Jeanette will move her long ears and snuff danger near, and you will spoil it all.

So gently he undid the door, so quietly he stole in and stood in the shadow, that neither cow nor ass could be disturbed, yet surely something has aroused and affrighted them both. Léon listened breathlessly. Suddenly both the animals beside him moved uneasily. Presently, from outside the stable, came, clearly and distinctly on the night air, the bray of an ass. It made Léon start more than when Jeanette answered it from within the stable with another bray.

He was only frightened for a moment, however, and then he turned and went out of the door to see who this midnight visitor could be. There was nothing in the yard, but he crept along by the fence, and when he reached the gate, there, standing in the moonlight, was an ass, her head pushed far over the gate, and her long ears bent forward, listening for some answer to her summons. There was a saddle on her back, but no one on it.

For a moment, Léon paused. He knew she had not come there all alone, but that probably somewhere along that lonely country road she had parted from her burden. The nearest house was four miles off, and in a different direction from that by which the ass had come, for Léon saw her footprints in the snow. He might have to walk far ere he should find those whom she had carried, but if he did not go — if he waited till daylight — it might be too late for help to reach those whom cold and snow had, perhaps, overcome. He opened the gate, then fastened it securely behind him, and gently turned the ass round. To his surprise she made no objection, but somewhat wearily retraced her footsteps in the snow.

They had not to go very far, however. A few yards from the house the road turned, and crossed a little stream where there was a bridge; beyond this was a hollow, and then came woods. At the entrance to these woods was one of those way-side shrines which you often see in France, in which was an image of the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms; beneath this, on the white snow, lay something dark, and when she reached it, the ass stood perfectly still. Léon came up to her, and stooping down by this dark mass upon the snow, saw lying there a young woman, unconscious, with a baby in her arms.

What was the boy to do? His stout arms could not lift the inanimate form. There was no one but his grandmother and Annette within call, and they would be but little help to him. Yet something must be done. Léon felt her. She was not quite cold, and the baby, wrapped in the mother's cloak and clasped to her breast, was still warm. Léon tried to make the ass kneel down. She did it readily enough, as if she were accustomed to it, and understood the need now. Then he laid his warm cheek against the girl's and breathed into her lips and called to her, and strove in every way to rouse her.

She stirred, but did not open her eyes. The baby, however, awoke and cried. That cry did more to fully arouse the mother's consciousness than anything else, and to Léon's joy she murmured, "Hush, my darling!" Then he called aloud to her, and at last tried to take the baby from her arms. She opened her eyes then, only half understanding, and with great

difficulty obeyed Léon's words when he told her to rise. She could not stand, but Léon got her upon the saddle, and putting one arm around her to hold her firmly there, he guided the ass down the road and over the bridge to the gate. They arrived there safely, though many times on the way Léon thought they would not.

He ran into the house and awoke Annette and his grandmother. It was some time before he could make them understand, but at last they did. Fortunately there were still hot embers on the hearth, and Annette heated a little milk, which they poured down the poor woman's throat. This brought her to herself enough for them to lead her into the house, where the warmth soon revived her. Léon put more wood on the fire, which soon gave out a good heat, while Annette and the grandmother warmed blankets, and put them about the woman and child, and rubbed the mother's cold limbs. When they had quite recovered, and had partaken of bread and milk, Mère Maturin would not allow them to speak, but put them in her own bed and left them to sleep.

The first red streaks of dawn were seen in the eastern sky before Léon had quite satisfied his grandmother and sister on this wonderful adventure. Then he went back to bed, and did not wake till the Christmas sun streamed in at his window, and he heard Annette calling out her greeting to him from the foot of the stairs.

Their strange visitors slept till quite late in the morning, and had not yet appeared when the father and mother came home. You may be sure there was much to tell and hear about this odd adventure of Léon's, and then Père Maturin held up a letter from Louis — a Christmas letter — which made the children dance with joy. In the midst of it all, their visitor came into the kitchen from the inner room, her baby in her arms, and looking quite bright again after her rest. She was very small, so tiny that Léon wondered that such a stout boy as he was should have had so much trouble in lifting her on to the ass, and she looked very young indeed. Then she told them her story.

Her husband was a soldier. He had met her at Toulon, her native place, and married her there. She had continued to live at her father's till he died, leaving her a little money. Her husband's regiment was ordered to Algeria soon after, and as she had no relations in Toulon or anywhere else, he thought it best to send her and her child to his mother in Brittany. He had written home some time before he left, and said he knew his father would meet her at St. Malo, as he had requested in his letter. But when she reached there after her long journey she did not find him, and, being a stranger in the place, she thought the best thing she could do would be to hire an ass, and take the straight road to her husband's home. The landlord at the inn in the town where she had stopped to inquire the way, had told her that she could not fail to find the house ; but the snow had come and hidden the path, and she grew wearied. They wandered out of the way many times, sometimes finding the road and then losing it again, till, worn out, she had fallen from the ass right below the shrine on the road.

"When I looked up and saw the gentle face smiling down upon me, I thought," said she, "Heaven would have pity on me and my baby, and I said my prayers, and had just fallen asleep, when the good God sent you,

Léon, to wake me. And now, dear friends, I will not trouble you more; if you will kindly tell me where the Père Maturin lives I will go and find him, and my Louis and I will bless you always in our prayers."

"Père Maturin! Louis!" they all exclaimed; and then followed such explaining, and laughing, and crying, and kissing as never was known before. At last, when all was quiet, the father read out Louis's letter, and it was the one they ought to have received long before, telling them his Marie was coming to them, and asking them to love and care for her and the baby for his sake?

Oh, how happy were they all together, and how pleasant was it that the joy should come to them on Christmas Day!

When dinner was over, and they had said everything they could think of about this wonderful adventure, and had admired little Marguerite, Annette suddenly exclaimed:

"Léon! did the ass and the cow speak?"

"I didn't hear them," said Léon, shaking his head ruefully; "but the ass did everything but speak when she looked at me over the gate, and then took me to Marie."

"Yes," said his mother; "and though there is nothing in the idle tale to speak of, you may be sure God led the ass to you, Léon, and taught it how to make its wants known to you, though it was not by speech; and He cared for Marie and her babe, for the sake of the Holy Child, lying in his mother's arms in the stable, among oxen and asses, that first Christmas night."

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

A WELL-KNOWN citizen of this town, says the Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, O., who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had sought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed, in her pretty, wilful way, for "papa" to tell her some bedtime stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way.

When, however, he was a few blocks distant from his house he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of his little home, in order that he might obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill, and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall; but these were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt the child at the mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and as its rosy lips

whispered each word with distinctness, the father listened, spellbound to the spot.

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not yet finished. He heard her "God bless papa, mamma, and my own self," and there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And — please send him home sober," — he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God — bless — papa — and — please — send — him — home — sober — Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented voice:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company; the lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society." — "You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy, laughing, "I know how far to go and when to stop." The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions. A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to ruin." Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!

A FAWN SAVED FROM DROWNING BY ITS MOTHER.

Recently C. Sweeters and the writer were driving up Water Canon, and as we turned a bend we saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At our approach the animals were startled, and in attempting to turn and run, the poor little fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch. As many of our readers know, the water runs very swiftly and in great volume up there, and, of course, the fawn was carried down the stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear of us, and ran along the edge of the ditch, trying to reach her offspring with her head. Suddenly she ran

ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head down stream and her hindquarters toward the fawn. She braced her fore feet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of water. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its fore legs. The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down, and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. We were now not more than thirty feet from the animals; but the mother, seemingly unconscious of our presence, licked and fondled her offspring for a few minutes until it rose to its feet, and the doe and fawn then trotted off up the mountain.

BEEFSTEAKS AND SCHOOLING.

In one of the advanced islands of the Pacific, the government made a law that it was to supply the people with beefsteaks. This caused a grand hurrah! It was the best government on earth. But there were two parties. One party liked, chose and preferred porter-house steaks, and the government dealt out porter-house steaks to them. Another party preferred sirloin steaks, and actually asked for them. The government stood aghast. They were rebels, enemies of the country, traitors, malcontents, and they were told they must take porter-house steaks or go without. "Why!" said the poor people, "you gave these other people what they preferred, why can you not give us what we prefer? We pay our taxes just as much as they do." But the only answer they got was that they were a set of audacious, ungrateful rebels, and they had to go without any steak at all.

We sympathize heartily, with our friends in the South Seas. Our States here have not opened butcher's meat shops, but they run education shops. They tax us all for them. They give Protestants, nothingarians, agnostics, and infidels what they ask for at this education shop; they give them their porter-house steak in the shape of non-religious education, excluding God from the school books, and leaving them with misrepresentation of Catholic doctrines, Catholic practices, and Catholic history, so as just to suit their palates; but when we poor Catholics go to the education shop, and say that we would like our sirloin steak in the shape of religious education, we get no steak at all; we get plenty of abuse, ridicule, scorn and contempt. Like our Pacific friends we say: "We pay taxes, why not give us what we want, as you give other people what they want?" But the only reply is: "Take what we choose to give or go without!"

Catholic News.

THE REAL CULPRIT.

A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace, and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. As she solemnly denied the charge, she was put to the torture. Unable to support the terrible infliction, she acknowledged that "she was guilty," and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm, and a thunderbolt fell upon a figure of Justice, on a lofty column, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace!

CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"KEEP close to your mother, Charlie," said a gentleman, as he left his wife and their two sons for a few moments at the station. The party had just arrived by the afternoon train, and there was the usual hurry and bustle of looking after conveyances and luggage.

Charlie was the younger of the two boys, and, it seemed, required the advice given him by his father; for while the elder boy remained quietly near his mother, Charlie was drawn by curiosity to look at every object that was near him, and, in spite of his father's warning, would wander away from the party. Several times his mother called him back; but as the father had gone longer than he had expected, Charlie became more uneasy, and at last, going, little by little, he found himself out of sight of his mother.

In the large crowd which was, as usual, attracted to the station, there were many idlers, beggars, and people of every description, some to attend to business, others without business of any kind, but simply waiting the chance to get a little money, and not very particular as to whether it was made honestly or not.

When Charlie had gone as far as he wished, and was hesitating which way to return, a shabbily-dressed man stepped up to him, and said, "You will find your party in that direction."

Charlie thanked him, and ran very quickly, for he remembered his father's caution, and was sorry he had not obeyed it.

The shabbily-dressed man gave a low, peculiar whistle, and soon after was joined by an old woman, who inquired in a whisper what he wanted.

"Run after that boy, and take him to our home, and get him out of sight as soon as you can."

"All right," muttered the woman, as she shuffled along as quickly as she could in the direction Charlie had taken. She went so slowly, however, that she would hardly have overtaken the boy, if he had not come to the conclusion that he was wrong and turned to retrace his steps, so that the old woman met him.

"I'll show you the way, my little boy," said she, at the same time distorting her features into what she intended to be a sweet smile.

"Oh! have you seen my father and mother?" sobbed poor Charlie.

"Of course I has; this is the way they went; I'll show you; come with me," she said, at the same time trying to take him by the hand.

Charlie looked at her indignantly for a moment, and withdrew his hand quickly from her grasp.

"Oh, well, I'll show you the way, and if you're such a big man you can walk by yourself," said she, as she continued to smile upon him.

Charlie, not knowing what to do or which way to go, walked by her side, while she led him through the crowded streets, and into one narrower and darker, where there were fewer people.

At last the boy stopped and looked around him in a bewildered way, and was just on the point of appealing to a man who was passing, when some one seized him by the hand and started on a quick run, almost dragging him along the street. It came upon the frightened child so suddenly that the first thing he knew he was running at the top of his speed.

He was too much out of breath to call out; he tried to stop, but could not; he tried to get his hand away from the tight grasp of his companion, but failing in this, he threw himself on the ground, and would not move another step.

For a while the man, whom Charlie discovered was the one who had given him the wrong direction, stood over him; then, raising him in his arms, he ran with him up a narrow alley, and through several passages into a dark room. Charlie screamed at the top of his voice, but he soon received a blow that stunned him; he heard a buzzing sound in his ears, and then all was quiet.

How long he remained in the stupor he knew not, but at last he was conscious of hearing voices, then of seeing lights moving. After a while he could hear distinctly what was said, and realized that he was the subject of the conversation. As he listened, he heard words that filled him with horror — a bargain was being made, money was offered and accepted, and he was the object of the sale.

He made an effort to rise, but found he could not; so, with half-closed eyes, he gazed around the dimly-lighted room. There were two men and a woman in the room. The woman was the one who had offered to take him to his mother, and one of the men was the shabby person who first sent him astray. The other man was stout, thick-set, with dark complexion, a profusion of black hair and whiskers, low forehead, and of a generally forbidding aspect. Some money was lying on the table, which Charlie found was the price that had been paid for him.

He was still wondering if he would ever see his mother and father again, and what his captors could be going to do with him, when the money was put in the pocket of one of the men, and the other rose from the table and said in broken English that, as all was settled, he would go.

He took Charlie roughly by the shoulders, and, pulling him up, said: "Come my leetle man, it is getting late, and we have far to go; vake up!"

Charlie tried to rouse himself, and soon succeeded, by the help of the shaking he received.

"Oh! take me home to my father!" cried he.

"I am your fader; I vill carry you home dis minute," said the dark-complexioned man, at the same time taking from his pocket a little club, with a string at the end of it — "I vill help you vid dis," said he, as he slipped the string over Charlie's wrist, and turned the club so that it bound the wrist tightly.

"Now, if you make no noise, and valk good, I vill not hurt you; but if you holler, or don't valk vid me, I give you a leetle twist." And, suiting the action to the word, he turned the club and tightened the cord, until Charlie thought it would cut the flesh, and he screamed with pain.

"I do that so you see it's no use to try to get away from your fader — that's me," said the man; "so now come along!"

The shabby man held the light for them in the dark passages, and they soon reached the cool air of the street; then they walked a long distance through an unfrequented part of the city, and at last stopped in front of a low, wooden house.

Charlie's companion knocked at the door, and soon a glimmer of light

could be seen through the cracks, and a sound was heard of bolts being withdrawn, and then the door was opened. As they walked through the hall to the back part of the house, there was a low, muttered conversation, in a language that Charlie could not understand. Then another door was opened, and Charlie was pushed into a room; the door was closed, and he was left alone in the dark.

Stunned by the suddenness of the change, he stood quiet, not daring to move; then, overcome with grief, he threw himself on the floor, and cried himself to sleep.

He was aroused in the morning by the opening of the door, and, rubbing his eyes, inquired where he was.

"Why, you are home, my leetle man, vid your fader; come, get up, and have something to eat."

Charlie turned with disgust from the "something to eat," for it consisted of a piece of dark-colored bread.

"You vill eat by-and-by," said the man, "after you vork a leetle."

And work Charlie did, little as he had been used to it; and the crust that he had at first refused tasted sweeter to him, when his appetite had been sharpened by privation, than the most delicate food which had once been urged upon him.

Although Charlie was kept busy at the most menial kind of work for a long time, he was intended for a very different occupation. He found that his "fader," as the dark-complexioned man insisted upon calling himself, had bought him, as he probably had others, for the purpose of making him an organ-grinder; in fact, the "fader" had a very extensive family.

Charlie saw the poor fellows, all about his own age, start off wearily in the morning, each with his little organ, and some carrying a monkey; he saw them return, more weary, at various hours at night, and meet with all kinds of receptions — from blows, if they brought but little money, to a few words of praise and more liberal supper, when they had been very successful.

For a long time Charlie was not allowed to speak to his brothers in bondage, nor permitted to go into the street; but at last he was told that he must put on a suit of clothes that they had ready for him, take his organ, and go out and earn some money.

Charlie's pride rebelled at the thought of being an organ-grinder, and he would undoubtedly have resisted, had he not known that he was completely in the power of his cruel master. Then, besides, there was the hope that he might find his parents, or some one who knew him, — not that there was much reason to suppose they would recognize him in his dress, so different from the one he had been accustomed to wear, or think that the darkly-stained face, which gave him so much the appearance of a child of sunny Italy, could conceal his light complexion.

Yet this was the hope that cheered him during the weary days and long nights. Each day he looked into the faces of people passing in the streets, and gazed intently into the windows, fancying he recognized his mother or brother; then he would sing some little song that he thought they might remember. Once he was sure he saw his mother's face in the crowd, and was on the point of rushing to her, when his master suddenly appeared, and he was hurried away.

Frequently he was on the point of appealing to some of the many gentlemen who passed, but he thought they would hardly listen to a poor little organ-grinder. Yet he hoped on, day after day and month after month, until, as time passed, and he saw no prospect of finding his parents, he grew despondent, and resigned himself to his dismal fate.

Charlie's sufferings, great as they were, did not surpass those of his parents. They blamed themselves for their carelessness in allowing him out of their sight; and the mother secretly owned that Charlie had been her favorite, and felt it was perhaps because she had lavished too much affection upon him, that the great calamity had been permittted to happen. They had become somewhat resigned to their loss; but words cannot express their sorrow, as effort after effort for his recovery ended in disappointment.

Christmas had come, bringing joy to all; even the family of which Charlie had once been a loved member was apparently happy, although at this season especially they were reminded of their lost one. Charlie had been lost to them for over a year. His plate and chair were always arranged for him at the table; the Christmas presents were bought the same for him as for his brother.

The family were sitting down to their bountiful dinner, when, looking out of the window, they saw, on the snowy steps of the house opposite, a poor, shivering organ-boy, and near him a monkey, looking as unhappy as his master.

Without saying a word, the mother prepared a well-filled dish of Christmas pudding, and sent one of the servants with it to the hungry-looking boy; then, with an inward prayer that if her lost boy were hungry, some one might care for him, she seated herself by the window and watched him as he eagerly devoured the pudding, while the tears rose to her eyes as she thought of her lost darling.

Presently the boy stood up and took off his hat, as though to express his gratitude; and beneath the long, black hair, which had apparently come off with his hat, she saw light hair, so much like Charlie's. Then, in a clear voice, he sang —

"Let the Christmas bells ring clear,
On the solemn midnight air;
While we sing, with joyful tongue,
The sweetest, holiest cradle-song —
Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in a manger lie!"

For a moment she listened to the well-remembered song, and then with a scream of joy, she cried, "It is my child! — it is Charlie!" and sank, fainting, to the floor.

The father and son rushed to her assistance, and in a few moments she recovered, but not before Charlie was by her side, with his arms around her neck.

It was a merry Christmas, indeed, in that reunited family. Prayers of gratitude went up from every heart, and with fervor they sang the Christmas song that had been the means of Charlie's recognition —

"Glory be to God on high,
Christ doth in a manger lie!"

ABOUT BOYS.

Rev. W. Barry, D. D., speaking at the annual reunion in connection with St. Patrick's, Wensall, England, complained of the evil of removing children from school at an early age, in order to go to work. "The result was that the child who was a good Catholic at eleven, was a bad Catholic at fourteen, and, when twenty-eight, would be a Catholic only in name." "Talk about slavery abroad!" exclaimed Dr. Barry. "There was slavery in England, where the slave drivers were the children's own fathers and mothers (hear, hear). Until sobriety was made their virtue, instead of intemperance their vice, they could never hope to help themselves or prevent their children going through the same slavery as they had undergone (applause). They should consider it a paramount duty to look after their children. What was called the responsibility of parents was a thing very much disregarded, and everybody was supposed to take care of the children except the parents of the children themselves. Don't let a boy or a girl go into a public house — it is not a fit place for them — or have drink which was bad for them. The children were the future of the people, and let them look to the future, by giving the children time to be educated and trained in hand and head, with an education that could go right from the elementary school to the university, and which would teach them to be sensible and civilized men and women." He urged parents to take an interest in the school, to encourage the teachers and the children. "If they did, in another twenty years they would have a country in which it would be a disgrace for any one not to know how to read and write." These words of the learned priest apply equally to the parents and schools on this side, as they do on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE FIRST BELL RUNG IN AMERICA.

IT WAS IN THE CHURCH COLUMBUS BUILT IN ISABELLA, 1493, AND IS NOW IN WASHINGTON.

When Columbus laid the foundations of Isabella, San Domingo, the first settlement by Europeans (if we except La Novidad, a merely temporary stockade with a small garrison), in the New World, the first structure to receive serious attention was the church. It was erected and christened within a few months after the landing at Isabella in December, 1493. The reasons for the location here of this city, such as the proximity of the gold mines of Ciabo to the coast at this point, no longer answered when it was found that the interior country was richer, and afterward San Domingo city was founded, 1496. In 1494, a city was begun in the Royal Plain of Las Vegas, and called La Vega, or the City of the Plains, whither, doubtless, was transported everything portable in Isabella, which was soon abandoned to the solitude of the forest which environed it. A church was likewise built at La Vega, and it is thought that the same bell that hung in the church of Isabella, occupied a similar position in the belfry tower at La Vega. In 1542, La Vega was destroyed by a terrible earthquake and the city abandoned by such of the inhabitants as escaped.

More than three hundred years passed away. One day a man espied a bell in the branches of a "fig" tree, a parasitic tree that envelops everything in its reach, and which had wrapped its trunk around a portion of the belfry tower of the ruined church. This bell had been raised in the arms of the "fig" tree, and was thus preserved from falling to the ground and being buried out of sight. The bell was secured, and for a long time was preserved as a venerated relic, almost worshipped by the superstitious natives of San Domingo. It finally came into the possession of Padre Bellini, a patriotic priest of San Domingo city, who hung it in the chapel of his convent school. All this was recorded in the papers of that time. When Senor Galvar, the Plenipotentiary sent by San Domingo to negotiate for the reciprocity treaty, was in Washington he gave to Mr. W. E. Curtis, chief in charge of the Latin American department of the Exposition, a letter to the heirs of Padre Bellini, requesting them, as a great favor, to allow the bell to come to the United States. This was presented to Senor Bellini, nephew of the late priest, and an ex-president of the Republic, who courteously allowed Mr. Ober, the Columbian Commissioner, to bring it away with him, after receiving ample security for its restoration at the close of the Exposition. Carefully secured in the specie tank of the Clyde steamer, Saginaw, it made the voyage to New York in safety, whence it was sent to Washington, where it now lies awaiting the proper time to be transported to Chicago.

This bell is of bronze, very small, but of elegant workmanship (eight inches high by six and a half across) and bears on the surface the image of San Miguel, to whom it is dedicated, and the letter F in old Gothic. From this Gothic F it is inferred that it was a gift to Columbus from Ferdinand of Spain, husband of Queen Isabella.

SOME SAGACIOUS ANIMALS.

In France, Italy, Germany, and Austria, as well as in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, so-called, war dogs have been kept in order to test their watchfulness for the benefit of the military service. According to general report, the plan has answered excellently with the outposts as well as with the patrol. But to the German army belongs the merit of having made use of the dog's sagacity for humane purposes in time of war, and it is probable that before long a number of fresh canine recruits will be permanently attached to the regiments, their office being to search for the wounded. The Prussian Jäger battalions have already a number of such dogs on trial, all of them being thoroughly trained to seek out wounded soldiers in the field. The experiments so far have had excellent results. A number of men hide in a wood or behind hedges, lying on the ground face downwards, with orders not to move. As soon as the dogs are let loose they begin the search. When they find one of these men they place their forepaws upon the prostrate body and begin to bark, an exercise which is continued till the bearers appear and carry the man off, whereupon the dog starts afresh. Each company of the Lübben Jäger has about twelve of these dogs. Hunting dogs cannot be relied upon on account of their love of the chase, and therefore sheep dogs or Pomeranian Spitzhunde are chosen for the work.

BRING UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

THE natural effect of modern education is that children set aside their parents and superiors and take their own counsels in all the important affairs of their lives.

As the Catholic parochial schools are, to-day, successful rivals of the godless public schools in imparting secular knowledge, and as they undoubtedly give children the knowledge of God, the Catholic parents who send their children to the godless public schools have no excuse for their conduct, and they show but a very poor amount of intelligence.

IT is common-sense to ask advice from those who are old in the world's ways and in all other kinds of knowledge; for those who are older should know more than those who are younger. Wisdom comes with old age; it is the result of experience; and it is the history of all times that the young looked for counsel from the old. Modern godless education reverses this order of things, and would force the old and the wise to seek counsel from the young and inexperienced.

WHEN modern godless education takes away the authority of the teachers in the schools, it takes away the authority of the parent in the home, and eventually the authority of the government of the state. And when the authority of the parent, the teacher, and the state is no longer recognized or respected, the child will follow its own ways and inclinations, and reject the counsels of the parent, the teacher, and the state.

How does it do it? The teachers in the modern godless schools are forbidden by law to correct their pupils physically, and they must stand up in their class-rooms like talking encyclopædias and answer, without a murmur, all the questions their pupils may fire at them. The reason given for this by modern godless educators is that this is an age of inquiry and investigation, an age of scientific research; and that this spirit of inquiry and investigation should be cultivated in the child from its earliest moments of intelligence. The teachers in the modern godless schools must foster this spirit even though they can plainly observe that they are the servants of the children under their charge, and that this new and unlicensed freedom granted to their pupils is depriving them of all authority over them.

THE proof that the modern godless education is injurious in this one effect, at least, is found, day after day, in the history of crime and misery furnished by the public press. Young men and young women enter into marriage without counsel from their parents or their superiors, and they live together long enough to learn that they made a sad mistake in their union, and then they part, to form some other unholy alliance or to end their lives in suicide or shame. The same result is seen in the other states of life, and notably at the counting desk or mechanic's bench, where the young, inflated with their own opinion of their worth and knowledge, refuse to listen to the advice of their elders in what they should do, and try to set themselves even above their employers.

The Catholic Youth.

That One New Subscriber.

In a former issue we gave the varied and excellent reasons, by Archbishop Janssens, showing why Catholics should support their press. Read them, and then get your neighbor to subscribe if you have not already done so. "The press is a most powerful engine for good or for evil. This is fully and energetically acknowledged by our Holy Father the Pope, and by all thinking men. The secular press in general, in this country, is not wilfully inimical to the Church, but, as a matter of course, it deals with religion only incidentally, and, therefore, Catholic papers, edited in true Catholic spirit, are simply a necessity of the day; to correct misstatements, to contradict falsehoods, to acquaint the people with Catholic news of the whole world, to develop and sustain the burning Catholic questions of the day, and to enlighten the faithful regarding the church, its organization and doctrines. The Catholic paper ought to be a welcome visitor to every Catholic fireside, and when carefully read by the members of the family it is bound to do a vast amount of good. The English tongue is beginning to be the language of at least all the young, and it should be the duty of every Catholic to make himself acquainted with all the questions, not merely regarding the welfare of the country, but also in the interest of religion."

A Golden Jubilee.

BEGINNING on Sunday, November 30, the Catholics of St. Louis vied with one another to make the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their venerable Archbishop, Dr. Kenrick, a never-to-be-forgotten event in the history of Catholicity in this country. The demonstrations throughout were of an imposing character. Never before in the Catholic history of this country has any bishop or archbishop lived to celebrate the golden jubilee of his consecration. It is impossible for us to give our readers a full and concise report of the festivities. Archbishop Kenrick was born in Dublin, on August 17, 1806. Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, of Baltimore, who died in 1863, was his brother. He made his ecclesiastical studies and was ordained in Ireland on March 6, 1832. In 1833 he came to this country, and was received into the Philadelphia diocese. He was stationed at the Cathedral as an assistant, and in two years became pastor. His learning and abilities soon led to his selection as superior of the Diocesan Seminary, in which he also filled the chair of dogmatic theology. In 1837 he was made Vicar-General, and he was accredited to Bishop Bruté as theologian to the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In 1841 Bishop Rosati of St. Louis asked for a coadjutor, and Father Kenrick was chosen by Rome for the office. He was consecrated bishop of Drasa in Philadelphia by Bishop Rosati on November 30, 1841. Two years later Bishop Rosati died, and he succeeded to the See of St. Louis. In 1847 St. Louis was made a Metropolitan See, and Bishop Kenrick was raised to the archiepiscopacy.

During his episcopacy, he has witnessed the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. When he was made bishop, the Catholics numbered about two-sevenths of the population; now they are

about one-fifth. From the time of his consecration up to 1872, a period of thirty-one years, the Archbishop administered his diocese without the aid of an assistant bishop. In that year, a coadjutor, Rt. Rev. P. J. Ryan, who is now the Archbishop of Philadelphia, was appointed, under the title of Bishop of Tricomia. Bishop Ryan remained in St. Louis for twelve years. Then he was sent as archbishop to the city from which St. Louis took Archbishop Kenrick. From that time up to the present, the venerable Metropolitan has attended, alone and unaided, to his immense see. He has governed the see with singular success. Its record for harmony and exact discipline is of the best. He has introduced numerous religious orders, the members of which have charge of four industrial schools and reformatories, and eighty-seven parochial schools, with seventeen thousand one hundred and eighty pupils. He has under him nine Suffragan bishops:—Cheyenne, Wy. T.; Concordia, Kan.; Davenport, Iowa; Dubuque, Iowa; Leavenworth and Wichita, Kan.; Lincoln and Omaha, Neb.; and Kansas City, Mo. There are over three hundred priests, two hundred and fifty churches, and a Catholic population estimated at over three hundred thousand souls. He has written a number of books, the best known of which are perhaps his Anglican Ordinations and The Holy House of Loretto, or an Examination of the Historical Evidence of its Miraculous Translation.

Faith.

THE following beautiful and truthful tribute to knowledge from the lips of Father Tom Burke illustrates most forcibly the position of the Catholic Church in regard to the education of her children:

"What is the formulation, the bond, the link, the life and soul of the Catholic Church? I answer—faith. Faith in God. Faith in every word that God has revealed. Faith, stronger than any human principle of belief, opinion, or conviction. Faith, not only bowing down before God, but apprehending what God speaks; clasping that truth to the mind, and informing the intelligence with its light; admitting it as a moral influence into every action and every motive of a man's life. It is the soul and life of the Catholic Church. Faith! What is faith? It is an act of the intelligence whereby we know and believe all that God has revealed. Faith, then, is knowledge? Most certainly! Is it an act of the will? No; not directly—not essentially—not immediately. It is directly, essentially, and immediately an act of the intellect and not of the will. It is the intellect that is the subject wherein faith resides. The will may command that intellect to bow down and believe; but the essential act of faith is an act of the intelligence, receiving light and accepting it, and that light is knowledge. Therefore the Catholic Church cannot exist without knowledge."

BROTHER CLEMENTIAN has been elected Assistant General of the Order of the Christian Brothers, in succession to the late Brother Patrick. Brother Clementian is a native of Baltimore, born fifty years ago, and has been a Christian Brother for more than thirty years. He has presided over Manhattan College, New York; De la Salle College, Philadelphia, and other institutions of his order.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

AFTER perusing the present issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, our patrons will admit that it is the best number ever published. This is the beginning of a prosperous era for the MAGAZINE, which has weathered the storm for thirteen years. It is Mr. Donahoe's intention to still add to its usefulness by employing the best editorial ability on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE editor of the Catholic News has in his possession an astronomical almanac by Regiomontanus (the great astronomer Bishop Muller), printed in 1481, containing the tables which undoubtedly were used by Columbus during his voyage in search of the New World. In fact, it is probable that it is the identical volume used by him in noting in his diary a conjunction of the sun and Mercury January 13, 1493, and predicting the eclipse of February 29, 1494, to compel the Indians to furnish food to his crew. Vespucci, in his letter to Lorenzo de Medici, expressly says that he used in 1499 and 1500 the almanac calculated for the meridian of Ferrara by Regiomontanus. This volume is one of the series of Ephemerides published by him for the thirty years beginning with 1475, which were the first ever published in Europe.

THE Archbishop of Aix, France, has been fined three thousand francs for disobeying Minister Falierie's order not to leave his diocese without the permission of the French Government. This is the land where the legend "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" is conspicuously marked on church fronts, public buildings, and street corners. Evidently these characters are hieroglyphics to a government which tyrannously restricts the movements of its citizens without rhyme or reason and then mulcts them for exercising their just rights. If anywhere justice and liberty are caricatured, it is in republican (?) France.

THERE is a certain Catholic parish in this state whose pastor is named Police. This is the nearest approach that we have yet seen in this country to the much-dreaded union of Church and State. Is the Committee of One Hundred doing their duty? asks the Sacred Heart Review. —— The same paper says: Some surprise has been expressed that the Toronto Mail, which has referred to the inhuman wretch who maltreated little children in an Irish orphanage as a Romanist priest, should have refused to publish a letter of correction, showing that the man was not a priest, but a Protestant minister. Yet right here in Boston an aged clergyman, highly respected, and editor of a professedly religious newspaper, printed the dreadful slanders about Father Damien and refused to publish a letter contradicting it upon excellent authority. The Toronto Mail slandered a whole class. The Congregationalist defamed one man, and he a dead man. Both denied justice to the victims of their slander. And persons who know the workings of religious hatred and the force of narrow bigotry are not surprised at the Canadian editor, or the Bostonian man of God.

THE Catholic Review, New York: When the Puritans first fixed a date for public Thanksgiving to God for the harvests of the year, the day was

set apart for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. It was a religious holiday. It was spent at church and in devotional exercises at home. The occasion has lost its primal character. The fast has become a feast. Attendance at preaching on it has decreased, and attendance at the theatre has multiplied. Meagre fare for it has given place to a loaded table. Out-door sports and in-door amusements mark it with a red letter. The Protestantism of New England has not had virility enough to keep the fast. At present it has not power enough to retain for the festival a religious aspect. The Catholic Church must adopt Thanksgiving, if it is to be anything more than a day of enjoyment. Already, in previous years, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Curtis, Bishop Foley and other prelates have issued official letters to their priests and people, urging them to celebrate the day, to assist at a Mass of Thanksgiving, and to give alms as an expression of their gratitude. If their example were to be generally followed, the fast would not be restored, but the festival would be again something more than a gorge.

THE convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will assemble next year in New Orleans, and will probably consider the suggestion to endow a chair at the Catholic University of America, says the Church News. The suggestion meets with the approval of the Rt. Rev. Rector of the University, and is certainly well worthy of the serious attention of every member of the order. Every chair endowed at our University will be an enduring monument to the wisdom, generosity and zeal of those contributing toward its endowment. When other monuments shall have crumbled, it is reasonable to hope that the University will live and continue to carry on its great work of educating, in the highest degree, priests and laymen.

MEXICO'S most famous shrine, the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, was rededicated Dec. 12th. This basilica stands on the site where Our Blessed Lady appeared to Juan Diego, December, 1531, telling him she wished a shrine built there in her honor. The first chapel was erected early in the sixteenth century. A few years later it was enlarged. In 1695 the present magnificent shrine was begun. It is about 250 feet long and 130 feet wide, and cost $800,000. The first repairs were commenced in 1802, but were not completed until 1820.

THE Catholic News, announcing the death of Bishop Edgar P. Wadhams of Ogdensburg, N. Y., at his late episcopal home, says: "He was one of the converts to the Church from the Episcopalian body. At the time when God in His mercy allowed so many to see the truth, he was one of those who saw it, and, like the wise men, left home and country, so to say, to journey onward to the stable, where he found Jesus in the arms of Mary. He became a priest, labored for years unostentatiously but fruitfully in the diocese of Albany; then, when made bishop, organized the diocese of Ogdensburg in the poorest and least progressive part of the state, gathered hard-working priests around him, and steadily built up a diocese where clergy and people are faithful. In him the Church loses a faithful son, and the clergy and people a zealous leader, a wise counsellor, an official who acted with calmness and justice. His people have our sympathy, as the venerable Bishop has our earnest prayers."

"A MAGNIFICENT future is before the Church in this country," says the great Archbishop of Philadelphia, "if only we are true to her, the country, and ourselves. She has demonstrated that she can live and move onward without state influence, that the atmosphere of liberty is most conducive to her progress. Let us be cordially American in our feelings and sentiments, and, above all, let each individual act out, in his personal life and character, the spirit of his faith."

THE late Mr. Florence, the actor, never aspired to be a temperance lecturer, but he gave some excellent advice to topers. If you must drink, said he, buy a gallon of whiskey at a time, and make your wife the bar-keeper. When you are dry, give her fifteen cents for a drink, and when the whiskey is gone she will have, after paying for it, $6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave.

THE Catholic Citizen: Old topers and sly tipplers who imagine there is a new gold cure for the habits they have fastened on themselves will find out that they are being deluded by a fake. The best thing these people can do is to sober up, repent, and go off somewhere and die. A man who drinks deeply from year to year has run up an account on the books of life which in equity he ought to pay off in suffering somehow. It is to be viewed as a matter of penance.

WE regret to announce the death of an old and esteemed resident of Boston Highlands, Mrs. Mary Kenney, widow of John Kenney, at her residence, 32 Dennis St., Nov. 19, aged seventy-eight years and four months. Mrs. Kenney came to this country from Ireland sixty years ago, and moved from Eastport, Me., to Boston, in 1863, where she has since resided. Eight children, five daughters and three sons, besides numerous grandchildren, mourn her loss. She was an exemplary Christian, and retained all her faculties to the last. The funeral was at St. Patrick's, and the burial at Hollyhood. May she rest in peace.

THE leaders of the Tory party in England held several meetings in Manchester lately. The Pall Mall Gazette, in an article headed "A Tory Mutiny," compliments the Tory caucus held at Birmingham, and says it compares favorably with the Liberal conference recently held at Newcastle. The Gazette says that a more uncompromising rebuff has seldom been administered to the leaders of a party by their followers, than was administered to the ministers by the conference in refusing to indorse Sir Albert Rollitt's resolution which had been determined for them beforehand, relative to local government for Ireland and for the promotion of technical education in that part of the United Kingdom. The Gazette also says that Sir Albert Rollitt's appeal, that the cabinet was Unionist and that the government was pledged to Irish local government, fell upon deaf ears. The Globe says the decision to hold over Irish local government in favor of British needs in the rural districts would place the government in a serious dilemma if there was no possibility of accomplishing legislation in regard to both, but there is an

easy way of escape from the *impasse*. It is to assemble Parliament early in January, and to present both measures, with the plain intimation that the date of Parliament's dissolution will depend upon the passage of bills relating to both subjects.

After an absence of six months in Europe, Right Rev. L. S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Conn., is once more among his people. He arrived Thursday, Nov. 19, and a magnificent demonstration in his honor was given in the new cathedral, which was lighted up for the first time.

Mother Milmore, a religious of the Sacred Heart Convent, Fifth and Convent streets, St. Louis, departed this life Nov. 16th. She was a native of the city of Sligo, Ireland, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, and the thirty-seventh of her religious profession.

The Harrington League in Ireland is almost bankrupt. For the first time in the history of the organization the secretary had to acknowledge the receipt from the people of Ireland of the munificent sum of £2! The fact is significant. The country is weary to death of the inconsistencies and transparent sophistries of the men upon whose shoulders it is claimed that the mantle of Charles Stewart Parnell has fallen.

The establishment of a one-cent postage in the United States seems to be in sight. Postmaster-General Wannamaker, in his annual report just published, says that this can be made possible by January 1, 1894. This would make the United States postal service the cheapest as well as the best in the world. As the report shows that the deficit is gradually disappearing and will soon be wiped out altogether, the reduction of the postage rate should go into effect as soon as possible.

The New York Herald thinks that Dr. McGlynn has talked too much, and would have to retract too much to return to the Church. We are inclined to agree with the Herald. The Doctor likes to talk, and he does not like to retract. He was before the Anti-Poverty Society again on a recent Sunday night — that seems to be now his church — and he was as bitterly irreverent as ever. This occupation, the Herald says, affords him opportunity for hammering away at what he is pleased to call the "ecclesiastical machine," and for saying disrespectful things about the Pope. But the Herald says: "Just how abuse of the head of the Catholic Church and of the authorities at Rome is going to help abolish poverty isn't at all clear." But the poor Doctor is paid for doing this, and it agrees with his resentments.

The Pittsburg Catholic: Since you cannot send your gifts beyond the grave, be not stinted now of your alms; while living you have the opportunity.—— Parents fail in their duty who do not make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the associates of their young sons and daughters. These associates have more to do in moulding their characters than even schools and teachers, and we might also say, parents.—— The country is full of opportunities for the Catholic young man. It is a fallacy to say this or that trade is overdone, this profession over filled. With perseverance and character, select your trade and profession, and success will come.—— A more forcible illustration of the vanity and emptiness of riches could not be set

forth in a thousand sermons than the living example furnished us lately in the daily papers. Cyrus W. Field has lived a long and useful life. Great honors, and deservedly so, have been showered upon him. His coffers overflowed with wealth; indeed, here is a fortunate man, the world said, and his name, and fame, and wealth, made him the envied of millions. He has lived the allotted life of man, three-score and ten. Like Job, he might well exclaim to-day, in his present misery: "Let the day perish wherein I was born." The wife of his bosom has just been removed by death, an idolized daughter is dying from cancer, a son, in whom his life and honor were treasured, has been consigned to a mad-house, violently insane, after wrecking his father's fortune and his own, and proving himself one of the most infamous swindlers of the day. The aged father, heart-broken, lies on his death-bed, laid low by his troubles and disgrace. "Vanity of vanities; and all is vanity."

NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., to which some importance is attached, states that a new archbishop and five bishops are necessary for this country, and will soon be appointed. An archdiocese is to be established at Dubuque, Ia., and Bishop Hennessy, of that place, is to be the archbishop. Bishops will be appointed for Des Moines and Sioux City, Ia.; Monterey, Cal.; St. Joseph, Mo.; and Concordia, Kas. Des Moines and Sioux City have believed for some time that they were entitled each to a bishopric, and forming them into a diocese has made way for the new archdiocese. Monterey's coming bishop is to be the Very Rev. Joachim Adams. Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, has had included in his diocese St. Joseph, which is to have a bishop of its own, and Concordia is to be made the seat of a new diocese. No coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick will be appointed at present. The priests of each diocese who have been rectors for ten years will select three names to be sent to Rome, and the selections will then be made of the new bishops. Mgr. O'Bryen, of the Papal Household, who came to this country to be present at the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick, has started for Europe. He will bear with him the papers relative to the new appointments.

AUSTRALIA is making rapid strides in Catholicity, and we get some idea of it from the sermon of Father O'Farrell, C. SS. R., reported in the Melbourne Advocate, preached at the golden jubilee of St. Francis' Church, Melbourne. Father O'Farrell, who, by the way, is the superior of the Redemptorist Order in Australia, said, in contrasting the state of Catholicity in Australia at the present moment with what it was at the date of the foundation of St. Francis' fifty years ago, that, in addition to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, there are in Australia at the present hour six archbishops, eighteen bishops, eight hundred priests, twenty-five hundred nuns, three hundred and fifty brothers, eleven hundred churches, and wellnigh three-quarters of a million of Catholics. "Fifty-one years since there was not a single church in all Melbourne. But now, thanks to the apostolic zeal of the people and clergy of Ireland, it contains as many churches and religious institutions as any city of its population in the world."

MR. LABOUCHERE, editor of London Truth, tells girls to eschew slang and manly games, and be eminently proper in their behavior.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine. *Dear Sir:* I would respectfully bring under your notice the following clipping from an article in the November Magazine, as I suspect it crept in through inadvertence.

This is Parnell's work, nearing, we hope, to completion. Its fulfilment will, we doubt not, gladden his spirit, occupying a happy station from on high.

Bridgewater, S. D. W. J. Nolan, M. D.

We know how cautious the Church is in regard to extending beatific honors, even to the faithful, dying within her fold. Is it orthodox to indulge in such rhapsodies, out of maudlin sentimentality to one who has passed away under circumstances utterly at variance with the tenets of Holy Church?

I think Dr. Nolan owes your readers an apology. Irish Catholic.

Archbishop Elder has received word officially that Rev. Ignatius Horstman, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, has been appointed Bishop of Cleveland, in place of the late Bishop Gilmour. He is about forty-five years of age, was educated in Rome, and has been in the priesthood for about twenty-three years.

The Rev. Dr. Brann, pastor of St. Agnes' Church, New York, has written the following letter to the editor of the Sun: The Sun of December 4 says that the Lodge of Perfection, F. A. A. M., held a lodge sorrow over William J. Florence. Permit me to say that there are persons still living who testify in writing that Mr. Florence gave up Masonry in 1876, and I have a letter showing that two days before his death he sent for a priest, the Rev. Father Flanagan of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, who gave the dying actor, then in the full possession of his mental powers, the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, including Holy Communion. To receive these, he must have ceased to be a Mason. The letter is written by one of six eye-witnesses to the scene, the attending physician and Mr. Inspector Conlon of this city having also been present on the occasion.

The Rev. J. J. Duffo, S. J., who recently celebrated in New Orleans the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, ought to be called: "The Priest of the Plague." He has passed through no less than eight epidemics of yellow fever. His missionary operations have called him chiefly to Louisiana, Mississippi, and Florida, and in those states he has gone about shriving the sick, consoling the dying, and burying the dead, whenever the pest has come upon the people. He has taken no thought for self. He has offered his life in the service of mankind. He is a martyr by desire. Honor to this good Jesuit in his venerable old age!

A cablegram has been received at Quebec from Rome confirming the news of the appointment of Monsignor Begin as coadjutor with the right of succession to His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Rt. Rev. L. N. Begin, D. D., is bishop of Chicontimi, Province of Quebec. He was consecrated October 28, 1888.

A call has been issued for the Third Congress of Colored Catholics of the United States, to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., January 5, 1892. It promises to be well attended.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

WATCHWORDS from John Boyle O'Reilly, is the name of a little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, arranged by Miss Katherine E. Conway, who introduces them with an estimate of Mr. O'Reilly as a poet and literary worker. The book is from the press of the well-known publisher, Cupples, and is gotten out with the artistic beauty of typography, illustrations, and binding for which this house is famous. The colored portrait of the poet is admirable, and so are the full-page pictures and head and tail pieces. The book will be in great demand as a Christmas book. Orders for it are coming in generously to the Pilot office, where it is on sale. Retail price, $1.00. The compiler's proceeds go to the O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

PUSTET & Co., New York and Cincinnati, have published Little Book of Instructions for Christian Mothers. Home training is sadly wanted in this our country, and Catholic home life must be taught and made pleasant by the queen of the household, mother. O Mother, great is thy dignity, high the office conferred on thee! The soul that has sprung from God, it is thy duty to train for Him. The price is only twenty-five cents.

JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, have published Education: To Whom Does it Belong? By Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Price twenty-five cents.

THE Catholic Publication Society Co., 12 East 17th st., New York, have published the twenty-fourth annual issue of their ever-welcome Catholic Family Annual. It has a new cover, is well printed and illustrated. Price twenty-five cents. See table of contents elsewhere. A copy of this beautiful Annual will be given to any of our present subscribers who will procure a new one. The new subscriber will get a copy also.

FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 Essex street, Boston, have issued a beautiful book for the holidays, entitled A Thought for Every Day of the Year, taken from the spiritual writings of St. John of the Cross, in honor of the ter-centenary of the saint, November 24, 1591–1891, and published for the benefit of the Carmelite Monastery of Boston, compiled by Miss Susan L. Emery. Sent by mail on receipt of price, seventy-five cents.

MESSRS. BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York and Cincinnati, have issued a new book entitled Tom Playfair, by Francis J. Finn, S. J., author of Percy Winn, Henry Dee, etc. Price one dollar. Just the book for a Christmas present. The same publishers give us The Correct Thing for Catholics, a good book, for only seventy-five cents.

JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, have published On a Taste for Good Reading, by Frederick William Faber, D.D., price forty cents. The same house have Faber's complete works, in thirteen handsome volumes, bound in cloth, for $19.50; gilt, $25; half calf, $40.

ALL Around the Year, 1892, is an entirely new design, in colors, by J. Pauline Sunter, printed on heavy cardboard, gilt edges, with chain, tassels,

and ring. Size 4½ by 5½ inches. Boxed. Price, fifty cents. This most charming calendar is composed of heavy, gilt-edged cards, tastily tied with white silk cord, and a delicate, silvered chain attached, by which they may be hung on the wall or elsewhere, and are so arranged on rings that they may be turned over as each month shall be needed for reference. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Boston City Election.

THE election took place on Tuesday, December 15, with the following result: N. Matthews, Jr., D., 34,716; H. G. Allen, R., 19,534; S. B. Shapleigh, P., 768. Mayor Matthews' plurality, 15,182.

That was the vote in Boston for mayor on the 15th Dec. It was a great triumph for Mayor Matthews, a tremendous indorsement of his administration of the affairs of the city for the current municipal year.

The plurality is the largest ever received by a mayor of Boston, exceeding, as it does by 2833, the plurality of last year, which, up to that time, was far in advance of all previous records.

The mayor's total vote this year was 2414 larger than last year, while Mr. Allen's vote fell 419 below the vote cast for Moody Merrill last year. Mr. Shapleigh, the Prohibition candidate, had 1443 votes less than he had a year ago.

The Democrats have elected a majority of the board of aldermen, having been successful in seven districts. The aldermen elected by districts are: 1. John H. Sullivan, D. 2. Michael J. Mitchell, D. 3. Thomas F. Keenan, D. 4. Jacob Fottler, R. 5. Nathaniel J. Rust, R. 6. Edward J. Leary, D. 7. Thomas W. Flood, D. 8. Weston Lewis, R. 9. William A. Folsom, R. 10. John F. Dever, D. 11. John H. Lee, D. 12. Otis Eddy, R.

John P. Dore and John H. Duane, the Democratic candidates for street commissioners, are elected, the former for three years, and the latter for two.

The Democrats carried the common council by a large majority.

Battle of the Boyne and Siege of Limerick, Ireland.

IN The American Catholic Quarterly Review, "M. A. C." has an interesting paper on the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Limerick. Mentioning St. Mary's Cathedral of that city, an edifice which has been for two hundred years past in the possession of Protestants, the writer narrates an incident that throws a vivid light on the habitual sentiments of lively faith that distinguish the children of St. Patrick. We quote: "This venerable temple, though abounding in objects of interest to the historian and antiquarian, has a dark and gloomy aspect. A visitor lately remarked this to a poor woman selling apples in the shadow of its massive spire. "Ah, then," she replied, "why shouldn't it be dark and heavy? Didn't Cromwell's wretches and William's Orangers turn out the Blessed Sacrament and quench the lamp? *Sure it couldn't be bright or lightsome without Him!*" There is more genuine poetry in that reply than we have found in many a volume of poems that has reached our table during the past year, says the Ave Maria. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will publish this article in a future issue.

Irish Industries and the World's Fair.

The Countess of Aberdeen Requests Mr. A. Shuman to serve on a Committee represnting Ireland's Interests.

THE visit to Boston, during the past week, of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, with their little daughter, has been full of interest to Irish people, on account of the mission on which they are engaged.

They have been making a tour of the United States, and left Boston on Wednesday of last week for their home in Scotland. The purpose of their visit was to make arrangements for the representation of Irish industries at the coming World's Fair.

The Earl of Aberdeen is a Scotchman, and a descendant of that earl of the same name who was premier of England during the Crimean war period.

The present bearer of the title has the distinction of having been probably the most popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was appointed by Gladstone in 1886. His administration was brief; about six months after his appointment he was recalled, but what a change he had effected in the feelings of the people of that country! They had learned to love him and his amiable wife.

His appointment came but a short time prior to the formulation of Gladstone's liberal Irish policy, and during his term as viceroy, he endeavored to prove, and succeeded in proving, to this oppressed people, by practical results, what the beneficial effects of such a policy would be.

Since his recall, the Earl has been one of Gladstone's confidants and chief advisors in the House of Lords, while his wife has labored with him incessantly to create a public sentiment in England more favorable to the Irish people.

During their residence in Dublin, while the Earl was showing his interest in the Irish people by a peaceful and wisely conducted administration of affairs, the Countess was forming a firm friendship for the people of Erin, and commenced the task, in which she has since been engaged, wholly out of love for these people.

The Countess has been active and untiring in her efforts in this direction and has met with a gratifying degree of success. This wise plan, when vigorously pushed, is sure to lead to the employment of greater numbers of persons in Ireland with a consequent relief of poverty and uplifting and educating of large numbers otherwise deprived of means of existence or forced to emigration.

A society was formed under her patronage called the Irish Industries Association, of which she is the president, and depots have been opened in London and other cities for the sale of Irish work for the benefit of the makers. The Countess has received assurances of sympathy in her work from many prominent men. On the day of her leaving Boston, she called on one of our representative merchants, Mr. A. Shuman, senior member of the firm of A. Shuman & Company, and asked him for his sympathy and co-operation in furthering the objects of her visit to this country.

Because of Mr. Shuman's position as the introducer in the United States of Irish woollens, (his firm being the largest importer of these goods and the first to bring them to the attention of Americans) she desired him to serve on a committee representing Ireland at the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Shuman personally visits the factories in Ireland each year, selecting and ordering stock and often advising the Irish manufacturers of the styles in most demand and the latest points of the trade.

Irish linens already have a world-wide fame, and Irish lace and poplins are well known, but it is particularly desired to bring more fully to the attention of the people the merits of Irish woollens, and

the Countess felt assured that, with proper display, Irish woollens would be placed on the same plane as the fabrics of England, Scotland, and Germany, and that when they became better known, their merits and value would place them in the front rank of cloths produced by any country.

Mr. Shuman consented to serve on this committee, and gave the Countess assurances of his deep interest in the matter, and promised to use his best efforts to make such a representation of Irish industries a success. Mr. Shuman spoke of being first attracted to Irish matters by the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, one of his most intimate friends. His experience in handling Irish woollens, especially Irish frieze, has been, through his efforts, of marked success and of great benefit to the Irish people. His firm have used such large quantities of these goods in recent years, and they have brought them to such notice as to create a greater demand for them, not only in Boston, but in other sections of the United States, that the result has been the establishment of many new factories in Ireland, and the means of enlarging and strengthening many of the older ones. Among the mills which are represented among the importations of A. Shuman & Co. appear the Athlone Woollen Mills, Athlone; O'Brien Bros., Cork; Caledon Mills, Tyrone; Dripsey Mills, Cork; Revington's Mills, Tralee; Mulcahy's and Bansha Mills, Tipperary; the Irish Woollen Manufactory and Export Co., of Dublin, who represent many of the best factories in Ireland, besides other smaller concerns.

The results of such increased trade is apparent in the increased employment offered and the benefits derived therefrom, and it is certainly a wise and business-like argument of Mr. Shuman's, when he asks people in sympathy with Ireland and her needs if it is not a broader philanthropy than almsgiving to help these people to help themselves, and thus assist in placing Ireland and her industries on a plane of prosperity.

The Burial of Suicides.

In giving their decision on the question recently submitted to them — should suicides be granted Christian burial? — the Sacred Congregation of Rites have first called attention to the general law in such cases: "It is not permitted to give Christian burial to those who kill themselves through despair or anger, not madness, *ob desperationem vel iracundiam*, if, before death, they have not given signs of repentance." The Sacred Congregation adds the three possible hypotheses: 1. When certitude exists that madness was the cause of self destruction, Christian burial and solemn funeral obsequies can be given. 2. When there is positive proof of madness, both Christian burial and solemn funeral obsequies to be granted. 3. When doubt exists as to whether the person committed suicide through despair or madness, Christian burial can be accorded, but solemn funeral obsequies are to be refused.

On the Feast of the Epiphany (the sixth day of January), and the day following, a convention of the Apostolate of the Press will be held in New York. It will be composed of all men and women of approved Catholicity who desire to co-operate in the spread of the Printed Truth; it will be made up of those of the laity who are or who wish to become friends and adherents of the Apostolate of the Press. The project has received the hearty sanction of the Archbishop of New York, and is to be carried out with the assistance of the Paulist Fathers. The place of meeting will be Columbus Hall, adjoining the Paulist Church on West Sixth Street, near Columbus Avenue. Invitations to the convention will soon be placed in the hands of the parish priests of the United States and Canada, to be given to such men and women of their congregations as will be likely to attend the convention, and practically co-operate in the work of the Apostolate of the Press.

Advices from Sydney state that Mr. H. P. Rhea introduced at the meeting of Parliament the following motion: — "Resolved, that in the opinion of the house no form of federation will prove acceptable to the people of New South Wales which does not provide for the complete political independence of Australia under a republic."

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT made an address in Kilkenny, in which he said: "The extent of the home rule measure, which Mr. Gladstone will offer us after the general election," said Mr. Davitt, "may be measured by the unity which prevails in the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the mandate that the members will receive from the national electors of Ireland. A divided party and a distracted country," he added, "will leave us more or less at the mercy of English party leaders; but with a united national representation, such as we are certain to have, and the country solid, calm, and determined in sentiment and in its demands for such a measure of self-government as will satisfy the just aspirations of the Irish nation, we will command a sympathetic response in the minds of the British democracy, and can, if necessary, compel Mr. Gladstone to offer us home rule with no niggard hand."

AN old resident of Boston, T. O. H. P. Burnham, a dealer in second-hand books, recently died, leaving half a million dollars to various institutions. Not a cent to any of the Catholic charities.

AT a banquet in Kildare, in 1885, Mr. Parnell, speaking of Archbishop Croke, said: "In the early part of the agitation, so impressed was he (Mr. Parnell) with the necessity of having the priests and bishops with him that he communicated with the Most Reverend Doctor Croke, who kindly granted him an interview at the Imperial Hotel, Dublin. After he laid down his plans for the carrying out of his movements, he said to the Archbishop: 'I am going to start a movement that will win, not like the previous Irish movements, but I cannot do so unless I have the bishops and priests of Ireland at my back.'"

THE venerable Archbishop Tache has won a glorious victory for his people. Some time ago the Orangemen of the Province of Manitoba captured the legislature and passed a law abolishing separate schools for Catholics. It seems, when the province was admitted into the Confederation, the Archbishop had inserted a clause that secured separate schools for Catholics. The case was brought before the Supreme Court at Ottawa, and, on the 28th ult., a decision was rendered restoring their lost rights to Catholics.

HON. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, the new Lieutenant-Governor of New York State, is about thirty years of age, a native of Buffalo, N. Y., and an alumnus of St. Joseph's College of the Christian Brothers, of that city. He is the first Catholic in the history of the state to hold the office of lieutenant-governor. Mr. Sheehan is a lawyer. He was for five successive terms the representative of the Workingmen's District of Buffalo in the Assembly, and last year was speaker.

THE will of the late John Toohig, the wealthy banker of San Antonio, Tex., has been admitted to probate. By its provisions, all of the estate, the value of which is estimated at three million dollars, is to be held in trust for the Catholic Church, with the exception of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum bequeathed to his sister, twenty-five hundred per annum bequeathed to his adopted daughter, and fifty dollars a year to his brother and nephew each.

MR. C. I. BATEMAN, the popular architect of this city, can be found at 7 Exchange place, where a visit to his studio will be very interesting, especially to the reverend clergy, in or out of the city.

THE Commonwealth Clothing Store, corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, is the best place in Boston to buy winter clothing, for young men, old men, or boys, and the cheapest in the city.

MESSRS. EDWARD HARKINS & Co., 27 India street, corner of Milk street, Boston, has the largest stock of oils and candles for church purposes that can be found in this city, and at very moderate prices.

THE Boston Orange Growers Co., M. D. Brooks, general agent, 34 School street, Boston, is offering great inducements to capitalists. Read their advertisement in another column of this MAGAZINE.

THE Emerson Pianos have the finest tone of any pianos manufactured in this country; made from the very best material. Just think of it, over fifty thousand of them in use up to the present time. Warerooms, 174 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THOSE in want of furniture would do well to visit the store of S. Lewis & Co., 145 Broadway, and 95 B street, South Boston, before purchasing elsewhere. They have the largest stock of any dealers in South Boston, and their prices are so low they will astonish some of our city folks.

DINE at Ober's.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY is celebrated all over the world.

RODERER'S LIQUID FOOD is getting very popular all over the country.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism is sold everywhere at 25 cts. a bottle.

BUY your Hats and Gloves at the Broadway Hat Store, 911 Washington street, cor. Pleasant.

THE New England Piano has an immense sale in every part of the United States and Canada.

MR. WM. RALPH EMERSON, 85 Water street, Boston, is the justly celebrated architect of this city.

THE Boston Wall Paper Co. is the largest in Boston. 20 Summer street is their headquarters.

MUSIC, Music, Music, of every description, at Messrs. Louis H. Ross & Co., 32 West street, Boston.

IT will pay you to get your clothes from Murray the Tailor, 974 to 976 Washington street, Boston.

BUY your hats, caps, and umbrellas of Wm. P. Hogg, Cambridge street, Boston, near the Revere House.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE cures burns, scalds, and everything in this particular line since the days of antiquity.

LINDFORS & O'BRIEN, 10 Avery street, make the best Hats in Boston to order. Call on them and you will find it so.

ALL our readers should visit the Fayal and Japanese Store, 4 Park street, Boston, for curiosities of every description.

THE Investment Trust Co., of America, 101 Devonshire street, Boston, can be relied on for safe investments. Capital, one million dollars.

MONUMENTAL ART WORKS can be bought very low of Messrs. John Lieben & Co., 17 and 19 Pynchon street, Boston, Mass., Roxbury Station.

THE only reliable and genuine Sarsaparilla is that prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists throughout the world.

WE call attention to the advertisement of the Falls Heater on page 23, in our advertising columns; it will interest everybody and cost nothing.

SHAKESPEARE was a grand old poet; he had the brains and wit to show it; he drank his whiskey made from rye, and always smoked the Sleeper's Eye.

WM. H. BRINE, corner of Tremont street and Pemberton square, Boston, is giving the ladies who visit his store great bargains. Just call and see for yourselves.

POETS sang in early ages; actors strut on many stages; doctors cured the ills of man; none more successful than Dr. Dam, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston.

THE Boston Furniture Co. is selling furniture very low at 790 Washington street, Boston. Messrs. Kelly & Hayes will not allow themselves to be outdone.

STAINED glass, wood mantels, tiles, iron fire placings and fittings can be bought cheaper at Geo. R. Clark & Co.'s, 48 Boylston street, than in any other place in Boston.

OUR subscribers should get their houses built by A. McSorley, 577 Main street, Cambridgeport. He is expeditious and reliable, and does jobbing of all kinds.

SAGES lived in days gone by; wise men did just the same. Take a friend's advice, and buy your furniture of the Hanover Furniture Co., 126 and 128 Hanover street, Boston.

DO you love the horse? If so, see that he has a good bed to lie upon. German peat moss is the best, cheapest, and healthiest ever used. It keeps the barn sweet, feet soft and healthy. It has been used for the past five years in the Boston city stables with great satisfaction, and veterinary surgeons recommend it to every one who owns a horse. Imported and sold by C. B. Barrett, 45 North Market street, Boston. Send for circular and price list.

THAT CHRISTMAS MONEY.

IN the next few weeks people will talk Christmas more than all other subjects combined. And very many will count their pennies to see if they will go around. And some will realize for the countless things offered for sale, "that money talks." Yes, and many a poor, tired clerk will wish that they, too, could talk—back. To give unselfishly, without thought of return, is the true Christmas spirit; but how many times, oh! human nature, will the thought occur this month, "Now if I make so and so a Christmas present, wonder if I will get a return next year." The growing Christmas-present custom comes hard among certain classes, who do not always have plenty of ready money; among farmers, and people near towns, who keep poultry, the egg supply is a great source of Christmas money, because prices are always very high at this season. If the old hens will only shell out the eggs now, thinks many a mother, I can soon get back all the money taken for Christmas. The surest way we have heard to get it back is this: E. A. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Mass., says: "About one year ago I sent $5.00 for six cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, and in January my 28 hens laid 29 dozen eggs. I have sent $5.00 this year for six more cans and the Farm-Poultry monthly." Certainly that Christmas money came back in short order. Mrs. Warren Delano, Hampden, Me., said recently to the manufacturers of this wonderful Powder: "I send $6.00 for Farm-Poultry two years, and six large cans of Sheri-Powder. It is the very thing needed. Last winter my hens did so poorly I almost lost heart; but this year, 50 hens have cleared me $125.00." All for a little courage and Sheridan's Powder, her hens paid her more than double the average usually allowed per hen, so that her Christmas money returned manyfold. Husbands, a word to the wise is sufficient: Make your wives a Christmas present of six cans of Sheridan's Powder, and take no other. For 50 cents, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs: five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20, one large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, post-paid; six cans for $5.00, express pre-paid. The best poultry paper—Farm-Poultry, one year, and a can of Powder for $1.50.

Rev. James Field Spalding, D. D.,

LATE RECTOR OF CHRIST (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE Rev. James Field Spalding, D.D., for the past twelve years rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., and known in the Episcopal Communion as a devout, earnest, and learned man, and an able preacher and writer, has resigned his rectorship, and announced his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

Sunday, November 29th, he made known to his congregation his reasons for this grave action. His address, which has made a profound impression upon the Episcopal body, will be read with deep sympathy and interest by Catholics. We append the full text of it.

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

Dr. Spalding, who has not officiated at all since he sent in his resignation a few weeks ago, appeared before his people in cassack and surplice, not in the pulpit, but at the chancel rail, and spoke as follows :

I have not come here this morning to preach a sermon, and I do not formally announce a text ; but if there were any words of Scripture which I would like to put as an introduction to what I have to say, they would be those of St. Paul at his conversion :

" Who art thou, Lord ? "

" Lord, what wilt thou have me do ? "

I have promised to tell you to-day my reasons " personal and imperative," for resigning the rectorship of the parish. If this statement is somewhat long, bear with me patiently; it will be my last time of speaking to you. If I say some hard things, I ask you beforehand to forgive me. Only for some weighty cause could I have brought such trouble upon myself ; only for some weighty cause, loving and esteeming you as I do, would I have brought such distress upon you.

But, having done this, I must, as a duty to you and to myself, speak plainly to-day. Further, the very nature of the issue raised by my unexpected conduct is such that I realize that I am speaking, not only to you, my parishioners, but to all whom my voice and words can reach. And so, whether they agree with me or not, I must speak plainly. I must show them that I believe it is a real issue, and that I have the courage of my convictions. For this resigning my rectorship here means my never taking another.

To begin with, I would not have you suppose I have been hasty in taking the step of resigning, or in reaching the condition which I have in my own mind, and of which I am now about to tell you. I must be ready for the risk of misunderstanding, or even of aspersion, on this point. Some even now will think me hasty, others slow, and I must not wonder if the one class call me foolish, and the other hypocritical. I only quietly reply in the words of the late Robert Isaac Wilberforce in similar circumstances: " The mind, like the body, has its time of crisis, which it is not altogether in our own power to regulate." But I cannot call myself hasty in arriving at conclusions which it has taken me many years to reach.

1. I will say at once that what first set me thinking in the direction which has resulted thus far in my giving up the rectorship, was the rationalism, the liberalism, the free-thinking, the unbelief in the Episcopal Church, and in the entire Anglican communion.

You must know that I would expect to find this rationalistic spirit existing in any body of Christians to some extent ; for it is the working of human nature ; and I have no such idea of the Church as to suppose that the wheat and the tares would not be growing together. But when I came into the Episcopal Church from Congregationalism, I did expect there would be stronger safeguards against the inroads of this spirit. For I believed I was coming into the true Church of Christ.

A True Branch of the Church.

I was always from that day a high churchman. I believed in the divinely appointed ministry handed down by succession from the apostles, in the grace of sacraments, in the infallibility of the Church: further, I accepted, in their entire fulness, all the articles of the ancient creeds, and, accordingly, believed, with all my heart, in the Catholic doctrine of the incarnation, in the deity of Jesus Christ, in all the gospel record of the life of Jesus, his teaching, his miracles, his voluntary death of expiation for sin, his resurrection and ascension, and so, in general, in the presence and power of

the supernatural in the world, and in Christianity, in all these ways thus understood, as the way and the only way of salvation for all to whom its message comes. And I may say, just here, that I have never been permitted to doubt any of the great truths of the Christian faith, and I am most thankful that I can affirm to-day that I know nothing of the darkness of doubt, of the sense of drifting, helpless, upon the wide sea of intellectual scepticism, of willing or unwilling admission that there is no divine revelation to man, no church, no God! I have always believed firmly in all these, and in all connectedly; in God, in his many revelations of himself, and in the Church of Christ, the climax of them all, wherein "God hath spoken to us in these last days by his Son."

The rationalistic spirit belongs, in a good sense, to us all. We have our intellect, our reason, as God's gift, and we are bound to use it, in its legitimate sphere. If we had no supernatural revelation, we might truly say we were only to grope after God and find him as we could, by natural reason and conscience. But having such a revelation from God, in his Church, — the history of which is its own best witness to the world, — we are not left to our own varied and conflicting thoughts of God and of ourselves, in deciding the great questions of belief and duty. The rationalistic spirit, in its bad sense, is the action of human reason, conscience, will, perverted and wraped ever since the fall, — that "terrible aboriginal calamity," as one calls it, — and this action proceeding independently of God's supernatural revelation — variously opposing itself to the authority of God speaking in his Church.

This rationalistic spirit, then, I think we all would own, has become greatly and increasing prevalent in the Episcopal Church. I say nothing now of other religious bodies ; but it was the wonderful growth of this rationalism right among us, which some years ago first set me thinking, for it was

Against All Authority.

Herein, as I have just tried to explain, is its root principle. It is utter freedom ; it is thinking and believing without restraint ; it is individualism that will not be guided, and we all have seen it in this Church, spreading and growing and branching out into the worst forms of latitudinarianism, even to the denial of the very foundation truths of Christianity.

And the point with me was that it was unchecked; and so it went on from triumph to triumph. Whether I refer to the scouting of the doctrine of apostolic succession, or to the so-called higher criticism of Holy Scripture, or the weakening of the doctrine of the incarnation, or the out and out denial of the virgin birth, and the bodily resurrection of our Lord, or making these truths only "matters of interpretation" — all, I claim, are in the same line — of liberalism. And I run no risk of being refuted, when I give it as my opinion, though with deepest sorrow, that these, and other forms of liberalism, are very widely received in the Episcopal Church to-day; are becoming the standard teaching of schools of theology; are proclaimed from the pulpits of a multitude of our churches, and thus are taking possession of the hearts and minds of thousands of our people. Why is it not checked — in common with many others, I have asked again and again. Why do not the bishops, particularly, as the teaching power of the Church, check these inroads, unless some of them themselves hold such ideas; or, unless, as a body, they feel that they have no sufficient authority to prevent the tearing down of the ancient landmarks of the faith ?

I might give many cases in proof of the march of this rationalistic spirit. I might cite writings by prominent English or American churchmen, ranging in opinion all the way from Mr. Gore's essay in Lux Mundi to Canon Freemantle's "The World the Subject of Redemption," which entirely does away with church and ministry; or Haweis' "The Broad Church; What Is Coming ?" which exults in the promise of the near future, of an entire restatement of Christianity; or Heber Newton's books upon the Bible and the creed, which are so recent and well known that I need not characterize them here. Utterances, moreover, of eminent men in sermons and lectures, and often on marked occasions, have been abundant and outspoken. Again and again have I heard a prominent clergyman of our Church utter such sentiments as seemed to me to be generously giving away the faith. I remember hearing one say to a gathering of students: "We have a creed today; we may have none tomorrow;" or, again, later, compare the creed, in its use, to the last plank which saves the drowning man. I

have heard a clergyman of largest influence among us declare that "there is no particular grace of the Holy Spirit given in the laying on of hands." I have heard the whole notion of

Grace Sneered at

in a meeting of clergymen; and verily the example may have been found in a well-known book, written by one of our leading doctors of divinity, where grace is spoken of as "an impersonal thing or substance" which St. Augustine put into the place of the living Christ, to the "degradation of Christian theology." You remember, on the other hand, how St. Paul speaks of grace. I have heard, from a source which you would, perhaps, little think, the statement that "the grace of God was just as much given to Luther and Calvin for their work as to the holy apostles for theirs."

Some of you listened to a sermon at an ordination of deacons in June, 1889, in which the idea of any sacred character conferred by ordination — by "the touch of the hand" — was ridiculed. And there sat the bishop in the chancel, ready to do what he had just been told he could not do!

In a course of lectures before a certain theological school, last year, we are reliably informed that the reconstruction of religious thought was boldly entered upon in setting aside from the doctrine of the atonement all such crude conceptions as substitution and expiation; in doing away with the orthodox idea of the work of the Holy Spirit in the inspiration of the Bible; and in giving place to the prophetic utterances of many "uncanonical" inspired writers of the nineteenth century.

I am very loth to go into particulars in this way. But some slight mention of what has been so continually coming under my notice seems necessary to-day, when I wish to justify action which has been taken for imperative reasons. And I will complete these references by giving the very recent testimony of one of our bishops, who says: "There is a fearful amount of infidelity abroad, even in the Church, with reference to the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures themselves and the sacramental system of our holy religion, not to refer to other matters no less important, nor less clearly revealed, as the mind and will of God."

Nearly three years ago I tried, in the leading paper of a church periodical, to draw attention to the dangers to the faith which this rationalism was bringing upon us. But my note was discordant, and my voice of warning, so far as I know, unheeded. And to-day it is just as much out of harmony with the apparent complacency of respectable religion, which says: "We are all in peace"; "don't disturb us"; "no one is unsettled"; "what, do you think there is any latitudinarianism in the Episcopal Church?" If in my last utterances here I can disturb such complacency as that, I shall be

Doing What Much Needs to be Done

by some one; and I am all the more willing to say such a thing because so many of you, my parishioners, have not been of the complacent sort. You, as a people, have not been in sympathy with the free-thinking which is so common and has grown so bold. Many of you have dreaded it as much as I have. I hope and pray you may not be overwhelmed by it.

In this connection I beg leave to correct a misapprehension. It has been said by some, and perhaps thought by many, that my imperative reasons reached their culmination in the recent Episcopal election; but this is a great mistake. My action thus far, would, in all probability, have been just what it has been if the highest churchman in the land had been made bishop. All this rationalistic drift set me thinking, as I have said. And this most recent and greatest victory of "advanced thought" (as it has been joyously recognized to be), coming just at this time, does, I own, emphasize my action, and my action emphasizes it.

2. I must now go on, in my giving of reasons, to what is more positive. The rationalism in our communion — so ignoring or opposing the principle of authority — set me thinking whether this Church really had the authority which some of us supposed it professed to have, but which, plainly, it did not exercise; and then, by natural alternative, whether any other branch (for I had from the first admitted the "branch" theory of the Church) claimed the authority, and really did exercise it? This was a short process of inquiry; for every one who looks into the matter at all knows that the Roman Catholic Church does claim this authority, and must also admit that she does exercise it, and always has, in the defence of the ancient creeds and in the mainte-

nance of the cardinal doctrines of the orthodox faith.

Was the Roman Catholic church, then, the true Church? And was the Anglican Church, though holding so much of Catholic truth, not the true Church, not a real branch, except as a branch cut off? Hereupon began a long investigation, which I believe it was my duty, in the circumstances to make; and, having entered upon it, to make it as full and thorough and as fair to both sides as all the means at my command would enable me. I feel, now, that this investigation is practically at an end; and a month ago I was so far toward the position of the Roman Catholic Church, and so far, in my mind, from the Anglican position, as that of a genuine, divinely authorized organization of the Church, one, holy, catholic, apostolic, that I

Coud Not Conscientiously Continue

in the discharge of ministerial duty.

I have had a growing conviction for some time that I must give up my parish; but I would do nothing rash; a variety of circumstances, which I need not here mention, in part shaped my conduct; for we are under God's guidance, and each event of life, to hasten us or to hinder, to bid us go on or to stay, is a part of the ordering of his providence; a month ago my growing conviction became overpowering, and I did one of the hardest things I ever did — I sent you my letter of resignation. I presume some of you may say it ought to have been sent in long ago, but others will say I have been precipitate even now; and that, if I had kept on a while longer, I might have been given some solution of my difficulties which would have permitted my remaining.

My reply to both these classes of people is, I have tried to take in all the phases of a great question; I would give myself time enough for this; I would not be hurried into taking a step which I could not recall; I would not give up my spiritual care of others without being as sure as prayer and study and earnest inquiry of men of the highest authority on both sides could make me; I would not rush upon the greatest crisis of my life after a month's or a year's thinking; I would keep my own teaching in the pulpit or otherwise within safe lines, and I claim that I have; I would preach nothing that I did not believe; and until the whole subject was so far settled as that I should have reached some clear approach to results in my conviction, I considered that it was not only my duty to continue in the exercise of my ministry, but that it would be base and cowardly to give it up; and so I can only say that, in remaining your rector for so little time or so long, I have tried to do what was right.

The question will also be asked me: What right had I to go into this investigation at all?

Perhaps I had not the right; perhaps it was not my duty; but I considered it was. I think now it was. I wanted to learn what Catholicism really is. I knew that much of its teaching was true and by all Christians so admitted; I believed and had long believed much else of its teaching; I knew that this was permitted in the comprehensiveness of the Episcopal Church, and that these opinions were held and taught by all consistent high churchmen, though they might not always be as willing to tell the source of their theology. I was sure that the Roman Church was

A Genuine Church of Christ,

again the view held by all high churchmen; a genuine church, however regarded by us as corrupt. I was looking, in my alarm, for guards to the Orthodox faith, such as I had not found among us, but which it was reasonable to presume, God must have given somewhere. What has he revealed! What is the truth? was my first and last question. I knew it was a sincere search, and, as it was sincere, it must be deep and earnest, even if it brought me much distress. There would be times of light and of darkness; there would be alternations of thought for or against the claims presented; much weighing and balancing and mental conflict; but I have tried to "keep God always before me," and I believe He has guided me. With my continual prayer for light and knowledge and grace (you remember that petition in the prayer book, "granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth" — what meaning it has had for me!) I do not believe God is suffering me to follow a delusion. He says, "seek and ye shall find," and if he grants us time sufficient, and means of knowledge sufficient, I cannot think he will not also grant us our heart's desire, to find him, even in this life, as fully as he has made himself known.

Otherwise, why is he in the world, in

his Church? And if his Church in the world represents himself — is himself — can it be that the Church does not have the truth, or that the truth is not to be found in this life by every honest seeker for it?

And one thing further as to my right to investigate. In these days of freedom of investigation on all subjects, when Christian people do not hesitate to read and study books of wildest sceptical philosophy and would resent any interference with this freedom, is a Christian to be criticised if he look into the claims of any part of the Christian Church? He isn't running the risk of unbelief; he is moving in the direction of greater faith.

Yet, I am sorry to say, with some people so it is.

There can be utmost liberty granted in the direction of denial of God's truth — that is charity; but none in the direction of holding it fast — that is narrow bigotry. Let a man obey his conscience, I would say, as to whether he shall make such investigation as I have made; but, I insist, it is prejudice only which can say he shall not; it is fear of what one may find which may overturn old associations; it is dread of the possible conclusion that one must change his religion. Yes, have we not often heard, as another puts it, that "All investigation must be wrong which results in a change of religion?" that "it is a mere absurdity to give up the religion of our birth, the home of our affections, the seat of our influence, the well-spring of our maintenance."

3. I own, then, that, with the desire to know God's truth, I have been investigating the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is right that you should hear something about the method and the results of this investigation that you may better understand

Why I Cannot Longer Remain

with you; while it is simply justice to myself to tell you, that so I may be saved from misjudgment as to method or results, however little you may agree with either.

I have no sympathy with carelessness aud haste in such an investigation. To be carried away by some impulse or imagination about doctrine or worship or morals; to give up one's own communion from some personal discontent, or because of grave faults in its workings, and then to rush into another with no clear notion of what it teaches or stands for, is a folly which might be expected to be followed by bitter repentance. I would not limit the action of the grace of God upon our hearts; "His spirit breatheth where He willeth;" He works in His own time; but certainly, most careful deliberation ought to mark our steps of greatest responsibility. So I have tried to be as thorough in my investigation as ability and opportunity would allow.

I have read and studied a great many books of history, and theology, and morals, and devotions; writings of the fathers, and lives of the saints; I have examined the chief controversial questions and weighed the opinions of both sides; I have looked as much as I could into the moral and social aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism; all along, I have accompanied my other reading with that of holy Scripture, and I must say just here that the Church which is so often supposed by Protestants to care little for God's word is both most full of Scripture in the writings of its representative men, and is, I think, to-day showing itself the true guardian of God's word against the subtle attacks of modern scepticism.

The writer of the ancient world whose works have most strongly influenced me is St. Augustine; and I am thankful for the study of him which I was obliged to made a few years ago; and of the modern world, John Henry Newman; and this I gladly acknowledge, for what some would call the strength, and others the weakness of my position. I have not found him a sophist, as certain malicious detractors have tried to make out, but a saint; and as Dr. Briggs said a few days ago: "If it be heresy to take such a man at his word, then I glory in such heresy." The deep spiritual power of Newman's writings made me his disciple, and prepared me to admit his controversial strength.

Besides the influence of books, I will own to that of many men whom I have met, or whose opinions on various points I have asked in letters. I have found intelligence, learning, earnest spirituality. I have not been solicited by any one; no inducements of any sort have been held out to me. There has been no attempt at proselytizing, I have rather been kept back many times; I have received help by way of books or counsel or explanation when I have asked it; but the chief thing, the thing I have been bidden continually

to do, to bring myself to a decision in this great matter, has been to pray, — pray for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

No! I Have Not Been Sought,

but I have myself sought; and I have been impressed with the naturalness, candor, fairness, gentleness, large-heartedness, charity of those whom I have met; and there has been sufficient variety, of so many different people, in different places, in different walks of life, of occupation sacred and secular, to enable me to reach an intelligent conclusion, and to believe that the manifestation of such virtues as I have just named has not been, as narrow-minded enemies sometimes say, the working of any craft or policy to gain me, but of sincerity and truth; and as such I bear my witness to it.

4. The result of my investigations (which have been, as you have learned, somewhat practical as well as theoretical), has been a steadily strengthening persuasion of the validity of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. Instead of being set back by what I have seen and heard and read, I have been more and more carried forward. And the validity of these claims means the weakness and insufficiency of all conflicting claims. I may be mistaken; if so, may God further enlighten me; but the Roman Catholic Church increasingly appears to me to be the true Church of Christ, one, holy, Catholic, apostolic; the veritable body of Christ's appointing, in faith, organization and discipline; going back to antiquity, living in the present; so shown to all who have sufficient means of knowledge, and do not shut their minds and refuse to submit their wills by Scripture, and tradition, and history, and theology, and morals, and practical adaptation to the deepest needs of men. Not by any one of these methods of proof is the Roman Catholic Church to be fairly judged, but by all taken together; e. g.: Scripture alone might say very little of certain distinctive claims, though there could be nothing contrary to Scripture, but Scripture and tradition, or Scripture, tradition and history might make a powerful plea.

I do not forget that I am not here to give the reasons for accepting these claims which appear to me to be valid. I do not even state any of the arguments for the Roman Catholic position, much less enter upon any reasoning. To do so would be wholly improper in this place, and would cause you to be justly indignant.

But, perhaps, it is not transgressing the bounds of my privilege to remark that one general result of my investigations has been to find out how little I knew about what the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church really is.

Some one has said that Catholics and Protestants live in different worlds, and there is much truth in the saying. They don't know each other; they don't understand each other, and this is to the detriment of both. The systems are based upon opposing first principles; but that in itself is no good ground for the lack of knowledge of one by the other. I have found that much which is ordinarily considered to be the teaching and practice of the Roman Church is not so at all; and this statement applies readily to such doctrines as papal infallibility, or to such practices as the invocation of saints or the worship (?) of images. I have found, too, that much which is widely supposed to be binding, as de fide, is only matter of theological speculation or pious opinion.

To go on from this point and say that many ideas which, to the Protestant mind, seem strange, or even shocking, are, I think, quite explainable, and appear reasonable, might be considered infringing, if I develop my meaning, so I leave this thought with only the statement.

5. You could not but expect that such investigations as I have made, if reaching favorable conclusions, would have a practical result in my action. Here is the difficulty, as Wilberforce says, "when these things become realities, which demand belief and affect men's lives;" yet such difficulty it is not only logical, but morally honest to meet, and with however great self-sacrifice.

> "Time was, I shrank from what was right
> From fear of what was wrong;
> I would not brave the sacred fight,
> Because the foe was strong.
>
> "But now I cast that finer sense
> And sorer shame aside;
> Such dread of sin was indolence,
> Such aim at heaven was pride.
>
> "So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
> And calmly do my best;
> Leaving to him, with silent eyes
> Of hope and fear, the rest."

And if you say I have not advanced any reason why one cannot remain in the Episcopal Church and hold Catholic views and fight for truth, I reply, I have not

wished, out of regard for you, to enter into that question. I will only make the plain statement that, from the position of my mind at present, the Episcopal Church appears to me to be but one phase of Protestantism, — perhaps its noblest and best denomination ; still, as a church, a Protestant body. I think this is a fair inference from the conclusions of an opposite kind which I have reached.

Naturally, I have studied the Roman Catholic claims with particular relation to the Anglican claims. I think the Anglican Church (from which the Episcopal Church is descended) broke from the centre of Catholic unity under Henry VIII.; that at his death, as a recent Church of England historian has written, " a complete revolution had been effected in the position of the Church." Instead of the Church in England, it had become in very truth the Church of England; instead, i. e., of an integral part of that great western province of Christendom, to which it owed its first conversion, and with which it had been one ever since — for nearly a thousand years — it had become, for the first time in its history, a separate Christian community " ; that so it lost its continuity with the ancient church ; that, as the same writer continues, " a full consideration of the actual facts . . . serves to show that a theory like that which prevails so widely at present, which represents the English Church in any other light than that of one (though it may perhaps be admitted the greatest and most dignified) of the

Many Protestant Churches

which arose in the sixteenth century, is a novelty " . . . that " the evidence is simply overwhelming which shows that during the whole period from 1552 onward the English Church was considered, by friends and foes alike, to be for all intents and purposes one with the Swiss churches of Zurich and Geneva."

Now, I am not thus saying whether this Protestant separation is right or wrong. But, for myself, I cannot be reconciled to the whole notion of the loss of unity. I cannot settle down to the conclusion of Dean Hook that " we must each cling to our own fragment till the time comes, God's good time," for our being reunited. And finding it is so much more satisfactory, believing it is so much more scriptural, to take the ground that the Church's organic unity never was broken, never can be broken ; to that point I have come, and there I stand.

And, if the Episcopal Church is a Protestant body, I can no longer be so surprised and disturbed as I once was at the liberalism in it. It does not disturb me; for I hope I have in mind gone beyond it, and come to a different region. It does not surprise me; for I can but recognize in it a legitimate manifestation of Protestantism.

On your account, not my own, it still troubles me. You may more and more be affected by it. You must expect its presence, for good or ill, more and more. It is boasted in our day that " dogmatism and Protestantism are inconsistent, and a real union between them is inconceivable; " and in immediate connection it is claimed that " the principle of Protestantism is the foundation of the noblest and fullest life of our times, and against it the attacks have been feeble, and are growing feebler every day."

There is a good deal of Protestant assumption here ; but this much may be admitted to be true, as a recent writer has observed, that " for better or for worse, the Protestant world is committed to inquiry and to liberty." My comfort is that for individuals and for the world God will overrule this " inquiry " for the interest of His truth in all who are seeking it ; that this " liberty " may thus lead to the freedom with which His truth makes free. Our highest liberty here is not in revolt from, but in obedience to, God's authority. That liberty is found in the church of Christ.

And my comfort in regard to you, my people, painful as it is to differ from you, is that God is leading you, if you will only be led by Him. There is but one Church of Christ ; and all who have been baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost belong to that Church, to its soul, if not to its body, and will be saved, according to His promise, if they live up to the light which He gives them. The conscience of each one of you is the measure of that light.

So, in taking the step which I now do, I do not judge you. God forbid! Far from it! " To his own master each one standeth or falleth." As I have told you so many times in the past, and as you may now remember.

Live up to Your Light.

Follow your conscience. It is the voice

of God within you. Confuse not conscience, as so many do, with "the right of thinking, speaking, and acting according to your judgment or humor, without any thought of God at all." Confuse not conscience with "the right of self-will." But, with conscience, as it really is, the light of God shining upon you, the voice of God speaking within you, follow that light, obey that voice, and this revelation of God shall interpret to you all His other revelations, and shall bring you to eternal life.

6. Though I have already spoken to you at such length, I should be heartless if I parted from you without touching upon the relations which have existed between us as pastor and people. Twelve years is long enough to have made those ties very strong, and the sundering of them very grievous. Certainly it is most grievous to me, and I believe it is to you. For you have given me every reason so to think. You have been continuously good to me, kind, lenient, considerate, true. As a people you have trusted me in my administration of the parish; and in matters of worship and of work have been willing to be guided; and have never shown that spirit of criticism and of independence which is so fatal to any parish's welfare. So, for the twelve years we have lived together in harmony and peace; and though a kind of spiritual indifference may have been a fault with which some of you would now charge yourselves, there have been here, from week to week, and from year to year, so many shining examples of faithfulness and devotion, that, as I look back, my whole rectorship is brightened by them.

I cannot think, in this respect, of these many years, without lifting up my heart in thanks to God for all that he has enabled me to do. For it has been through you; and without your earnest and patient and often compassionate coöperation I could have done nothing; and to you, under God, far more than to me, is due the praise for any good work he has given me the privilege of doing.

May I thank you particularly, in this last farewell, for the abundant expressions of esteem, and tender affection, and deep sympathy, which you have almost unanimously given me during these trying days since my letter of resignation was read to you. I hope you will not withdraw them, after my speaking so plainly as I have felt it to be my duty to speak to you to-day. But in this, as in all else that concerns our temporal or eternal welfare, I can only say: God's will be done! He is guiding us and keeping us. If to you his revelation is different from what it is to me, he knows how far we are all responding to His monitions and making His will ours. So let my final words be, with slight adaptation, those of another, who says:

"Time is short; eternity is long." Put not from you what you have heard to-day: regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourselves with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourselves round in the associations of years past; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short. Eternity is long.

In connection with the above, we give the following editorial article from The Pilot:

Dr. Spalding's Position.

We call the attention of The Pilot's readers to the remarkable address, on Page eight of this enlarged issue, in which the Rev. James Field Spalding, D. D., rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., made known last Sunday to his congretion his reasons for leaving the Episcopal Communion, and adhering to the Church of Rome as the one only Catholic Church.

The Catholic Truth Society of Boston cannot do a better work than to promptly disseminate this notable document; both for the sake of the non-Catholics seeking religious certainty, and whose way thither it will brighten and shorten, and for those weak or indifferent Catholics who do not realize the value of the faith which is their peaceful heritage, but which this brave man has won at the point of the sword, so to speak, and by the sacrifice of all his worldly possessions and prospects.

Dr. Spalding came into the Episcopal Church from Congregationalism, under the conviction that he was entering a true

branch of the Church of Christ, with strong safeguards against the spirit of infidelity rampant in the Protestant world to-day, and with authority to condemn assaults on God's revelation.

He leaves it, to quote from his own sorrowful confession, because of "the rationalism, the liberalism, the free-thinking, the unbelief in the Episcopal Church, and in the entire Anglican Communion;" which the teaching power in it has certainly not the power, and apparently not the will, to check.

This is a terrible indictment of Episcopalianism, but who that has followed its history in England and America for the past fifty years can question its justice?

The result of Dr. Spalding's prayerful study has been the revelation of the One Church, which, claiming divine authority, really does exercise it, "and always has, in the defence of the ancient creeds and in the maintenance of the cardinal doctrines of the orthodox faith."

Granting the validity of the claims of the Church of Rome, then, to a reasoning mind, all conflicting claims on the part of other so-called churches are invalid. Then the Episcopal Church can no longer be regarded as in any sense a part of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church; but merely as one — though the greatest and most dignified — of the many Protestant bodies which arose in the sixteenth century. And if Protestant, then there is no cause to wonder at the rationalism and false liberalism in it, for these are but legitimate manifestations of Protestantism.

Dr. Spalding tells us that, in his quest of truth, he was aided by St. Augustine of the early Church, and Cardinal Newman of the Church of to-day — a glorious testimony to the continuity and consistency of the Church in her doctrine and practice, in all ages and epochs since the days of Christ.

But, it may be said, the Catholic Church in America is alert for such men as Dr. Spalding, and has her nets always set for them. Note her trophies from the conflict with Protestantism in its various forms, in the persons of such men as the Rev. Augustine Hewit, of the Paulist Fathers, and Dr. Kent Stone, of the Passionists; Jesuits by the dozen; and among laymen, Dr. Brownson yesterday, and George Parsons Lathrop to-day.

What inducements have been held out to Dr. Spalding? Let him answer: —

"I have not been solicited by any one; no inducements of any sort have been held out to me. There has been no attempt at proselytizing; I have rather been kept back many times; I have received help by way of books or counsel or explanation when I have asked it; but the chief thing, the thing I have been bidden continually to do, to bring myself to a decision in this great matter, has been to pray — pray for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. No; I have not been sought, but I have myself sought; and I have been impressed with the naturalness, candor, fairness, gentleness, large-heartedness, charity of those whom I have met; and there has been sufficient variety, of so many different people, in different places, in different walks of life, of occupations sacred and secular, to enable me to reach an intelligent conclusion, and to believe that the manifestation of such virtues as I have just named has not been, as narrow-minded enemies sometimes say, the working of any craft or policy to gain me, but of sincerity and truth; and as such I bear my witness to it."

The Episcopal Communion, besides having in its formal profession of faith more of Catholic truth than any other Protestant body, has also among its people the highest average of wealth, cultivation and refinement of any religious body in this country.

Many an Episcopalian who might find no intellectual difficulty in recognizing the Catholic Church as the true Church of Christ — who would scorn as manifestations of deficient culture all the calumies against her — is, nevertheless, held back from severing old ties and making allegiance follow conviction, by pure human respect — "the desire of the eyes and the pride of life."

They are repelled by the large representation of the poor and socially unknown

in the Church, and by the horde of unprepossessing sinners who claim the Catholic name.

But none of these things have stayed the progress of the clear-headed, logical, and disinterested searcher of truth, whose quest has had the happy result we have just chronicled; and whose example will infallibly be a staff and a torchlight to hundreds of other searchers.

Dr. Spalding has not yet been received into the Church; he has not — the numerous reports to the contrary notwithstanding — made any arrangements on the material side, for his future. He has simply followed his conscience and left the material issue in God's hands.

Of one thing we may be sure, — and we beg our anti-Catholic friends to note it that they may judge — a "conversion" by its legitimate fruits of purity and charity, — Dr. Spalding will not seek to make a living by maligning the Protestantism he has left.

Irish Industries at the World's Fair.

The Boston Committee and Lady Aberdeen.

THE Boston Committee lately organized to aid Lady Aberdeen in carrying out her noble and patriotic project of an exhibit of Irish industries at the World's Fair has issued the appended circular:—

BOSTON, Nov. 28.

DEAR SIR:—At the request of the Countess of Aberdeen, whose services in behalf of the smaller Irish industries, such as laces, embroidery, handwoven woollen goods, blankets, etc., have been as unremitting as they have been valuable and successful since 1886, the following gentlemen have consented to act as a Boston committee to aid her efforts in assuring a creditable exhibition of Irish goods at the World's Fair at Chicago:—

Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., 6 Allen Street; Hon. Patrick A Collins, Ames Building; Gen. Charles H Taylor, Boston Globe; John H Holmes, Esq., Boston Herald; Hon. William E. Barrett, Boston Advertiser; E. A. Grozier, Esq., Boston Post; Patrick Donahoe, Esq., THE PILOT; Hon. Patrick Maguire, The Republic; John M. Graham, Esq., International Trust Company; A. Shuman, Esq. 440 Washington Street; Hon. Hugh O'Brien, 17 State Street: Henry A. M'Glenen, Esq., Boston Theatre; Henry R. Reed, Esq., 23 Broad Street; James J. Grace, Esq, 134 Tremont Street; Col. P. T. Hanley, 1456 Tremont Street; Thomas B. Fitz, Esq., Brown, Durrell & Co.; Thomas O'Callaghan, Esq., 597 Washington Street; Dr. John G. Blake, 1330 Washington Street; Hon. John J Hayes, 8 Oliver Street; William J. Lally, Esq., 56 Chauncy Street; Thomas Kelley, Esq., 89 Chauncy Street; William Doogue, Esq., East Chester Park; James P. Flynn, Esq., 3 India Street.

The industries proposed to be fostered and exhibited are conducted in the schools and in the homes of the people, where there is no capital for their development, except what may be contributed by the public-spirited and the charitably disposed.

The "Irish Industries Association," of which Lady Aberdeen is president, has wonderfully stimulated these home and cottage industries, not only by furnishing designs, instruction and useful information to the workers, but by assisting them to procure suitable implements and the best materials at the minimum cost, and in finding a market for the finished goods in the centres of population.

The sole object is to educate and employ the idle hands of the Irish poor.

To those who know the industrial history and condition of that people, no commendation of the work of the association is necessary.

Its success has been as great as it has been deserved, and the light of comparative prosperity now shines in Irish households where the gloom of poverty before existed. "What they have done is but earnest of the things that they shall do."

To let the whole world know what has been done from small beginnings, and to demonstrate what can be done with larger resources on a larger scale, the association has arranged for a complete exhibition at the coming World's Fair at Chicago.

It is proposed to sell as well as exhibit these products.

The success of this exhibit will largely depend upon the early and substantial financial encouragement which may be given to it.

The Boston committee realize that such an exhibit is worthy of American as well as of Irish encouragement. To aid the association in its laudable endeavor to extend the field of these industries and increase the nun ber of hands employed, is a large charity insuring great permanent good.

The committee, therefore, appeal with confidence to the generous and public-spirited people of Boston and New England to aid the enterprise, and subscribe to the fund for the Irish exhibit at Chicago.

They request that no one be deterred from sending any subscription, however small. All can show their good-will by sending something.

Contributions may be sent to any member of the committee, and acknowledgment will be made from time to time in the public press by John M. Graham, treasurer, 33 Milk Street, Boston.

The fund will be called "The Irish Industries Exhibit Fund," and when closed the gross amount will be forwarded to Lady Aberdeen, for the purposes of the exhibit at the World's Fair.

A. SHUMAN, Chairman
PATRICK A. COLLINS, Secretary.
JOHN M. GRAHAM, Treasurer

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1892. No. 2.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Amusements of the Middle Ages.

PLATO and Aristotle, — no mean judges of what was the right thing in education, — both taught that the development of the body ought to take precedence of the development of the mind. We find this idea to have been experimentally adopted from the earliest times of civilization down to the middle ages. The Romans like the Greeks, the Persians like the Egyptians, believed in horsemanship, archery, and "speaking the truth," as the finest elements of education a youth could master. Our Catholic ancestors in the middle ages thought so too. It is positively refreshing to read the chronicles of the (earlier) middle ages, wherever they touch upon the healthy ideas of education. No allusion is made to cramming, to competitive examinations, or to the painful issues of a pluck in a public school; but there is constant allusion to the educating of young people "in all manner of good operacyons, vertues, and manners;" and, after their characters had been thus formed, to their practice "in shootinge with the bow and albestre, playing with the sword and buckles, running, justeing, playing with the pod axe, and wrestling." Such extra accomplishments were also enumerated as those being "taught to bear harneys, to run horses, and to approve them." And lest it should be inferred that such studies were mere frivolity, an idle waste of masculine vigor or aspiration, we are constantly told (as for example in the "Knight of the Swan") that the object of such pursuits must be the "desyring to be faythful knightes of God," and to "susteyne and to reveare the fayth of God." The "three Rs" were not considered to be fundamental. So late down even as when the polite Chaucer wrote old English, it was a thing to be specially noted (as in the early romance of "Thornydon") "that a clerk taught the child upon the booke, both to synge and to read"; for books were in less favor than crossbows or harneys, and few who even possessed them could read them. Our modern schoolboy must subsequently envy, says Sir Tristram, a typical knight in the well-known "Death of Arthur," who was not bored all through his school days by syntax or Latin verse, but was taught to play the harp like a gentleman, "to know good measures of blowing blasts of venery, and all the manners of vermain and raskals." Yet let it not be imagined that such sportive accomplishments implied laxity in domestic rule or social straightness. Chivalry, in its palmy days, was the very soul

of an education which set duty before indulgence or dissipation. Chivalry was a sort of cultus of high honor; to the young it meant obedience and severe discipline; to the matured it meant bravery and self-sacrifice; and to both it meant "revearing the fayth of God." And education in chivalry began in childhood. A boy of fourteen might be a page; he might then pass on to some degree of esquire — an esquire of the table or of the chamber, or a carving esquire, one who assisted at hospitalities. Service and robustness were the grand ideas of chivalrous youth; the very romance of the old chivalry being its contempt for personal ease, its love of hardihood, of buffeting, of blows. There was no field for the playful satire of a Cervantes, in the fine old days when Christian chivalry was in its prime. Degeneracy overtook chivalry in its old age; but that is the normal lot of all splendid superlatives.

About the time of Chaucer there was a good deal of sheer vulgarity, through the roughness and even coarseness of the feudal system. Minstrels, mimics, and jugglers soon came to be supplemented by tumblers, strolling players, and rope dancers; shawms, flutes, and pipes marked the time for buffoons; dwarfs and savages diverted the fancy of even the barons; yet, strange to say, it does not appear that the humbler orders took the fashion from the grossness of their superiors. There might be a good deal of plain speaking, of honest phrasing, but, at all events, there was no hypocrisy and but little vice. Lord Tennyson has observed that in the middle ages there might perhaps be a certain freedom of the tongue, but there was very little of the licentiousness of thought. Feudalism meant roughness of word and action. Its pomp was of the showy, battling kind. Chaucer says that show was the grand idea of the proud baron; his kingly household being positively crowded by his retainers, by his treasurers, his privy councillors, his secretaries; by his pursuivants, his stewards, his trumpeters; and how was all this vast crowd to be "amused?" Obviously the character of the amusements would be as noisy, or as mixed, as was the crowd. Yet if refinement was lacking, it must be remembered that the Catholic instinct of what were emphatically the best ages of faith counteracted the corrupting tendency of feudalism. Infinitely superior was this war-making boisterousness, — too manly to be either lazy or vicious, — to the feminine courtliness of the times of the Stuarts, which made high society to regard dress and luxuriousness as the aspiration of culture or superiority.

When Martin Luther was born, men amused themselves with wrestling, with leaping, with running, with darting, and with martial evolutions on horseback; shielded and lanced riders contending in mortal fray — and this, too, down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is even said that Martin Luther "ran at the quintain" when he was a youth; while as to his foolish copyist, Henry VIII. (defender of the faith first, then of heresy) in his earlier days he tilted, hunted, and leaped as well as any youngster of his time. But, alas for the days of chivalry, James I. put down foot-ball, as "meet for lameing the users thereof;" and forbade casting the spear and the bastard sword; amusements which Henry VII. had warmly patronized "for the eschewing of idleness, the ground of all vice." Indeed in the days of the First James the old chivalry was clean gone, and in its place came dull folly and degeneracy; dice, dancing, bear-baiting became the fashion.

"To celebrate the Sunday," says Gaffon, a chronicler, "the English go to a theatre, and then keep a great market of wickedness." "The clergyman posteth over the service, and doth even gallop, for there is a game to be played afterwards;" and then follows the enumeration of "amusements" which were all equally coarse and anti-Christian. Chivalry may have been exaggerated, may have been fantastic; but no one has ever accused it of being impious.

Now let us take three of the principal fashionable amusements; skip the pro-Reformation higher classes greatly loved. First, tournaments were a species of amusement which were essentially military in their character. And the very nature of such conflicts, much more personal than mechanical, compelled the combatants to lead a life of such activity as would enable them to endure immense fatigue. We understand, therefore, why sparring, wrestling, bar-throwing were the normal "subjects" of every gentleman's education, since pastimes had to be made conducive to war-fitness, the very first object of all business or pleasure schooling. And thus we see, too, why archery, like the running at a quintain, which was usually made the chief feature of a tournament, was usually a practice in feats of arms; for the word artillery, — which word means big guns, — meant in the middle ages the long bow, the short bow, the slur bow, the cross bow, and also the batteringram and the catapult. Thus to be an archer was to be a warrior, and thus also to be skilful at the tournament (a word derived from the contending *par tour*) was to be skilful in such riding and such striking as would best tell in purely military engagements. Indeed, both tournaments and archery were soldiers' pastimes, and he who could do either well was a strong man.

Next, take a purely elegant form of amusement, devoid of muscular enterprise or merit. Hawking was for centuries so established an institution that it came into fashion about the year 375, and went out about 1575. No pretty pursuit of vanity has ever held such high place, or held it for so many long ages. Royal state was considered inadequate without royal falcons. Edward III., when he invaded France, took with him besides his army (which one would have imagined to be sufficient for war purposes) thirty equipped falconers with their attendants. Not even heraldry made such demands on etiquette as did the old falconry, for at least eleven centuries; a king hawking with a ger-falcon, an emperor with an eagle hawk, a prince with a falcon-gentle, and an earl with a falcon peregrine. We must give up such a colossal variety in despair; for an observer would hardly compass its full record.

Thirdly, take bards and minstrels, who played a vastly important part not only in amusements but in education. Bards sang of actions; minstrels sang of pleasure,—kings and barons always retaining them, and with honor; in the Norman courts the king's minstrel being a high officer, and in some countries, minstrels often amassing great fortunes; so that we read in Domesday Book of many priories and noble church esbeing founded by the more opulent of the fraternity. And then came their decadence; for in Queen Elizabeth's time so great had become their fall that her Protestant majesty ordered them to be included in the barbarous laws which branded rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. It would need a chapter to speak

exhaustively of the different kinds of so-called minstrels ; of the Norman jougglar or joculator, the Saxon gleeman, the common juggler, and the hanger-on to a band of itinerant cheap singers. Nor could we stop to speak of the professional trickster or conjurer, whose deceptions were so occult that he was sometimes mistaken for a sorcerer, and was even punished for his (at least imputed) black art. Shakespeare speaks contemptuously of the crowds of "nimble jugglers that deceive the age, disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks," who, in Queen Elizabeth's time, swarmed all over the country. Poor bards and minstrels! They had died out only to give place to degenerate heirs, who, in their turn, had to give place to the bull-baiter and the cock-fighter — supreme masters of popular amusements in the Georgian period.

As to purely domestic amusements, the four which are now most popular were also the four which were most popular in the middle ages : billiards, chess, cards, and graceful dancing. Billiards were, originally, a transference of a ground game with balls to a table with a green baize which was more convenient. Chess is supposed to have been invented by a grave philosopher in the reign of Evil Merodach, king of Babylon, to "convert the king's morals by the nobility of its design." Cards were, perhaps, invented to soothe the spirit of Charles VI., a more or less mad king of France. While as to dancing, the example set by King David when before the Ark, was followed by Richard the Second, King of England, "who, with his bishops, nobles, and gentlemen, in Westminster hall, danced a grave and majestic dance to the music of minstrels." Space forbids that we enlarge further on these subjects.

And, lastly, since we have been thinking chiefly of such amusements as either sprang out of or tempered the spirit of the middle ages, it is but natural that we dwell for a moment on those specially "religious" amusements which were of exclusively Catholic origin or proclivity. Now let us throw our minds back, say five hundred years, to the period when a holiday meant a holyday. Be it remembered that, in the middle ages, a holyday of obligation was essentially festive in its observance and in its spirit. That dry, acrid Puritanism, which, in the hated Cromwellian period, made religion like the wearing deep mourning for dead virtues, would have been thought to indicate, in the middle ages, not Christian piety, but a total absence of the conscious innocence of Christian joy. Chroniclers tell us how, on many of the Church's holidays, the whole population made merry ; bishops, priests, and the leaders of the people all joining in a rejoicing, which, because it was perfectly innocent, was therefore brilliant. "Bonfires great, with lofty flame, in every town do burn," says a chronicler, when speaking of the Feast of St. John the Baptist; and the same jubilancy was a characteristic of almost all the anniversaries of, say, the consecration days of parochial churches, or even the enthronement of a revered bishop in his See. England (though this is not true of Catholic countries) has totally lost this manly spirit of Catholic liberty. Manly it was, for it knew no fear of doing wrong, but had the courage of the grand enthusiasm of the Catholic faith. We may still see the outward features of such observances in many an unspoiled town of Catholic Italy, in parts of France, Spain, Portugal, or even Belgium. Where the modern "philosophy" has not penetrated, there

is still joy; where dull Protestantism has not vulgarized the public tone, there is still refinement, and even a sweet touch of the old gaiety. Liberty, manliness, and faith were the inheritance of the Catholic middle ages; nor are their few heirs in this nineteenth century likely to die out.

On the whole, perhaps, we may say of the amusements of the middle ages that robustness, idealism, and purity were among their more distinguishing characteristics; that though feudalism marred the harmony of such graces it did not eclipse but only dulled their outer aspects; that Catholic chivalry, where it had full swing (witness the good deeds of the Templars, the Knights of St. John, the Teutonic orders, who largely devoted themselves to the redemption of Christian captives, or to the emancipation of those Catholics who had become enslaved) equally refined and rendered masculine Catholic youth; so that even in the fantastic romance of their roughest sports, the brave contending friends, — say for example "the Knights of the Round Table," — showed always the best taste and the best feeling, and what certainly deserved to be called the high breeding of gentlemen. Decadence, degeneracy, were matters of course; yet no one, comparing the two periods of say the twelfth and the seventeenth centuries, could prefer the coarseness or even the luxuriousness of the latter period to the comparative innocence or the robustness of the former.

A. F. MARSHALL.

The Anti-Christian Movement in China.

THE Paris correspondent to the Times sends an interesting account of the attitude of the Chinese to Christianity, which was communicated by a M. Louret, a missionary in Cochin China, to a religious paper. He says: "There is no reason to deceive ourselves. China obstinately rejects Christainity. The proud, educated classes feel greater hate than ever. Every year incendiary placards summon the people to exterminate the 'foreign devils,' and the day is perhaps not far distant when this fine Church of China, which has cost so much labor, will disappear entirely in the blood of its apostles and its children. Whence comes this obstinate rejection of Christianity? It certainly is not religious fanaticism, for no nation carries scepticism and indifference so far as the Chinese. Whether one is a Confucian or a disciple of Lao Tze, a Mussulman or a Buddhist, is all one to the Chinese Government. Only against the Christian religion is it trying to defend itself. This is because behind the apostles of Christ it sees Europe coming, its ideas, its civilization, which it does not want at any price, being satisfied, rightly or wrongly, with the civilization of its ancestors. The question is thus rather political than religious, or rather, it is almost exclusively political. Whenever intelligent China shall be persuaded that it is possible to be at once a Chinaman and a Christian, whenever, especially, it sees at the head of the Church in China a native clergy, Christianity will be naturalized in this great empire of four hundred millions, whose conversion would bring with it that of the whole far East. I cannot but regret, for my part, the intervention of European governments." It is still uncertain whether the Belgian priest in charge of the mission at Kinchow was among the Christians massacred by the rebels, but he is still missing.

Apostolate of the Press.

A CONVENTION TO CONSIDER THE SPREAD OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINES.

Two hundred men and women met January 6, in Columbus Hall in West Sixtieth street, near Ninth avenue, adjoining the Paulist Fathers' church, New York, at the convention of the Apostolate of the Press, the object of which is to spread Catholic truth through the medium of the press. The Rev. Walter Elliot of the Paulist Fathers inaugurated the movement. He sent invitations to Catholic priests and laymen throughout the United States and Canada. Several states were represented at the convention, and Canada sent a delegation.

The exercises opened with High Mass in the church in the morning. The Rev. J. J. Kean of St. James' Church was the celebrant, and he was assisted by Fathers Cullen and Otis of the Paulists as deacon and subdeacon. Archbishop Corrigan, who wrote a letter approving Father Elliot's enterprise, occupied a seat in the sanctuary. He was attended by Paulist Fathers Deshory and Hedges. The Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, delivered the sermon. He told the delegates that they ought to try to make the press effective in the service of truth.

After the Mass, Father Elliot opened the convention. Among those in the hall, which was decorated with flags and bunting, were Patrick Donahoe and Katharine E. Conway, of the Boston Pilot; Mary Elizabeth Blake, Louise Guiney, and Henrietta and Charlotte Dana of Boston. Prof. T. F. Galway, of Manhattan College; Judge McGloin, of New Orleans; William Markoe, of St. Paul; George Parsons Lathrop, of New London; John McCarthy, of Syracuse; and Prof. W. C. Robinson, of Yale College. Daniel A. Rudd, editor of the Cincinnati Catholic Tribune, and Charles Butler, of Washington, represented the colored Catholics of the United States.

Mr. Butler appeared as the representative of the colored Catholic Congress in session in Philadelphia, and said that the colored Catholic missions of the south ought to be encouraged. He maintained that one of the most effective ways toward making the colored people of the United States Catholics, was to convert the educated men of the race. Daniel A. Boone, of Baltimore, brought a letter from Cardinal Gibbons, in which the Cardinal said that the press should uphold civil and religious truth at all times.

Prof. Robinson, of Yale, read a paper on "The Attitude of the Educated Protestant Mind toward Catholic Truth." He said that all his relatives were non-Catholics, and that since he became a Catholic, thirty years ago, he had associated with conspicuous Protestants in all walks of life, and that he found they knew comparatively nothing of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. What Protestants needed was knowledge, not argument. "Numerous instances," he said, "lie along the path of every intelligent Catholic who comes into contact with the earnest, conscientious multitude around us, and forces upon his mind the conviction, that their great need is light and knowledge, and that the duty of the Catholic Church toward them in their present condition, is to place before them a correct and complete statement of her doctrine in language so simple and intelligible that they cannot fail to understand. The day is past when attacks on so-called

'Protestant errors' can serve any useful purpose. Any statement of Catholic truth to be really serviceable to the people I describe, must be not only correct, but complete. A difficulty encountered in communicating to Protestants a knowledge of Catholic truth arises from their unfamiliarity with Catholic terminology, and from the equal want of knowledge of Protestant modes of speech on the part of Catholic writers. Catholic teachers and writers must use words in the Protestant sense, and must learn to announce Catholic truth in terms which convey the exact conception of such truths to Protestant minds, or all efforts in the direction of their enlightenment will be in vain."

David Healy, of New York, said that an effort should be made to get the masses interested in the work of the Apostolate of the Press, and J. Meehan, of New York advocated the establishment of a Catholic daily paper in New York. He said that wealthy Catholics ought to contribute the capital, and that the Catholic parishes ought to be taxed to support the paper. John McCarthy, of Syracuse, expressed the belief that America would be Catholic in the twentieth century.

J. A. J. McKenna, of Ottawa, in a paper on "The Outlook in Canada," said that it was necessary to overcome the indifference of the people there. He remarked that he came to the Convention "to learn how to use the printed page as an antidote to the influence of the saloons, which in Canada, as in the United States, are largely manned by Catholics, and are the greatest stumbling block to our people.

Miss Elizabeth Carey, of Cambridge, for some years a member of the Massachusetts Prison Commission, read a paper in the evening on the work of disseminating Catholic literature in prisons and reformatories.

Ex-Assistant District Attorney Goff, commenting on Miss Carey's paper, remarked that if religious works transformed prisoners they would have been more effective had they been introduced among criminals before they had broken the laws.

The convention of the Apostolate of the Press continued its sessions on the seventh. At the opening of the morning session, George Parsons Lathrop, who, with his wife, a sister of Julian Hawthorne, was converted, about one year ago to Catholicism, told the story of how he and Mrs. Lathrop became Catholics. He was followed by Father McMahon, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who warmly advocated the use of the word Catholic on all the publications of Catholic societies. He said Protestants stole Catholic literature and eliminated from such publications all evidences of Catholic origin. One cited instance is the novel "Marie," by George Isaacs, translated by a Protestant clergyman, and published by Harper Brothers. Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the Boston Pilot, read a paper entitled "Mending Old Roads and Making New Ones." The article suggested that the clergy and laity should contribute to the independent Protestant and secular press.

In the afternoon Mr. Lathrop read a paper on "The Missionary Outlook in New England." He said that since he had become a Catholic, many of his Protestant friends had written to him asking his prayers for dead friends, a request they would never have made of their own church or of him before his conversion. "Others," he said, "among whom was one eminent man, had said: 'You have turned your back on your own countrymen,' and he had answered. 'No, sir; I am now the best kind of American.'"

Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Something About a New Life of the Seventh President of the United States.

Another life of the hero of New Orleans and the seventh president of the United States, has appeared under the name of Oliver Dyer, the author of "Great Senators."

Like his biographical predecessors of Jackson, he is in love with the hero; but is as cold as the end of Cape Cod in January about the little Island that, at all times, in obscurity or glory, called him her own of the first or second generation.

There have been so many biographies of General Jackson, written with natal Homeric obscurity, that we beg to look, now, after almost half a century since he died, at the contradictions, the vaticinations, guesses and blunders of many of the bigots who dared to wound his name by their adulatory verbiage, and to air their natural inclination and normal dulness at his expense. The latest biographer is full of the trash of many of his predecessors, — of Scotch-Irish.

Scotch-Irish! What a compound of thin air and mist. Scotland, to the learned, is a colony of Ireland, so saith the late governor-general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne; to the dunces of North America, a wonderful country where chastity is the rule among women, and temperance lectures and aversion to whiskey, the passion of men! The statistics of the United Kingdom, etc., will give the figures in detail. (?)

But "Scotch-Irish" has broken out in the United States. Men, whose ancestry was Norman, like Parson Hall, Robert Bonner of Ledger fame, and James Tanner of Pension Bureau notoriety, are officers of the Scotch-Irish Society.

We dare any one of them to give us a Gaelic or Milesian definition of their association, or even the facts of the Ulster plantation of the seventeenth century. Indeed, one of the so-called biographers of President Jackson tells us that his forefathers were very remotely emigrants from Scotland, never Scotch-Irish, and were granted an estate by James I. in County Antrim. Fudge!

In the middle of the eighteenth century we find Andrew Jackson, senior, before he married Betty Hutchinson, a common linen weaver in the town of Carrickfergus, eking out a precarious living through working hard at his loom.

Where was the estate his forefathers received from King James, if he was a direct descendant of one of the Protestants from Scotland, "from where Protestantism came to the North of Ireland," as Reed says in his life of the General?

Episcopalians will smile when informed that not until the first or third decade of the seventeenth century, when the Ulster plantation business began, was Protestantism known in the North of Ireland.

The ignorance of the invitation to a number of Scottish landlords and squireens to the confiscated estates of several Irish families, upon payment of so much money, has given rise to this Scotch-Irish humbug, that one

would suppose half of Scotland had sailed across the Irish Sea to seize all Ulster, in 1735; whereas, not over two hundred lairds and other favored people took advantage of the King's liberal terms to buy Irish land; and these, according to Lord Lorne, were the descendants of Irish emigrants who brought to Scotland religion, learning, manners and morals, when she had none.

So much for Scotch-Irish!

The hatred towards Andrew Jackson, from his young manhood to his second term of the presidency, was not confined to the New England States, which actually abhorred him, but was rampant in many of the South, on account of his "Irishry," supposed Irish birth, and deadly hostility to everything English. It was this matter of nativity which caused a bitter enmity towards him, notwithstanding that his father and mother sickened and died of the hardships encountered for the cause of America; and his two brothers, who knew and well remembered Carrickfergus, Robert and Hugh, who died from wounds received in the patriotic struggle, and his long and bloody warfare against the Indians, and great victory over the English at New Orleans.

There have been as many conjectures about General Jackson's birthplace as of Homer's. The old man of Scio begged his bread through seven cities of Greece, each one of which claimed him when dead. Carrickfergus, Ireland, claims he, — Andrew Jackson, — was from there; but the well-informed American says that is not so, because he couldn't be president of the United States if born in the Old Country.

The average American boy and girl are brought up in this belief, and told by male and female dunces that the constitution of the United States say so. It says *no such thing*. The writer has read the constitution of the United States more than once, and it is now beside him. This is what it says:

ARTICLE II, SECTION I. "No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of president." . . .

When was the constitution adopted? On the seventeenth day of September, 1787, twelve years after the independence of the United States, and six years and one month subsequent to Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, which virtually ended the war; but it was not ratified by all the states until the years 1789–1790. The former, North Carolina; the latter, Rhode Island.

Andrew Jackson was twenty-three years and two months old when Rhode Island ratified the constitution, and was twenty years six months and two days old when the convention adopted the constitution. He was a citizen, therefore, no matter whether he was born in Carrickfergus or South Carolina, and, being a citizen at the time of the adoption of the constitution, was eligible to become president as was Hamilton, Moylan, Barry, Brown, and many others who were born on the other side of the Atlantic.

A friend suggests the interrogatory:

Q. Was Lafayette, if he had decided to live in this country, eligible for the presidency? *A.* He was.

Disposing of this, let us return to what the historians say on the subject

of Jackson's early life, — his birth. The uncertainty, sixty years ago, was greater than it is to-day, of where he was born ; but, as remarked, it don't make a particle of difference as far as the question of eligibility to the presidency is concerned.

Major John Reed, U. S. A., wrote a life which was completed in 1817, by John Henry Eaton, published by M. Carey & Son, Philadelphia. He says, "Andrew Jackson was born on the fifteenth day of March, 1767. His father died some time after his birth, leaving also two sons, Hugh and Robert."

John S. Jenkins, an excellent writer, 1848, in his Generals of the Last War with Great Britain, says also March 15, 1767, and that "his father died after his birth, at the end of the war." This was in October, 1781, which would leave him, Andrew, in his fifteenth year.

Headley says at Waxhaw Settlement, March 15, 1767. Parents arrived at Charleston in 1765. Father lived but short time after birth of Andrew.

Parton has written the bulkiest life of the General. He calls the place Waxhaw ; but since the light of fame gilded the gallant man's name, no man, woman, or child, in or out of South or North Carolina or Tennessee, surveyor or engineer, has ever been able to locate the place. Strange !

Any place but Carrickfergus, Ireland ! Indeed, we have heard of his being born at sea and in Tennessee, many years ago.

Parton is very minute, but very incorrect. He says that Mrs. Jackson was *enciente* when her husband died, and on her return from the funeral had to seek the hospitality of a friend's house, a Mrs. McCarmey, where her child, Andrew, was born, and where she remained some weeks before she repaired to a kinswoman's house, a Mrs. Crawford.

This incident is taken advantage of by Mr. Dyer, and he says : "His father (Andrew's) died before he was born, and left his mother so destitute that she had to seek a refuge in a friend's house in order to bear her child in shelter."

As her husband had been two years in clearing the land, and had built a house before he died, this statement is very apocryphal ; but the accident may have happened, as stated by Parton, — but when, before or after her husband's death ?

The Encyclopedia Brittanica is very brief with the life of the General. It is very frigid when referring to his services as a soldier, and joins in the chorus of March 15, 1767, at Warsaw or Waxhaw, but doubts, like others, of the existence of any such place.

Last, but not least, we turn to Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography of 1887, and find the same day, March 15, 1767, but his father died a few days before he, Andrew Jackson, was born, so the sum total of the condensed wisdom is, Reed, Jenkins, and Headley say, his (Jackson's) father died after his birth ; while on the other hand we have Parton, Dyer, and Appleton asserting that he, Jackson, *père*, died before the birth of his illustrious son, who inflicted the severest loss upon a British army in North America, losing only fifty-three whilst the English loss was two thousand and fifty-three, and forever proclaiming the invincibility of American arms under the soul of armies, the mind and courage of a great commander.

The student of history, of an impartial turn of mind, will naturally look upon those contradictions with suspicion. The death of the head of a family is invariably a long-remembered event. Indeed, children are born, sicken and die, and their birthdays are forgotten ; but no family ever forgets when the father and husband died. It is, therefore, singularly remarkable in the life, and from an impartial stand-point, of Andrew Jackson, that no one can accurately tell whether his father was dead or alive when he, Andrew, was born.

We are told, with an air of official accuracy, that his parents arrived about 1765 from Carrickfergus, Ireland. How do the historians know? There were no passenger lists kept in those days. The name of the ship is not mentioned by any one of them. A poor Irish linen weaver, wife and children, and a few bundles, were not an object of great chronological importance in the eighteenth century in the insignificant port of Charleston, South Carolina.

The impossibility of locating the settlement of Waxhaw, forty-eight years after the alleged birth of General Jackson took place, which was the year 1815, when his fame began to extend throughout the world, is rather strange; and the demise of his father stranger still; but the *coup de grace*, to all doubts, was in the hot presidential campaign of 1828, when he was so fearfully abused by the opposition that his wife and mother were not spared ; he was called everything that the Irish have been called, and was pictured as a vulgar, uneducated Irish boor from the backwoods. They even went to Carrickfergus and sought the baptismal register in the Presbyterian Church. When the searchers came to the fourth decade of the eighteenth century some leaves were found missing, and no proof was found of Andrew Jackson's baptism in Ireland, nor has any parish register in North America ever produced any data of his baptism.

The above statement I heard many years ago; and a further one from an old butler, who knew the Jacksons when a boy, that they had three boys when they left Ireland, the youngest being *Andy*, almost two years old.

From all the evidence it is clear that no one has satisfactorily proven where he was born. Hence he, as in all such cases, must give the doubt to the land of his parents ; but, as before stated, it matters very little at this late day where he first saw the light. He was a gallant American soldier, loyal citizen, and incorruptible public servant.

Mr. Dyer's narrative is interesting in many points, and will be eagerly read by the young admirers of the great soldier and greater President. In his youth he seems to have been tall for his years, rather loose jointed, and not robust. He had sandy hair and piercing, blue eyes ; he was frank and open in his manners, looked people squarely in the face, and had an air of dauntless resolution. He was fond of all athletic games, especially running, jumping, and wrestling. As a wrestler, he depended on his grit more than on his strength ; no matter how often he was thrown by more muscular boys, he would always demand one more trial. To this suggestive trait one of his old school fellows bore witness : "I could throw him three times out of four, but he would never *stay throwed.* He was dead game even then, and never *would* give up." The child, indeed, is father of the man. Throughout his long and agitated life, Jackson never would *stay throwed.* His courage

and his fortitude were at all times so unconquerable as to seem superhuman. William Cobbett called him, in 1834, "the greatest and bravest man now living in this world, or who ever lived in it, as far as my knowledge extends."

Jackson's detestation of England was bred in the bone. His Irish parents had brought with them to this country rankling memories of the wrongs suffered from the English Government. But this was not the chief source of his implacable enmity. He was thirteen years old when the defeat of Gates at Camden, by Cornwallis, kindled a savage civil war throughout the Carolinas. A camp of Whig militia was formed near Jackson's home, but the Tory Colonel, Tarleton, surprised it and left over a hundred of the patriots dead. After Tarleton's departure the frightened inhabitants returned to their homes. On the fiery-hearted boy of thirteen, the sight of the ravage and destruction made an indelible impression. Young as he was, he slung a gun across his shoulders, and as a partisan trooper took part in Sumter's successful attack on the British at * *Hanging Rock*. Subsequently he was taken prisoner by a party of Tories and ordered by the commanding officer to clean his muddy cavalry boots. "Sir," said the boy, "I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be honorably treated as such." The officer, in a rage, drew his sword and aimed a furious stroke at the child's head. Andrew threw up his left hand, thereby probably saving his life, but he received a deep cut on his hand, and another on his head. Both wounds were severe, and he carried the marks of them all his days. The unspeakably revolting conduct of British officers, which Jackson witnessed, convinced him that of all brutes the British brute is the most brutal. Long years afterward, when he was President of the United States, in recounting the outrage perpetrated on him by the English officer, whose boots he had refused to clean, he would sometimes seize the finger of a sympathizing listener and lay it in the deep wound made by his assailant's sword.

When Jackson was fifteen years old he lost his mother. She died in Charleston of the ship fever, which she had caught while bearing succor to the patriots perishing of hunger in the English prison ships. To his life's end her son regarded her with unparalleled veneration. During his candidacy for the presidency in 1828, the flood-gates of vituperation and slander were opened not only upon himself but upon his wife, and even his mother was assailed with vindictive calumny. On one occasion, during the campaign, his wife found him weeping. In response to her look of surprise and sympathy he pointed to a paragraph reflecting on his mother and said: "Myself I can defend; you I can defend; but now they have assailed even the memory of my mother." He loved to speak of his mother's firmness, of her good sense, of her capacity, and her compassionate heart. He loved to quote her maxims concerning the conduct of life, especially one: "Never to injure another, nor to accept from another an injury unredressed." Often in the heat of argument, when he was at the height of his renown, he would quote some homely saying with the remark, "that I learned from my good mother."

In truth, that humble, pious mother had imparted to her son what was of far more value than the learning of the schools. To her influence was

* Error. Fought August 6, 1780, Camden (Sander's Creek) August 16, 1780. Hence Jackson is blundered again. R. F. F.

due his chivalrous conception of the sex, and the singular modesty and delicacy of his relations to women. By many persons lapses from chastity are looked upon as venial in a man, provided his integrity be spotless. There is ample and convincing evidence that Jackson was immaculate in both particulars. The purity as well as the probity of his character was acknowledged even by his enemies. In the course of the reception given to President Jackson at Cambridge, after Harvard College had made him a Doctor of Laws, some little girls came up to salute him. He took the hands of these little maidens, lifted them up, and kissed them. It was a pleasant sight, and one of those who witnessed it, Josiah Quincy, a political opponent, but not blind to Jackson's virtues, thus wrote of it: "This rough soldier, exposed all his life to those temptations which have conquered public men whom we still call good, could kiss little children with lips as pure as their own."

His wife was handsome, amiable, vivacious; she idolized her husband, and to the end of her days he remained her devoted lover. By the side of his mother she was enthroned in the inmost sanctuary of his heart. He invariably treated her with the respect, the delicacy, the tenderness, the courtesy, and the adoring affection which too often fail to outlive the honeymoon. In his imagination he glorified his beloved until, in the words of Carlyle, "To him she was, indeed, a morning star. Her presence brought with it airs from heaven."

Mrs. Jackson died suddenly of heart disease in December, 1828, on the evening before the day appointed for a great banquet at Nashville in honor of her husband's first election to the presidency. Upon him the blow fell with crushing weight. For a long time the bereaved husband clasped his wife wildly in his arms refusing to believe that she was dead. All through the hours of the night he sat by her side trying to feel her pulse, and placing his hand over her heart, still hoping that she might revive. At the funeral he had to be supported to the grave, and he indeed needed the help of friends at every step. At the sight of the pitiful spectacle the vast concourse which had assembled from all the country round manifested uncontrollable emotion. In a night the General seemed to have grown aged and helpless, and when some old friends seized his hand and uttered words of sympathy, he could make no audible response. In a few days he rallied somewhat, but those who knew him best remarked that he was never the same man again.

We need not recapitulate the blunders and disasters of the war of 1812, far as our land forces were concerned on the Northern frontier. In the South, wherever Jackson commanded, the results were very different. It was in the long marches, incident to his campaign, that he acquired the nickname of "Old Hickory." One of his officers informed Mr. Parton that this *sobriquet* was bestowed on Jackson because of the impression of toughness which the General's pedestrian alertness made upon the men. From "tough" he became as "tough as hickory," and long before his soldiers reached home he was familiarly called by the appellation "Old Hickory," which he retains to the present hour. In the course of the Creek war, excited by English emissaries, General Jackson had to undergo a desperate fight against famine, yet he succeeded in keeping enough of his soldiers together to crush the Indians, and by way of recognition of his services he

was made a major-general in the regular army, and assigned to the command of the whole Southern division, which involved resistance to the proceedings of the English at Pensacola and Mobile, and to their threatened attack upon New Orleans. Jackson reinforced Fort Bowyer on Mobile bay, and thus enabled the garrison to repulse the British fleet. Then hastening to Pensacola, he routed out the English, brought the Spanish governor to terms, and made him a steadfast friend. Next, learning that a British force had been landed at Appalachicola and were fortifying their position, he sent a body of troops thither, and after some hard fighting, forced the enemy to abandon the peninsula. Having thus subdued the Creeks, rescued Mobile, and quieted Florida, Jackson was now able to devote all his energies to the defence of New Orleans. After a toilsome ride of seventeen days, General Jackson, with his staff of travel-stained officers, was within an hour's distance of the city. There never was a more striking illustration of "The hero conquers by his presence; his arrival changes the face of affairs,"* than was presented by the result of Jackson's arrival at New Orleans. It happened, by the way, that no sooner had Jackson entered his headquarters in the town, than he appointed a new aide-de-camp, Edward Livingston, afterward secretary of state, and destined to be the author of the Louisiana Code. After a review of the city's militia, such as they were, the new aide-de-camp invited the General to dinner. Mrs. Livingston had asked a few ladies to dine with her that day, and we are told that she received the announcement of the honor intended her with some dismay, for she knew nothing of Jackson except that he was a great fighter of the Indians. "What shall we do with this wild General from Tennessee?" whispered the ladies to one another, as they sat awaiting his entrance. But when he came in, perfectly composed, an erect, bronzed figure, in uniform of coarse, blue cloth and yellow buckskin, his high boots flapping loosely, he seemed to the ladies the very ideal of the veteran warrior. He gave them one of those magnficient bows for which he was afterward noted, and behaved with a mingled grace and dignity that astonished the ladies as much as it delighted them. What surprised them most was "the society tone" of his conversation. He begged the ladies, as he rose to take his leave, not to give themselves the least concern about the safety of the city. "I am confident," said he, "of being able to defend it." When he was finally out of hearing, and the ladies found themselves alone, they gathered around the hostess, saying:

"Is this your backwoodsman? Why, madam, he is a prince."

A malignant and powerful movement was on foot in the Eastern States to dissolve the Union and form a New England Confederacy; that in the belief that the English must inevitably capture New Orleans, the New England commissioners were on their way to Washington to impose terms on a discredited and helpless government. Timothy Pickering in New England, and Lord Castlereagh in Great Britain bear concurrent witness to the incalculable consequences involved in the outcome of the struggle at New Orleans, so far as human prescience could forecast it. Let us note the disproportion of the forces arrayed on the aggressive side. The war against Napoleon was over — the Hundred Days were not as yet foreseen — and

* Emerson.

the British Government had despatched against New Orleans the most formidable naval and military armament which it had ever sent across the Atlantic. The fleet comprised forty-eight armed vessels, many of them being of the most redoubtable character. Some of the ships carried eighty guns, others seventy-four, others, again, fifty, forty, and thirty-eight guns. In addition to these men-of-war there were bomb vessels and transports in great numbers. The fleet was commanded by Adm. A. K. Cochran, one of the most efficient officers in the English navy.

Among his captains was Sir Thomas Hardy, "Nelson's Hardy," who commanded Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, and to whom the dying but victorious hero said: "Kiss me, Hardy; I am content." On board the vessels were ten thousand soldiers and about the same number of sailors and marines. Among the troops were some of the most renowned regiments in the English army, regiments that had driven the legions of Napoleon across the Spanish peninsula and beyond the Pyrenees. These were commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, the brother-in-law of Wellington, and he was assisted by some of the most experienced and successful generals that had served in Spain. As Mr. Dyer says, "it is possible that the magnitude of this expedition has never yet been realized by the American people. Not a man in it had the slightest doubt of its triumph, and the British Government shared their confidence. Favorites of the ministers had been appointed in advance to fill the civil offices in Louisiana. The British collector of the port of New Orleans and his five handsome daughters were on board one of the vessels; the collector, as a writer of the day observed, hungry for the honors and spoils of office, and the daughters eager for Creole husbands."

What were the resources with which Jackson undertook to face the greatest armament which England had ever sent across the ocean? On December 14, 1814, he had at his disposal twenty-five hundred miscellaneous and inexperienced troops in the city, and four thousand more within ten days' march. He had six gun-boats on Lake Borgne, which were presently taken by the enemy, and two armed but unmanned vessels anchored in the Mississippi river. There was also a small garrison of regular troops at Fort St. Philip, at the well-known bend of the Mississippi, and another small body at a fortified post between the two lakes. A weak force, indeed, but every member of it seemed to feel the grip of Jackson's hand upon his shoulder. The effect of his personal influence was electric and universal; public confidence rose to the highest pitch; Jackson was believed to be absolutely invincible, and this unquestioning faith was equal to a reinforcement of many thousand men. Verily, "the hero conquers by his presence; his arrival changes the face of affairs."*

The British officer, who, under the signature of "The Subaltern," penned a graphic account of the expedition against New Orleans, and who lived to be ninety-one years of age, wrote, in 1885, to Gen. J. G. Wilson, of New York about Jackson's New Orleans campaign in the following words: "When I look back upon the means which General Jackson adopted to cover New Orleans, and remember the material of which his army was composed, I cannot but regard his management of that campaign as one of the most masterly of which history makes mention. His night attack on

*Ibid Supra.

our advanced guard was as bold a stroke as ever was struck. It really paralyzed all our future operations, for, though unsuccessful, it taught us to hold our enemy in respect, and in all future movements to act with an excess of caution. The use also which he made of the river was admirable. Indeed, I am inclined to think that to him the generals who came after him were indebted for the perception of the great advantages to which the command of rivers may be turned. And do not let us forget that he had little else to oppose to Wellington's veterans, fresh from their triumphs in Spain and the south of France, except raw levies. Altogether, I think of Jackson as, next to Washington, the greatest general America has produced." He lived and died an honest man, and no Wall-street speculator could use his name to benefit either, pecuniarily, hence, he carried out his Irish mother's injunction: "Never to injure another," etc. R. F. FARRELL.

New York, January 8, 1892.

Footprints of Jesus.

IN the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, Rome, carefully preserved under a plate glass, bell-shaped dome, three and a half feet high and four feet in diameter across the bottom, may be seen the last footprints made by Jesus on this earth; those made by Him the night He appeared to Peter when the latter was leaving Rome in hot haste on account of Nero's persecutions of the Christians. A. C. Hare in his Walks in Rome, says (p. 267): "The footprints kept enshrined in the Church of Domine Quo Vadis are only copies of those said to have been left here by our Saviour, the originals having been removed to St. Sebastian."

St. Ambrose is the author of the story concerning the circumstances under which the celebrated footprints were made; a story quite interesting, whether fact or fiction. I quote from Mrs. Jameson: "After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard-of deaths. The Christian converts besought Peter not to expose his life, and he started to leave the city. As he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour travelling toward the city. Struck with amazement, Peter exclaimed: 'Lord, whither goest Thou?' (*Domine quo Vadis?*) to which Jesus looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied: 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time,' and immediately vanished."

Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to all manner of suffering for the sake of his religion, retraced his steps to the city. He told the story of meeting with Jesus at the divide in the roads. Some of the faithful repaired to the spot, cut out of the damp clay the holy footprints and preserved them as above stated.

IT is a masterly stroke to triumph over our own bodies, that we may parry all blows in the other combats of this life. In my opinion, this advantage is so great that all who have acquired it will make little account of the labors they must endure in this first war, and it must moreover cause them to everywhere enjoy great peace. — *St. Teresa.*

Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher.

With regard to the life and character of Thomas Francis Meagher, there is an aphorism of the great Roman historian, which is as noble in itself as its application to Meagher is appropriate. Tacitus said that "whilst other nations went to battle, the Batavians went to war." And surely the whole career of the hero of our tale was a glorious warfare.

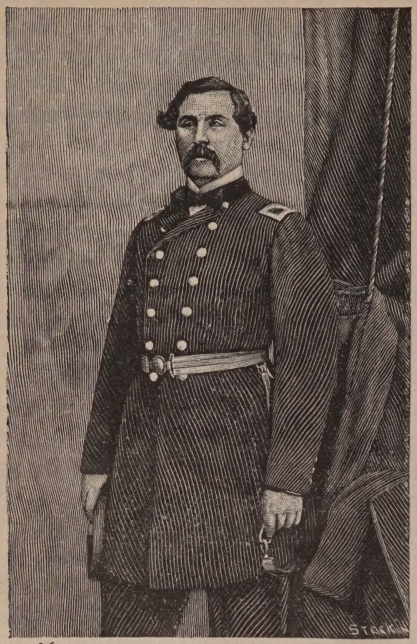
By a most interesting and notable coincidence, Thomas Francis Meagher first saw the light of day the very year in which that grand man, Daniel O'Connell, became the recognized leader of the Irish Emancipation Party, the year 1823. He had, from the first, the advantage of an education under the fostering care of his own Church, both in Ireland and in England. Subsequently to his academic course, he pursued the study of law, at Dublin; and here, though as yet a student, he became the leader of the "Young Ireland Party." Those who reflect upon the stern sanctions that for centuries have attended liberal ideas in Ireland, and attend them to-day, will see already the stuff of which Meagher was built. Yet a little while, and, in 1846, he assisted in the organization of the "Irish Confederation." From henceforth his career became as auspicious as it was stern and sober. This year and the following three years were years in which his beautiful Ireland lay under the shadow of a mighty sorrow. For two years famine stalked with grim and ghastly tread athwart the land. But neither pestilence nor famine, nor the shadow of death dismayed his constant soul. And now the news came across the waters from sunny France, that glorious land of Celtic enthusiasm and aspiration, like his own, of the overthrow of Louis Phillippe and the establishment of the Republic.

Already had the inspiration of the struggle been caught at home, and he, with such men as William Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell, men like himself, rarely gifted and of consuming patriotism, and, like himself, destined to have glorious but checkered careers, had openly advocated "revolutionary" ideas. Their careers, as we shall see, were curiously linked together. They all three came under the shadow of the gallows, and it was then that Smith O'Brien wrote these immortal lines:

> "Whether upon the scaffold high
> Or in the battle's van,
> The noblest death that man can die
> Is when he dies for man."

In '48 Meagher was the head of a delegation, of which O'Brien was a member, which was sent to France to announce that the heroism of the Republic "taught enslaved nations that emancipation ever awaits those who dare to achieve it by their own intrepidity."

And now the day of false but fatal reckoning had come. Upon their return, both Meagher and O'Brien were arraigned for sedition and sentenced to death. The sentence was subsequently commuted into transportation to Australia. Mitchell was also expatriated thither, for the promulgation of seditious doctrines in his newspaper. Surely, he should need have a prophetic soul, as well as poetic vision, who could see future civil and literary distinction awaiting these lonely exiles, at the ends of the earth. It would, indeed, be a dramatic narrative, to record such heroic natures holding high converse in that lonely land. Meagher and O'Brien



escaped and came to America. Mitchell was next comprehended in a general amnesty, and he, too, came. We regret that we can no further run the remarkable parallel in the lives of these gifted and distinguished men; but our space admonishes us to follow rapidly in the footsteps of him who, dying in the home of his adoption at the age of forty-four, had filled the varied role — and filled it well — of scholar, soldier, statesman, diplomat, and patriot, stern as Brutus.

Meagher landed in New York in 1852. Upon his arrival, he at once resumed the thread of his life's discourse; and for two years delivered lectures, in all of our large cities, upon Irish Independence. Those who will consult those speeches will discover the germs which have fructified into more rational conceptions of human liberty and human brotherhood, and catch the beams of the day-spring which has brightened into the full orb of appreciation and sympathy for downtrodden, but invincible Ireland. In 1855 he was admitted to the ranks of the New York Battalion. The next year he established the Irish News, and his burning words of patriotism were pondered by thousands. This man had the chivalry of his great prototype, Brian the Brave, and his ceaseless agitations of his country's rights and his country's wrongs recall the words of the Hebrew Seer: "The zeal of thine house hath consumed me."

The love of Thomas Francis Meagher for his native land seemed to have the chastening and true seal of consecration. And as hope deferred made the heart sick; as the day of deliverance did not approach; as the skies seemed covered with clouds and thick darkness, he must have fancied that the Angel of Death brooded, with outstretched wings, upon his home and upon his hope. As he girded on his sword to fight for the land of his adoption, his love for home was crystallized into immortality.

> "That love where death hath set his seal;
> Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
> Nor falsehood disavow."

In 1861, he joined the 69th New York At the bloody battle of Bull Run he was at the front of the fray and the face of the foe, as the major of his regiment. To a nerve and purpose less dauntless than Meagher's, the result of the conflict in which he flashed his maiden sword must have occasioned despondency, if not dismay. Let the sequel prove. Before the year was out, he had organized the "Irish Brigade," and had been made a colonel. And when, on February 2d, 1862, the brigade was mustered in, he was made brigadier-general. He was in that week of unbroken battle

around Richmond, he was away with his command to the stubborn field of Antietam; and then both armies paused to catch their breath. Scarcely had the autumnal sun slidden down the skies, to shorten the dreadful carnage at Fredericksburg, than his immortal brigade stripped itself, to climb the horrid hill, where serried ranks of artillery awaited them. For hours the kindly fog delayed the appalling panorama, and when the sun at length rolled back its reluctant folds, that devoted command rushed for the guns. They literally dashed themselves against death; and when he could not engulf them all in his relentless maw, they dashed against his front once more. And now the remnant of that incomparable legion grew emulous of apotheosis, and made its final dash. The world knows the tale. Well may General Dick Taylor say that the Irish fight the world's battles. Why should I add that the leader of those tremendous onslaughts was himself stricken down, seriously wounded.

It was the tale once more of Balaklava; "Some one had blundered," and, like those glorious dragoons who paused not to make reply, this cohort of Erin's sons rushed into the jaws of death, with the joyous intrepidity of their race. The mind wearies of the essay, the facts about this man are almost too rugged to be polished into style. The grass was not yet green above the graves of his legions, than he was again wounded at Chancellorsville; and now he had to pause for a space. Early, however, in the ensuing year, he was assigned to a military division, where he proved a valuable and vigilant officer until 1865, when he was mustered out, "with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

Mustered out! aye! had he not done enough for honor and for glory? With his culture, his achievements, his wounds and his renown, would not rest have been sweet — and the smiles and tears of women? And then would not larger avenues of legal usefulness have opened to him in the great metropolis? But the eagle of the eyry does not seek its pastime in the valley. Who can tell how Destiny impels the steps of men of destiny? We only know that when we take his life, as a whole, it was symmetrical throughout. Upon his final retirement from the army, he was made Secretary of the Territory of Montana. The governor, being called away, appointed him, not long after, acting governor. Whilst in the discharge of this high function, he was called upon to take measures to protect the settlers from the Indians. He was hastening to accomplish this end, when he fell from a steamer and was drowned. He died with his harness on. He fell asleep under the shadow of mountains with hearts of granite like his own; and was lulled by waters pure as his patriotic heart, and swift as the flow of his sympathies for mankind. There is only the Pacific Sea between the extreme Occident and Orient. Through all the reverse course the English tongue is known; his name will last as long as shall last that tongue.

"The good knight is dust
And his sword is rust,
And his soul is with the saints, we trust."

JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

OUR Lord is very kind, and very faithful, He never abandons those who trust in him. — *St. Teresa.*

A Pilgrimage to La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France.

La Chapelle Montligeon (or Mount of the Legions, for it appears probable there was a Roman encampment here) is only a humble village of Perche situated not far from the ancient *chartreuse* of Val Dieu, and about ten kilometers from Mortague. The soil there is rich and the country fertile and well cultivated.

A rivulet (La Villette) runs between the trees and empties itself into the Huisne. Above the valley, the houses rise in tiers upon the slope of the hill, sheltered on the north by a belt of poplars, and on the east by the Forest of Keno, Val Dieu, which formerly re-echoed with the mystic chant of the Druids, and where, later on, the sacred songs of the pious cenobites were heard.

At the foot of this hill, surrounding the church, is the village, properly so-called. Some years ago, new buildings were added, and now others are in course of construction, so that in a few years the transformation of the village will be complete. It is in this highly favored spot that the Œuvre Expiatoire has taken root and now spreads its branches far and wide.

La Chapelle Montligeon contains about seven hundred inhabitants. Simple and industrious in their habits, they might have remained forever unnoticed by the world, had not their good curé been inspired with the idea to found a confraternity in his parish, the aim of which would be to obtain, by means of Masses and prayers, relief for the *most forsaken souls* in purgatory, and their deliverance from its torments. He had heard their piteous cry for help; his compassionate heart responded to the appeal, and he sought how to aid them in their distress. Working unceasingly, sacrificing nights as well as days, he brought into form the idea that he had conceived of a "Work of Deliverance" on behalf of these suffering captives of God's justice.

Approved and blessed by Mgr. Trégaro, Bishop of Séez (in whose diocese La Chapelle Montligeon is situated), in 1884, the Œuvre Expiatoire became a stirring reality.

Since that time its progress has been marvellous. Springing up, as if by magic, in a small, unknown village, it has already spread itself over the world, and its associates number two millions of every rank and condition, from the prelates of the Church to the humblest priest; — princes, peasants, noble ladies, simple servants, masters and working people, rich and poor, all vie with each other in their zeal to make known this magnificent work, and help it on for the benefit of the beloved dead.

Naturally it flourishes best in France, but it has taken deep root in Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Holland, Algeria, Martinque, Guadaloupe, and Venezuela. Already it has become popular in England, Ireland, Australia, Germany, Austria, and Asia Minor, and has made a beginning in South Africa. When M. L'Abbé Buguet founded his work, he wished to celebrate at least seven Masses weekly, as mentioned on the Statutes of the Association, approved by Mgr. Gregaro, Bishop of Séez; but that number has long been surpassed, for the Œuvre celebrates one thousand every week.

In order to assure the future of the Œuvre Expiatoire, subscription

lists are opened in the *Bulletins;* these subscriptions are reserved for foundations of Masses in perpetuity. The retribution for a yearly Mass in perpetuity is £4; for a monthly Mass in perpetuity £44. This capital is invested in first-class land and house property, and the title deeds are deposited with M. Brière, notary, Mauves. Already several Masses are assured in perpetuity for the forsaken souls, — priests, governesses, soldiers, sailors, servants, working people, etc. Besides the Masses which are the principal means of helping the souls in purgatory, every day the Office of the Dead is recited in the sanctuary in the name of the associates, "Matins and Lauds" are said by the priests of the Œuvre in the morning, and the nuns recite the Vespers and the Rosary in the afternoon. Then, when the day's work is over, all the employees meet in the church for evening prayers; this is the time that the recommendations received during the day are read out, and six Paters, Aves, and Glorias are recited for all the intentions specified.*

To be continued. M. S. L.

A Young Irish Sculptor.

Miss Mary Redmond, the young Irish lady whose name is so widely known as a sculptor of great promise, has been commissioned through Lady Aberdeen to execute a bust in marble of Mr. Gladstone, at Dollis Hill, the seat of Lord Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone has arranged to give Miss Redmond sittings after his return from Naples. Miss Redmond has only recently returned to Dublin, after having spent a period of three years in study in Italy. A portion of this time she studied in Rome, and the remainder in the Florentine School of Sculpture — the Belli Arti — where Hogan, Barry, Foley, and Maclise gained the skill which rendered their works famous throughout the world, and made the names of Ireland and art almost synonymous terms. In both Rome and Florence Miss Redmond achieved a success which surpassed even the most sanguine anticipations of those who had had experience of her genius as an exhibitor in the Royal Hibernian Academy, her work obtaining the approval of such celebrated Italian masters as Signor Anderlini. At the bazaar held in the Rotundo, Dublin, last year, in aid of the Sacred Heart Home in Drumcandra, a statuette of Judith, from the studio of Miss Redmond in Florence, presented by her as one of the prizes, formed one of the chief attractions, because of its exquisite finish. Miss Redmond has a brilliant future before her, and the bust of the great leader of the English Home Rule Party, to be executed by her, will result in a splendid success, and will still further establish her reputation as a distinguished Irish sculptor.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech, spoke of home rule; he said: The government should not be hampered in its efforts to provide even the smallest and most meagre form of local self-government for Ireland, as whatever form of local government they establish there must assist the Irish people in their just demand for their rights to nationality and freedom.

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire must be addressed, and P. O. O. *Internationale* made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, Director-General of the Œuvre Expiatoire, La Chapelle, Montligeon (Orne), France, upon the post-office there. Subscriptions, yearly, one half-penny; twenty years, one shilling; and in perpetuity five shillings, to have a share in the merits of over three thousand Masses per month.

"Their Story Runneth Thus."

CHAPTER II.

At half-past two o'clock on the day that the news of the Stella's return had been received, Grace, Kate, and Raymond were in a carriage on one of the Fulton ferry-boats — the bridge had not yet been built — on their way to Brooklyn. At three, they were walking out on the wharf to which the school-ship was made fast, and a few moments later they were receiving the hearty welcome extended to them by Captain Hawser, who was an old acquaintance of the Hoyts, ever since he and the banker were barefooted boys together on the beach at Marblehead.

The Captain himself showed them over the ship, introduced to them the other officers, including the class-teacher, insisted on opening a bottle of Madeira, and, when he learned that his visitors knew one of the boys, he ordered young Marr to be sent to them, and, after awhile, he left them for a half hour's undisturbed talk with their young friend. However, he took Miss Hoyt with him to show her, so he said, "some curiosities from Lima, where her mother was born."

Frank looked handsome in his suit of navy blue. He was in excellent health and spirits, delighted with life aboard ship, full of reminiscences of the foreign ports he had visited, and more than ever thankful to the kind heart that had procured for him this opportunity to become a first-class sailor. He told all about his experience on board the Stella, and had a good word for everybody, from the captain down to the cook.

"An' the teacher's a trump," continued the boy. "He knows everythin'. He likes me an' I like him. He makes study easy by tellin' stories not in the books about the men an' the places in the lessons; an' when we stop at cities, he can tell lots about em'. Oh! he's a library all by himself. An' he don't believe much in whippin', either."

This seemed to be the very climax of praise in Frank's eyes; for a teacher who could get along with a modicum of corporal chastisement was to him a new and superior kind of instructor.

The hero of this eulogy was Mr. David Wentworth. He was a young man to hold the responsible post he filled, being only about twenty-eight years of age, although he looked much older, partly because he was unusually tall, partly because he wore spectacles, but also because he had matured rapidly in the forcing school of affliction that had early thrown him out on his own resources in the world, and had made him a man in experience almost before the down of youth was on his lips. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, a native of Kittery, with all the traditions and many of the prejudices of New England, but broadened somewhat in his sympathies by contact with a multitude of men, and by much travel. In religion he was not a fixed star; sometimes he was a satellite of Evangelical Orthodoxy, and at other times he was a meteor following in the narrow track of Unitarianism or the lurid path of Transcendentalism. To him Allah was Allah, but Emerson was his prophet. He knew almost by heart the works of Channing, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow and Bryant. He was a victim of that "conspiracy against truth," so far as the

Catholic Church is concerned, that De Maistre says history is, as generally written and commonly accepted during the last three centuries. He detested the Jesuits, not because he knew them or any of them personally and found them blameworthy, but because of what he had read concerning them, and because their name stood for trickery and duplicity in Protestant books of controversy, and in the dictionary. The only member of the Order with whom he was at all acquainted was venerable Father Durand, whose duty it was to attend the Catholic inmates of the charitable and penal institutions on the islands near New York, and who used to visit the Stella whenever it was in port, in order to instruct the Catholic boys in their religion, to administer the Sacraments to them, and to celebrate Mass for them. To the aged priest, Mr. Wentworth was always polite, but never friendly; yet he admitted to himself that the influence over the boys exerted by the Jesuit was beneficial, and that he was gentle in his manners, dignified in his bearing, patient, unassuming, and easy to approach.

In person, the teacher was lank, and, as he was over six feet tall, he looked to be more spare than he really was. His face was not handsome, although his forehead was broad and high; but when he laughed, as he often did, for his disposition was bright and his sense of the humorous was always alert, a change came over his countenance, and his smile was very pleasant to see.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Frank, as Mr. Wentworth, who had left the group shortly after he had been introduced to the visitors, appeared at the head of the stairs leading down to the boys' quarters.

The teacher hastily scanned the trio, who were seated under an awning on the rear deck, and, seeming satisfied that his approach would be no intrusion, he advanced a few steps in that direction.

"You should come here, Mr. Wentworth," Raymond called out, "and listen to the compliments that your pupil is paying you."

The sunny smile brightened the grave face of the teacher, as he answered:

"I should hesitate to play the eavesdropper to all of my boys, because I fear that the maxim that 'listeners seldom hear good of themselves' would be verified for me; but I would trust Frank anywhere to give me a good reputation. He is a manly boy, even if I do say it to his face; he is making progress in his studies, and gives satisfaction to all his superiors aboard ship."

At this unexpected and generous testimony, Frank's freckled face flushed with pleasure.

"I hear that he is a *protégé* of yours, Miss Murray," continued the teacher.

"Only in the sense that I am a friend of his, and that I helped to get him here," she replied. "His mother is living, and lives only for him."

"Well, she may have good hopes of him. He is doing nicely in the class-room, and I hear from the sailing master that as a seaman in embryo he is already one of the best on the ship. I am teaching him the theory of navigation, and he shall have an opportunity to become something more than a common sailor."

"Mrs. Marr will be delighted when I repeat to her what you have said," whispered Kate.

"I am glad to be able to send her a comforting report," was the answer.

Just then a whistle blew on board. Frank at once arose and announced that he must go below. He bade a hasty good-by to his friends, saluted, and disappeared down the stairway.

After Frank left the group, the conversation drifted to many subjects. Presently, the Captain and Grace came back, and the latter was enthusiastic about the treasures that had been exhibited for her especial benefit. Finally, Mr. Wentworth said:

"May I ask you, Miss Murray, if that is the latest novel you have there? We sailors get out of the track of life while we are away, and when we return home, we have to ask what has taken place in our absence, and accept as new what to you land-lovers has become old."

Grace was not sure that he had not meant to say "land-lubbers," but had avoided the snag by turning in the narrowest possible amount of sea-room.

"No, it is not a story," replied Kate. There she stopped for a moment, hesitating; but she was not one to flinch for lack of moral courage. "It is a book on religion," she went on, "that Frank bought for me in Rio de Janeiro, simply because he saw my name written on the fly-leaf. I brought it with me to look at on the way, so as to show him, by speaking of its contents, that I appreciated his thoughtfulness, and also as a memorandum, to remind me to thank him for his gift; and I forgot to do both. Will you tell him for me, Mr. Wentworth, if you please?"

"Certainly, I will. And now may I glance at it."

They were standing at the guard-rail, the party of visitors having risen to go. She handed him the book. He opened its pages with that careful touch that all good readers have, raised his eye-brows in surprise as he noticed the title, skimmed over a dozen leaves, looking only at the head-lines of the chapters, and was about to return it to Miss Murray, when, just as he was holding it out towards her, she turned suddenly to answer a call from Grace to look at the workmen on the half-built tower at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge, her elbow struck the book and it was knocked out of the teacher's hands down into the water; no, not into the river, but into one of the ship's small-boats that had been leaking and had been filled half-full of water to swell its seams.

"How awkward of me!" cried Miss Murray, looking ruefully over the vessel's side.

"The fault was mine, since I was looking this way and had spectacles to help me," said Mr. Wentworth gallantly, and with an effort to be diverting when he saw that the precious volume was not lost. "If you will allow me, I shall keep that book myself and get you another copy."

"Oh, no!" she objected; "I prize that copy for Frank's sake."

Even while they spoke, word had been sent to young Marr, who quickly slid down the ship's side on a rope-ladder, recovered the book, all dripping with water, handed it to Mr. Wentworth, saluted, and vanished again.

"Then you will let me keep it until it is dry. I will have the leaves ironed at once and send it to you in a day or two."

This was agreed to, and shortly afterwards the visitors left the ship.

On the way home, and all that evening, Grace gently rallied Kate on

the attentiveness of the teacher, and, half in earnest, half in jest, insisted that a conquest had been made.

And from sunset until long after midnight, David Wentworth, quite forgetful of the lovely women who had made the bright afternoon still more cheerful aboard ship, was turning the leaves of the Archbishop's book in an idle way, reading a paragraph here and there, in a brave but vain effort to divert his mind from the bad news that had come to him late in the afternoon, — his sweetheart at home had proved false to him and had married another while he was on the sea! His eyes were on the book, but his thoughts were far away, in his childhood's home, by the rough coast; and at every attempt to read, the words ran into one another and the letters became blurred. He could make no meaning out of the sentences. The Faith of Our Fathers turned into the one word "faithless," and that was all he saw. At last, along towards dawn, he closed the volume, and, covering his face with his hands, sat for a long time very, very still; tears trickled through his fingers, and darkness filled his heart, and God seemed to him to have been blotted out of the universe.

CHAPTER III.

On the Monday following the visit of our three friends to the Stella, Mr. Wentworth, who was not content to send the book to its owner by mail, and who had found opportunity, in the few days that had intervened, to begin to cultivate the acquaintance of young Mr. Hoyt, made use of an invitation to call at the Madison Avenue residence.

He was well received, for Raymond had soon found out that Frank's teacher deserved all the praise that he had received from the sailor-boy, that he was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and that he was a most amiable and companionable person; and that evening, the two young ladies discovered that not only was he a good listener, but also an unusually entertaining talker. He related legends of Kittery and Bar Harbor. He told amusing stories of the experiences of some of the ship's officers in foreign parts. He recited humorous incidents of the class-room on the Stella. Besides, he could sing, and, with Miss Hoyt at the piano, he joined in part songs with Miss Murray and Raymond. The evening was delightfully spent, and the hosts were charmed with their guest. Even he, amid the pleasant surroundings of a refined home, forgot, for the time being, the grief that had obscured the sunshine of his days, and robbed his nights of rest for nearly a week. But, when he said good-by, and was on his way to the river, alone in the cars, he sighed heavily, and mentally upbraided himself for being able to enjoy himself in the society of his new-found friends. The words of the poet came to his memory:

> They know not, they know not, who delight in her song,
> That the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

When Mr. Wentworth was gone, and Raymond had retired to his own apartment, Grace renewed her banter, and, strange to say, instead of meeting expostulation or *persiflage*, she was gravely told by Miss Murray that "Mr. Wentworth was one man in a thousand, whose attentions any lady might be proud to receive." This unexpected *sortie* disconcerted

Grace's plan of campaign, and she forthwith abandoned the attack. Remembering, however, the incident of the book, she asked:

"Did he bring back your "Faith" in good condition?"

The ellipsis in the title of the volume made the question sound so ludicrous that they both smiled, and Kate answered:

"Yes, dearie; he did. He told me, too, that he had taken the chance to read the Archbishop's work, and had found it to be, in some respects, quite different from what he had expected. He went so far as to declare that it had made an undesired impression upon him, and that he did not propose to rest until he had seen some of its statements contradicted, and its main arguments proved false. He presumed, he said, to advise me not to read it, as it might trouble my peace of mind in the kirk. Indeed, he represented it as verily "Jesuitical, a dangerous book, fit to be put on every Protestant *Index Expurgatorius*."

"And what will you do?" inquired Grace.

"Read it, of course. I shall begin it to-night, and finish it to-morrow."

"Wilful Queen Katherine! Mr. Wentworth little knew that he was taking the surest means to have you study every word of it, by bidding you not to read it at all. Beware, beware, before you are drawn within the magic circle, or you will end by joining the Church of Rome."

"Have no fear for me! I am too old to be misled by sophistries, and too positive that I am right to fear to listen to one who I am convinced is wrong. No, I shall be more attached to my faith when I know the worst that can be said against it, and the best that can be offered for its old antagonist. No, I will know the truth, and the truth shall make me free."

CHAPTER IV.

THE summer months went quickly by. The Stella cruised about in the waters along the coast. The trio in the Hoyt residence daily congratulated themselves that they were passing the warm season more agreeably, by means of their plan of home comforts and frequent excursions to many resorts, than they could have done in any crowded hotel by the sea-shore or in the mountains.

Mr. Wentworth was a constant visitor. He appeared to seek diversion and rest, and he found both among his new friends. Raymond and he became like Jonathan and David of old, so far as their respective employments would permit; and the young ladies marked with a red letter the evenings that he went riding with them and young Mr. Hoyt through Central Park, or accompanied them to a concert or comic opera at one or another of the summer theatres.

For some time Grace kept up her good-natured badgering of Kate, on account of "the professor," as she insisted on calling him privately; but, without reason or explanation, the teasing stopped, not altogether suddenly, but sufficiently abruptly to be noticed by Miss Murray, although she said nothing to her companion on the subject.

Kate did not at this time attempt to analyze her own feelings towards Mr. Wentworth, for the reason that, while she confessed to herself that she liked him ever so much, she had no occasion to decide whether or not the

sentiment that she entertained for him, who had been until so lately an utter stranger to her, was that of love.

Mr. Wentworth, himself, seemed to feel perfectly at home with his new friends. Raymond and he were like twin brothers, and he divided his attentions between the two young ladies so impartially that it was next to impossible to say that he preferred one to the other. Next to impossible, that is, for an ordinary observer; but there was one critic whose sight was sharpened by a sort of rivalry, that was natural, but unintentional, and who to self-interest added womanly intuition in an effort to decide the question. Her decision, while she had no desire to have it otherwise, was not flattering to her vanity, for it went against herself. She had no will to have the advantage on her side, yet, if there was to be a difference, she was piqued that Kate should be the better liked. She tried to avoid thinking of the matter, yet it would come to her mind unbidden, persistent, and reluctant to depart; and when, one day, her brother asked her in a troubled way: "Do you think that Miss Murray is fond of Mr. Wentworth?" she mentally remarked the formality that substituted "Miss Murray" for the usual "Bonnie Kate," and, carried away by sympathy, blurted out: "Yes, she is; and he is fond of her." Then she abruptly left the room.

Raymond lost sight of the object of his own inquiry at his sister's display of feeling. He was persuaded that she did not love Mr. Wentworth. Why need she care, then, whom he liked? The question was too much for him; besides, it did not touch him quite so closely as did the inquiry he had himself made. "So she does like him," he mused, as he sauntered down to the club, humming an old French ballad about "*Ma mie.*"

To be continued.

The Catholic Press.

"CHRISTIAN parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been quoted and requoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air, unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission. But choose a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying; not one that would be, while Catholic in name or pretence, un-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren."

Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

The Charity Institutions of Paris.

In recent years, in France, conscientious efforts have been made to ascertain the principal causes of the loss of population, and it has been demonstrated by numerous facts that one of these causes consists in the physical degeneration induced by deficiency of alimentation in infancy ; and the most eminent physicians of Paris, and the Director of Public Assistance, have endeavored to modify and improve the system of nutrition in the public charitable institutions, providing for recently born children lactation adequate to the necessities of the temperament and constitution.

In the Hospital for Infants' Diseases, situated in Sabres street, there exists a section for rickety boys and girls, whose miserable aspect produces an impression of pain upon the mind, — unfortunate beings who have inherited the organic vices of their parents, and who suffer from anæmia's cruel tortures.

The administration of the hospital is arranged in two separated pavilions, where there is much ventilation, with large windows that look out upon a garden, and whose walls have double rows of willow cradles, perfectly equipped. The newly born receive here the personal care of the establishment, beginning with being weighed in the balance the same day they make their appearance, the operation being frequently repeated almost every month, in order to determine with exactness the development of the child. The little one is subjected to an especially nutritious diet of the most tonic kind, if it had been previously fed from a refractory goat, liable to convey contagious germs, it having been found by experiment that the milk of this animal, although possessing nutritive principles of the most salutary kind, presents the inconvenience of communicating by absorption the effects of those nervous accidents to which the goat is subject.

The public charities of Paris, advised by the wise doctors of medicine, have substituted for the milk of goats that of the ass, and have installed an ample yard near the pavilion of the rickety and scrofulous children, which is only separated by a short covered passageway. Nothing is more picturesque than the spectacle of the lactation of the babes in this inclosure every morning, as graphically represented in our engraving.

The nurses, dressed in dark gowns, with white caps and aprons, each carrying a child on the right arm and a little seat in the left hand, present themselves in exact turn to the women who have charge of the animals, and they hold the child, applying its lips to the teats of the docile animal. The children suck with avidity the liquid nutriment, which is fresh and of agreeable taste.

The Administration of Public Assistance of Paris has calculated that one young ass is able to lactate abundantly for a space of nine or ten months, and when this period has passed they are sold and replaced by others. It is well known that the milk of asses, by its vivifying qualities and its nutritious principles, assimilates in a great degree the milk of the nurse, and these disinherited and sick children, enjoying its beneficial effects by its permanent and methodical use, are restored little by little to health and vigor.

La Ilustracion Espanola.

Comfort — to a Bird.

Oh, my blackbird might grow pale,
Just to hear the nightingale.

Be not troubled, golden-throat,
He is singing far away
In a country dim, remote;
Singing twixt the dark and day.

Sleep, sweet, in your house of wattle,
By your tender mate and true;
Till 'tis time to call the cattle,
From their dreams in grass and dew.

Should you ask her, she will swear,
There was never a voice like yours;
Nor such coat of silk and fir,
Nor such bright eyes full of lures.

So sing songs to your brown sweeting,
Let no cares disturb your rest;
While below her fond heart beating,
Speckled eggs are in the nest.

You've a house, and a house-mate,
Feathered daughters and a son;
So your duty to the state,
As bird-citizen, you have done.

Therefore shall he keep you waking? —
That brown bird of night, afar,
Singing songs, divine, heart-breaking,
Of a bird's love for a star.

Yet my blackbird might grow pale,
Just to hear the nightingale.

Katharine Tynan, in Merry England.

James Stephens.

THE press announcement that James Stephens has been allowed by the government to return to Ireland to pass his remaining days, has called up some memories. Few men have passed through so many hair-breadth escapes; and, what is more to his honor, very few have passed through with character and fame untarnished. Stephens has lived through three of the most trying ordeals of his country's life, and, properly speaking, his name belongs to history as much as if he died a score of years before or hence. '48, '67, and '85 are the epochs into which his "mortal span" so far, is embraced. Of the first of these we shall try and give some account, glancing *en passant* at the others as they break in on our narrative. At the outset, we may as well say, all our information is derived from reading, since we were not born when the stirring events of '48 gave a lustre to Irish patriotism.

Extraordinary strides often are made in eloquence and poetry, when a country is aiming at national regeneration. At no time was this so evidenced as in '48. Oratory and poetry, the twin sisters to stir up men's souls, were enthusiastically devoted in this movement of "all the talents." While the so-called revolution hardly went beyond "the paper bullets of the brain," it contained some of the choicest spirits Ireland or any other country could produce.

There was Thomas Francis Meagher, with an imagination, a fire, and a delivery that was fully equal to any orator of ancient or modern times. Isaac Butt, then Professor of Political Economy at Trinity College, Dublin, said, in a public address, that Meagher's eloquence was of the highest order, adding that it was presumptious on his part to criticise his extraordinary oratory. Luckily for our generation, "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," have been rescued from the newspaper reports of those days, and Meagher's speeches have found a safe abiding place in a neat volume published at Dublin. With Meagher were associated Mitchell and MacGee. Of the latter two, hardly enough has been written, did they not themselves do more than sufficient to insure them a high position as prose writers of the century. The cold irony and pitiless logic of Mitchell showed to their full the murderous methods of the English garrison while Ireland was prostrate by hunger and pestilence. MacGee, a vigorous magazine writer, won great distinction both in prose and verse. These were only a few of the galaxy. Charles Gavan Duffy, Judge Richard O'Gorman of New York Superior Court, and James Stephens himself, are, I believe, the sole survivors of a generation of men, amongst whom they were not the foremost. Of the poetry of the time, there has been a great amount gone into what are called elegant extracts.

James Clarence Mangan, in a particular line of the poet, stands in the first class. If his muse had been inspired on the banks of the Thames, instead of the Liffey, he would be, *facile princeps*, the founder of a new school of English verse. To the charm of symphony he added a spirit and force, at once mellifluous and virile, that gave a finish of the most artistic description. Not Byron has exceeded Mangan in the closeness and fire of word-painting he has given us in his translation from the oriental and

some modern languages. Admirably preserving the original ideas, he has contrived to make his translations a faithful representation of the times in which he sang. It must be always thought the greatest excellence to clothe in dazzling colors the feats of chivalry and love; and to his honor be it said, without the remotest hint of a trivial indelicacy. A score of years younger than Mangan was another contributor to the Nation, Richard Dalton Williams. His advocacy of honest government was embodied in a prose and verse, to the superiority of which hardly any one could lay claim. Goaded, Williams was undoubtedly, and his burning soul could only satisfy itself in a lava-rush of song, which swept headlong, intensified by fierce passion and hate. For vehemence, he as far surpassed his brother poets as Meagher did his companions on the platform. Mitchell, Meagher, and Williams, each dominated by a glowing heat, prose, oratory, and poetry — a splendid tripod.

Lady Wilde at present, then Speranza, gave great help to her country's cause by many poems of high merit. The poem *Jacta Alea Est*, which caused Duffy's arrest as editor of the Nation, proved Speranza "to be the stuff of which heroes are made." Though acknowledged by the lady, that did not let the editor escape. Prosecutions under a new act of parliament called "the gagging act" were of every-day experience. Men who would ornament the press or the bar were thrown into prison, and as soon as possible sent to herd with convicts in far-away Australia. This was considered highly politic by the authorities. It were easier to be rid of a troublesome man of ability and upright intentions, than to admit errors of government, or redress cruel wrongs.

After the succeeding state prosecutions, the government's huge trammel net was cast wide, and enmeshed all that was worth taking, leaving Ireland each time deprived of her noblest children. Thus it happens that Irishmen or their descendants are found in the remotest corners of the globe, and in almost every instance proving their ability for the highest commands. France had been for centuries the home of the Irish exile, and to that country James Stephens sailed after witnessing the heroic struggle of gallant Smith O'Brien in '48. How he disguised himself, and the escapades he underwent, while yet under the British flag, have been imperfectly told; but, certain it is, he, at that early day, established a great reputation for strategy and daring. Of his fellow exiles in Paris, none took a more prominent station than John O'Mahony. O'Mahony was a lineal descendant of those ancient kings, whose sway extended over Southern Ireland. In height, in accomplishments and chivalry, he was no inferior representative of that ancient and widely extended clan. How O'Mahony and Stephens employed their time in the gay French capital we do not know; but rest assured except the hours given by Stephens to teaching, the busy spirits of the two were by no means unoccupied. Not long after their joining in the same dwelling, we first heard of the Phoenix Clubs, and the authentic accounts of Stephens' visits, covertly made to Ireland, show his hand in organizing those secret societies, which more that any other destroyed the hopes of English security. The deadly explosive, simple and small, capable of being concealed in an ordinary packet, and yet of such terrific power as to overthrow the most solid structures, was for the first

time introduced as a countercharge against superior numbers. No doubt public opinion was from the outset opposed to this new engine of massacre; while those advocates of civilized warfare found little to condemn in torturing helpless prisoners, a cry of horror always went up, when an attempt had been made to topple over some old landmark, which, serving as a fortification, frequently reminded the oppressed of the horrors often perpetrated within its shadow and site. Be that as it may, the strong pressure of the press, more than anything else, removed the bomb from being employed in active warfare.

We have thus far seen Ireland deprived of her natural leaders, and as Gavan Duffy said on his emigrating a few years subsequently to Australia, her condition was that of a "corpse on a dissecting table." Duffy obtained fame and riches, and what we believe he also appreciates, a handle to his name, in the shape of a Sir. We cannot say he did not deserve them. Though subject to a good deal of hardship as an editor in Ireland, the man at the head of the Dublin Nation was always in the receipt of a large income. Stephens, on the other hand, had no means, except an accomplished education, and this he found amply sufficient to carry him through. Faultless in pronunciation, he could mingle with the *elite* of Parisian society, and his successful teaching brought him pupils and moderate prosperity. But a young man who had already received his "baptism of fire" could scarcely be expected to calmly wait events in "the piping times of peace." He wanted to be an actor in the busy arena of making revolutions. O'Mahony had meanwhile made trips to America; and, shouldering a musket for the Union, his subtle mind keenly saw to what grand efforts his countrymen could be roused, especially when the civil war was ended, and a disciplined army of Irishmen turned loose. He did what he thought was necessary; and he and Stephens entered on a career of Irish regeneration, to which no previous movement bore any resemblance. Remembering the ill success of organizations which made public their resolves, O'Mahony and his friend made theirs secret. Its object was clear enough; but the Fenian Conspiracy, as it was called, really was only secret in so far as any well-constructed body is secret, when it debars the wide world from examining affairs, which can only come before heads of divisions, and the mature development and executions of plans, requiring deep deliberation.

The times are too remote for hot arguments on Fenianism. The truth is, it was a well-equipped organization, possessing features well calculated to confound its enemies, and, at the time, if properly directed, to strike a blow for Ireland which would ultimately lead to separation. None knew its immense power better than those against whom it was its aim to strike; and Mr. Gladstone was the first to perceive that a policy of conciliation was the course for England to pursue. Harassed at home and abroad, denounced by some whose prayers should be offered for its triumph, torn by internal feuds, lied about and ridiculed, the Fenian Brotherhood went down like a Titan. Its chiefs were in obscurity or in their graves. O'Mahony died some years ago in distressed circumstances, yet this man had millions pass through his fingers, not a dollar of which stuck to him. They might accuse him of incompetency, they dare not of touching unlawful gain. Escaping from Ireland to France after the '48 failure, he was then

in receipt of a moderate income from his paternal estates. In what way O'Mahony got away with this we don't learn, only at his death in New York his condition was almost abject. Mismanagement and misplaced confidence, we venture to assert, did more to deplete Colonel O'Mahony's purse than anything else. He was a man of the simplest tastes, and to the most ardent patriotism was joined a purity of soul, a gentleness and generosity, of which there were few instances. James Stephens also is entitled to the same respect so far as strict integrity is concerned. From all we know, Mr. Stephens is precisely in the same way as when he began teaching in Paris, after giving up his post as private secretary to Smith O'Brien, the great difference being then he was young, and now he is old. Surely, these examples of honest worth carry their own lessons to instruct the present and future generations. Englishmen of the last century used to boast of the ostentatious honesty of her Pitts, father and son, because they left an immense debt for the public to pay. The Pitts, particularly the younger, had no excuse for this. From his coming of age till his death, he always held the highest office in the kingdom; and one should suppose fifty thousand dollars a year, and everything thrown in, would keep a dyspeptic bachelor out of debt. It did not. The next session of Parliament introduced a bill to pay William Pitt's creditors, their amounts footing up two hundred thousand dollars. Pitt was neither a gourmand nor a gambler. The only excess he could be even partially guilty of was supposed to be a more than ordinary indulgence in port wine. It is said the physicians of that day ordered this wine to strengthen the extraordinary boy; and its continued use became necessary to him. Whether the wine, or broken spirits at the phenomenal victories of Napoleon, hastened Pitt's death is in doubt. He died, however, at the early age of forty-six, leaving behind him the name of being the greatest parliamentary leader England ever possessed. In mentioning Pitt we should add, he it was who cajoled us out of our Parliament. In justice it must be said he shrank with indignation at the treacherous advantages his colleagues and king availed themselves, when they found they decapitated the sister country. Many well-authenticated recollections are handed down to us of the proceedings of the last night of the old Irish Parliament. It was such a scene as can never be forgotten. Eight million souls handed over,—their lives and liberties,—to a foreign nation. A paralyzed speaker, a half dead liberator, ladies in hysterics, traitors clinking the gold for which they sold God and their native land, and, above all, the gleaming swords and guns which protected the infamous traffickers of freedom. All this combined the sublime and pathetic. But we mention the close. There, away from the glare of lamps and brilliant colors, crouching beneath one of those pilasters which support the House of Parliament, his spare form closely buttoned up in Irish freize, his eyes shining with expectancy, his cheeks flushed, and figure dilating beyond his shrivelled body, with a far-away look and a bounding heart, appeared, we had almost said, the ghost of John Philpot Curran. From a bed of sickness he arose, and directed his enfeebled footsteps towards that fatal House. He entered not. The ministerial cheers told his acute hearing where victory had gone; and that marvellous voice, often raised for the unfortunate and always for his country, was at once silent; and,

turning rapidly to an acquaintance, he asked in a whisper, "Where are they?" To keep the invalid quiet, and remove the deep-corroding anxieties which were gathering so fast about the stricken orator's couch the past weeks, it had been confidentially told him that from fifty to one hundred thousand men would inevitably be in readiness to wrest his country from British domination, and the successful rising would take place on the final passage of the infamous Union act.

The great Fenian conspiracy fell; and then it became the duty of those who loved Ireland to see to it in what way she was next to be relieved. Following each disappointment, Providence still has a kindly eye; and the last promises to obtain all previously labored for in vain. National struggles rarely make happy those who risk their all in the stake, at least, as the world considers happiness; the chief workers usually are broken physically and financially ere their reward comes. It matters little to them, we believe, provided what they dreamed, aimed, and strove for is realized. Passing away, they are those high-souled mortals who surrendered all, that their country might live. Voluntarily giving up professions in which they had already won distinction, it can be affirmed without hesitation theirs is a lot not to be envied; too often calumny assails the purest motives, and jealousy pursues its victim with vindictive pleasure. Characters, conscious of the noblest rectitude, have been aspersed by the worst of all foes, — inflated mediocrity. It may be questioned whether the Scylla of the oppressor is a whit more dangerous than the Charybdis of an aspiring lieutenant who imagines himself filling a subordinate place when his talents qualify him for leader. Irksome beyond all situations is that of chief in the whirlwind of a revolution, when he knows the eyes of all are on him, and when punishments should be inflicted on those, who, ostensibly loyal, are really sapping his influence, and destroying that authority, in the absence of which all successful political objects are insignificant.

James Stephens has lived to see himself at the head of the greatest semi-seditious organization of modern times. He has seen empires flourish, decay, and be of the past. He has watched the monarchies fall, and be invariably supplanted by popular governments. From his height as chief organizer of the mighty brotherhood, he saw men, eminent as statesmen, declare that emigration was a panacea for discontent, and order must be maintained while a crow-bar brigade, flanked by cavalry, tumbled down old houses, driving the wretched inmates like sheep to the sea-board or the poor-house. He saw "a change come o'er the spirit of their dream," an English premier and a no less Irish secretary declare that Ireland was shamefully maltreated, that office to them or their party was a disgrace until the evils were removed, until a parliament sat in Dublin, and legislation on their country's wants occupied it exclusively.

As we said, we have no information touching Mr. Stephens for years. Liberal studies, teaching, and occasional contributions to the literature of the day occupied his vigorous intellect. Special correspondence for a New York or a Chicago newspaper enabled the great head-centre to live comfortably. He wanted no more. Busy as his life has been, his was not the mind to lie down under disasters; and the very moderate compensation he derived from his giving lessons to young ladies and gentlemen, at least kept

him independent. Men of the stamp of Stephens and O'Mahony are not easily disheartened. Deliberately they chose their respective lives, and, if failure overtook them, it did not take place without its being among the probabilities when they began. A long-time bondage, running for centuries; a discouraged people; a society content with its lot and bitterly opposed to any change in the existing order of things; these are some of the obstacles, frequently insurmountable, which beset the reformer; added to which is the greatest, the ill-success of organized efforts previously embarked in similar undertakings.

What feelings possessed James Stephens on beholding Dublin again, what thoughts coursed up and down his energetic mind, we can only conjecture. Many times he strode along those streets when thousands were offered for his capture. Headlong rushed the squares of cavalry, almost upsetting him on his calm journey, as they got some information that Stephens was at such a place in the city. Shouting news-boys and conspicuous bulletin boards gave descriptions of the extraordinary fugitive, while the man they wanted eagerly looked on, and read, with thousands, the rich reward.

Enough; James Stephens, broken in health, returns to Ireland to die. Ireland receives her noble son with a welcome which the dawning of a brighter day gives us hope shall be realized. Of her many distinguished children, there has been none whose conduct has been so closely watched, and none whose character has been so honorably preserved. Integrity and strict principle, simple, true, characterize great patriots, and of such is James Stephens.

W. J. NOLAN.

Bridgewater, S. D.

She Got the Cow.

ON one occasion when Lord Palmerston visited his Irish estate for the purpose of inspecting the improvements which were being made, he, with a friend, walked with their guns many miles over it in search of game. They had, however, little sport, and became tired and hungry. In the distance, Lord Palmerston saw a cabin — a poor little cottage not so good as a stable, to which he made his way, in company with his friend and a keeper, and found the tenement occupied by an old woman and her pig. His lordship asked if she had anything to eat.

"God bless your honor, sure there's praties and eggs at your service," was the reply; and while the old woman, without further ado, commenced washing the potatoes and putting them in a pot, his lordship said he would return in half an hour. When he did so, the old woman prepared him a substantial meal of potatoes and fresh eggs, which, being hungry, he heartily enjoyed. One is naturally in a good humor after dinner, however simple it may have been, and Lord Palmerston drew from the old woman that she had been many years a widow, and worked hard for a livelihood; but feared, when her strength should fail her, that she must go to the workhouse; but she fortunately added:

"If my husband had kept the money to buy a cow, I would have got the agent to let me have the bit of waste land in the corner, and I'd have been as happy as the queen. But there's no helping it, your honor. It's

a poor lone woman I'll be, and nobody will care whether poor Biddy is alive or dead."

"Suppose I were to speak to Lord Palmerston?" suggested her visitor.

"Oh, faith, your honor, it's not the like of you that Lord Palmerston talks to," said Biddy. "Isn't it himself that has dinner with the Queen, and tells her what she has to do; and don't he tell the House of Lords and the Parliament, an all on 'em, what they are to do? Sure it's not yourself that'll get widin a mile of him. Take the country all over, and he is the biggest man in it; he's equal to the Prince of Wales, and perhaps beyant him."

"Well," replied his lordship, "I am going to London, and I'll try to see him, because you are a deserving creature; so I shall not give you anything for your hospitality, but leave Lord Palmerston to reward you."

"Luck go wid you," said Biddy; "it's the good-maning gentleman you are."

His lordship shook the old woman by the hand and departed. In a few days the agent sent down a fine cow, and gave Biddy ten acres of land free of rent for her lifetime.

The old woman's delight knew no bounds, and when told that the person she had seen and shaken hands with was Lord Palmerston, her gratification was greater than in the acquisition of the land and the cow.

"The Green Old Flag."

At the request of several readers, the Chicago Citizen republished "The Green Old Flag," omitting one stanza which detracted from rather than added to its strength. It was written by a New York Irish-American, whose name we cannot recall, and appeared originally, if we mistake not, in the United Irishman of that city. The song, brief and simple as it is, appeals directly to the Irish heart, and, when well rendered, fires an audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. It can be sung with effect to an air somewhat resembling Baby Mine, which is merely a pathetic variation of Ireland's well known rebel melody, The Shan Van Vocht:

Over Eirie's isle on high
Waves a green old flag;
Eirie's sons, to do or die,
Guard that Green Old Flag;
It has waved, for myriad years
O'er sages, saints, and seers,
Over bloodshed, gloom and tears
Waved that Green Old Flag.

O'er warriors true and brave
Waved that Green Old Flag;
Over many a gory grave
Waved that Green Old Flag;
O'er Clontarf's tide in joy,
O'er Benburb and Dunboy,
On the field of Fontenoy
Waved that Green Old Flag!

In climes beyond the sea
Waved that Green Old Flag;
With France's *fleur-de-lis*
Waved that Green Old Flag;
With Columbia's Stripes and Stars,
In Freedom's righteous wars,
O'er that bold brigade of Meagher's
Waved that Green Old Flag!

Without stain on glittering fold
Waves that Green Old Flag;
With its harp of burnished gold
Waves that Green Old Flag;
O'er Nation's proud array,
Over England's might at bay,
O'er united hearts to-day
Waves that Green Old Flag.

The Inquisition.

Read at Lotos Club, Fort Gratiot, April, 1891, at Prof. Parker's.

A SPANISH history that did not treat of the "Inquisition" would be considered incomplete, and hence I have chosen to give you the Catholic view of this famous tribunal, as my instalment to this evening's entertainment.

An inquisition is a judicial inquiry. It is also an examination or investigation by a public body, undertaken for the safety of citizens and the good order of society. From this root we have many revered practices in America, amongst which is the inquest held by magistrates or coroners whenever death occurs under circumstances exciting suspicion of crime. The finding of this body is called "an inquest," or verdict. From the same source we have all the duties and organization of a "grand jury," consisting originally, in England, of twelve knights of honor, commissioned by a court to inquire into all the public affairs of the "Hundred," and, if crime existed, cause the suspected parties to be arrested and put upon trial before another jury, summoned from a small territory, and hence called "petty," or little jury, a name they still retain after all reason for its existence had ceased. The finding of a grand jury was called an indictment because it was their public "saying" (*in dicere*, to say) or proclamation, and was the result of their inquiry or inquisition, as instructed by the court.

Michigan still retains this judicial system, and we can set an "inquisition" of that kind to work any day, thus repeating the secret and searching process inherited from our English associations in colonial days. The latest grand jury in Michigan was at Detroit, in 1890, causing the indictment of John Chris. Jacobs, and other public men of that city, resulting, as I believe, in much scandal and no general good, and only enabling Mr. Jacobs to rise higher in control of city affairs.

But we must return to the Inquisition, and its connection with the Catholic Church; and here we find a court established in the twelfth century by Pope Innocent III. for the suppression of heresy. This court was an affair of the apostolic Church, long before the reformation; and if any Christian body claims apostolic succession, this court is part of their inheritance.

Heresy is no crime in this age, or in this blessed country; but the pages of history tell a different story in every government of Europe; and no matter what religion the people profess, every one of them, at some time, punished heresy as a crime, and a danger to the state.

The theory of Christianity is so exalted, with Christ as God for its head, that zealous Christians are justified in believing that all men, by some methods, should be drawn unto its fold and saved from sin.

It was proper, then, for such zealous people to inquire into the danger of heresies and to suppress that evil by such methods as a rude civilization deemed wise. And these methods were always harsh, often cruel, and frequently more criminal than the evil they aimed at suppressing.

Spain and her people should be studied with care by those Americans who wish to discourse upon the Inquisition. And when you reflect that a war of eight centuries had closed with the Moors; just before Columbus sailed into "the boundless sea" in search of a land as distant and unreal

as the caves and hills under the Gulf Stream,— you may be able to view charitably many things then done to repair losses and restore order. The Moors were fierce Mohammedans; they believed that Christ was an impostor; they threatened all Europe with rapine and ruin; and in Granada, *for eight hundred years*, they held almost absolute control.

After the Moors took possession, the Jews of Palestine invaded Spain. Slowly and stealthily came those quiet children of the Old Law, who scorned a "Christian dog," and compared the worshippers of Christ to swine. These Jews were of the same people who crucified the Saviour; and one prisoner of good character testified (as I believe, falsely) that captive Christian children were still put to death upon a cross, by the same methods, and in derision of the Christian God.

Spain, in 1492, was full of young warriors and old veterans. Her country was for the first time free, and the restless spirit of her sons knew no ordinary bounds; yet, there were the Jews, sneering, scoffing and living. They had gained nearly all the wealth in Spain; they were exacting usurers and hard-fisted bankers, without either soul or sentiment which a Spaniard could move.

When it became necessary, they professed to be Christians, and even worshipped in Christian temples. Under these circumstances, Ferdinand and Isabella asked the Pope to aid them in detecting this evil and exposing these hypocrites And here was the origin of the court known in history as the Inquisition, established as a state institution,— appointed by the King, paid by public revenue, and only connected with the Church because it was necessary to have a churchman at its head, learned in the ways of Christianity and able to detect fraud.

The bishops and secular priests in Spain opposed the court from the start; and Catholic laymen were known to approve it only because it punished their oppressors and protected their property from the unjust exactions of the Jews.

When the punishment became severe, and the Inquisition became an agency of injustice, Pope Sixtus IV. protested against it, although he had been the pontiff to assent that it might be presided over by a monk of the Dominican Order. Other protests came from later popes. Innocent VIII. strongly denounced its cruel sentences and unjust methods, and Pope Alexander used equally strong terms in addressing the court of Spain.

Refugees from Spain were always protected in the states of the Church, and, because of the Inquisition, the Spanish ambassador was seized and imprisoned in Rome. Yet, because Thomas de Torquemada, a friar in the Dominican Order, was president of this court for eighteen years, Prescott is foolish enough to say that Saint Dominic was its chief justice, although that saint had been dead over two hundred years before such a court was established in Spain.

Dominic died in A. D. 1229, and the Inquisition started in 1480.

Another grave cause of error lies in four volumes published by Juan Antonio Florente, an apostate priest, from which much falsehood and little truth has originated.

Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has investigated the charge

made by Florente, and finds that he carefully destroyed every document from which he professed to have quoted.

The Inquisition, then, was nothing but an affair of government presided over by an ecclesiastic, just as the lord chancellor presided over many courts in England before civilization had separated that office from the English Church.

The Inquisition was one of the agencies of state, just as was the Star Chamber in England, and had no more to do with the Christian Church than any other rejected relic of a barbarous age.

We cannot well understand how such agencies could exist. Those olden times were hot-beds of bad systems. Their laws rested upon strength of arm and multiplied forts; their literature was rude, and their learning unrefined. The world has progressed so far and so fast that all we see of that past looks murky and dark, just as we will appear to the people who come after us in the golden centuries ahead.

The Inquisition is a thing of that past. And from that past we have pruned out the wicked weeds, retaining only the good as fitted to our stage of progression.

All this proves that the present is the past purified,

> Is but the ruin of the bad,
> The wasting of the wrong and ill,
> Whate'er of good the old time had
> Is living still.

It cannot be denied that criminal tendencies are often transmitted from criminal ancestors; and yet, we are charitable enough to judge men by their own acts, and care but little about their descent or pedigree. Why, then, should we charge groups of men with crime because other groups, professing their faith, were guilty long ago.

Christians quarrel with each other, and this proves the absence of true Christian faith. Sects form upon the most trifling distinctions; as whether spirit occupy space; need time for transit; or "how many devils could dance upon the point of a small needle withour falling off." And where the quarrel is on, those who once were brothers are too bitter for God's noble service anywhere.

It is in this un-Christian spirit that books are written about the Inquisition and the part it played in Spain; and it is the perusal of such books that often draw editors of religious papers into most absurd and uncharitable statements, two of which I will give you. One from the Christian Guardian of Montreal, on November 11, in which a Protestant Episcopal writer states that a Catholic congress in Gallatia has requested the Church to depose certain saints canonized by Pius IX. or the present Pope, among which are Torquemada, the president of the Inquisition in Spain. And this writer wonders how an infallible church can rescind its own decrees without stultifying the declaration of infallibility.

The editor of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, seeing the above article, launches out into an indictment of Torquemada, and charges many of the cruelties of Spanish history against him, winding up by the statement that the Roman Catholic Church has canonized him as her faithful servant, with sundry other unpleasant charges against the Church. These

two editorial utterances have been going the round of non-Catholic newspapers, and, of course, have been believed by the uneducated and bigoted, while, as a matter of fact, no such congress has existed; no such request has ever been made, and Torquemada was never canonized as a saint, nor has the Church in any manner adopted his acts or approved of them by seeking to place him among her list of saintly persons; all of which was exposed by the Boston Pilot in December of last year; but which exposure few persons will ever see who read the original slander; and this poor old Dominican monk will have a false biography for which his Church will be held responsible by millions who know no better, and by millions more who are wilfully ignorant of her divine teachings.

A much better method would be to study the Church as you would a landscape or a nation, by looking at it from all sides.

If you wish to see a country or a city, a good plan is to ride on the top of a stage coach, near the front, and look ahead; if you wish to climb a mast, "look aloft" and keep steady; and in searching a people or a system, it is not wise to dwell too long on their past. You cannot see it as they did, and at best you only get a rear view, or a downward glance, or a partial profile.

While the present can be seen face to face, enlivened by social converse and enlarged by warm charity, the past is not a pleasant study for me. The Darwinian monkey sits serenely in every ancestral line, as the progenitor of all our first families. I would rather be a gypsy and divine future lots, than mope in the musty past for imprisoned goodness, under the dust and ashes and lava of intervening upheavals. I love to recall the poetic ideal of past ages:

"Those olden times," how many days are spent
In vain regrets and hollow argument,
To prove them wiser, happier than our own;
The oldest moment which the world has known
Is passing now.

Those "vaunted times" were young,
Their learning from unlettered peasants sprung,
Their laws from nobles, arrogant and rude,
Their justice force, their whole achievements crude.

Respect the past for all the good it knew,
Give noble lives and struggling truths their due,
But ask, what freedom knew the common men
Who served, and bled, and won the victories then.

If we dwell upon a progressive life, there is courage in looking ahead. If we are grading up constantly, it is plain that every day brings us nearer to heaven. And every hour we can repeat a hymn which I heard sung lately in this village, and so familiar to all:

One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er
I'm nearer my Father's home than I've ever been before.

Such songs and such sentiments are wings for the soul. And as we rise all prejudice and all little differences grow less or disappear, just as the rivers become threads of silver and the fences waving lines to those who ride in a balloon.

If I have succeeded in inducing you to read the story of the Inquisition in that light and with this spirit, the time spent on this essay will be a joyous labor.

A Dish for the Young and the Old.

THIS year, the four hundredth anniversary of our country's birth, is one of rejoicing for the whole world; for Americans more than others: for Catholics most of all. Nurtured by freedom, the Cross, planted by Columbus, four hundred years ago, has flourished on our soil, and from its branches drop the golden fruit of happiness, peace, and prosperity. May it ever continue so! May we ever be firm in the faith, and live up to its teachings; and in thanksgiving for the blessings showered on Church, on country, and on us, let us lift our voices, and join the angels gathered round the crib in their glad song of "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

The Catholic Home Almanac.

BITTER WORDS. — A single bitter word may disquiet a family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet disposition, make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

THE LAST MASS ON EARTH. — The world has seen one and only one example of an enduring adoration. Christ stands upon His altars to-day and His altars are over the whole earth. He exacts and He has gained the homage of men and nations, keen, cultivated, independent, by an adoration involving the sacrifice of that which men hold dearest, and which no force or tyranny can ring from them — their judgment. When the world's end comes, the world may be in what the city is now in vice and unbelief, but above all and through all will stand the altar, and the Archangel's trumpet will be the music of the last Mass ever offered on this earth.

DANTE'S PORTRAIT OF ST. DOMINIC. — There where the gentle breeze whispers among the young flowers that blossom over the fields of Europe, not far from that shore where break the waves behind which the big sun sinks at eventide, is the fortunate Calaroga; and there was born the loyal lover of the Christian faith, the holy athlete, gentle to his friends, and terrible only to the enemies of truth. They call him Dominic. He was the ambassador and the friend of Christ; and his first love was for the first counsel that Jesus gave. His nurse found him often lying on the ground, as though he had said, "It was for this I came." It was because of this love for the divine truth, and not for the world, that he became a great doctor in a short time; and he came before the throne of Peter not to seek dispensations, or tithes, or the best benefices, or the patrimony of the poor, but only for freedom to combat against the errors of the world by the word of God. Then, armed with his doctrine and his mighty will, he went forth to his apostolic ministry, even as some mountain torrent precipitates itself from a rocky height. And the impetuosity of that great flood, throwing itself on the heresies that stemmed its way, flowed on far and wide, and broke into many a stream that watered the gardens of the Church.

LENT. — Forty days and forty nights! What a long time! Did it seem long to our Lord, I wonder, when he wandered in the wilderness without shelter, in the darkness and cold? The Mountain of the Temptation is still pointed out, and it is, indeed, a desolate place. Think of our Lord there for forty days and forty nights! Enter into the spirit of Lent, and our loving Father, who seeth in secret, will repay you. Above all, abstain from every wilful fault. Oh! how precious in the sight of God this would be! And every one, even the youngest, could try to do this! What is a little pain of self-denial compared to the happiness of doing something that our loving Father will reward. But, alas! how few think of their immortal souls and the end for which they were created!

A MOTHER'S LOVE. — The love of mother is never exhausted; it never changes; it never tires. A father may turn his back on a child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives; wives may desert their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him unworthy. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSE. — "Have you ever noticed," said a physician, "how many of the people you meet have the habit of keeping their lips parted a little? Just observe people's mouths in your walks about the city, and you will be surprised at the truth of what I am telling you. Or perhaps you will not be surprised now that I have put you on your guard, but you will find the number is exceedingly large. I venture to say that more than three quarters of the men and women to be met in the streets of this city, will be found to have their mouths habitually partly open. The habit of which I am speaking is an extremely bad one. The nose is the instrument given us to breathe with, and only when the air passes through the nose and is strained there, especially in cold weather, is it in fit condition to enter the lungs. Much more attention should be given to the formation of the habit of nose-breathing than is generally the case. This is a fact that ought to be forcibly impressed on the mind of every parent and every teacher."

THE BOOT AND SHOE INDUSTRY. — Special Examiner Hyer, of the Patent office, has just returned from a tour of inspection through the great boot and shoe factories of Lynn and Haverhill, in Massachusetts, which may be said to turn out footgear for pretty nearly the entire people of the United States. He was much impressed with the gigantic scale on which the manufacture is carried on at these establishments, some of which have a capacity of from eight thousand to ten thousand pairs a day. A large percentage of the goods thus produced are sold to retailers at from eighty-five cents to one dollar and a half a pair, although the "stock" used costs from eighty cents to one dollar and ten cents. Inasmuch as the labor averages thirteen cents on each pair, there is necessarily an actual loss on the cheapest grades, which are merely intended to serve as "leaders." It

is an interesting fact that sixty per cent. of all the shoes and boots worn in this country are retailed for less than two dollars a pair. "Machinery," said Mr. Hyer recently to a Washington Star reporter, "has nowhere been put to more effective use for the saving of labor than in the manufacture of shoes. It is a wonderful thing to see a pair of boots turned out within a few minutes from the raw material, finished and all ready to wear. Heliogabalus had his shoes covered with white linen, and Caligula ornamented his with precious stones. Sandals were worn by both sexes among the Romans in the house, as we wear slippers. At one time the parliament of Great Britain regulated by law not only the quality of the leather, but the number of stitches to be taken in every shoe. Top boots were introduced in the sixteenth century. In China the cobbler goes from house to house and announces his coming with a rattle. In all history, as shown in pictures and bass reliefs, the shoemaker seems to have assumed the same attitude as now in doing his work. It is a very unhealthy one, and few of the craft live to old age. A hollow at the base of the breastbone is often produced by the continual pressure of the last."

AMONG the Catholic emigrants from Europe to this country few merit higher praise for the stanchness of their faith, and the generosity evinced in promoting the interests of religion than do the Poles. Should any one be inclined to doubt this statement, an examination of the *status* of the Polish parish of St. Stanislaus, Chicago, will speedily convince him of its truth. Of the ninety thousand Poles who help to make up the vast population of the Western metropolis, the larger number live in the neighborhood of St. Stanislaus' Church; and their parish is one of the most thriving and thoroughly equipped in the city, and probably the largest in the world. Their school building is a spacious structure, two hundred and fourteen by eighty-one feet; and contains, besides class-rooms and apartments for societies, a hall capable of accommodating four thousand people. An academy for girls has also recently been erected; its dimensions are one hundred and twenty by eighty feet, there being a basement and four stories. It is to serve as a day and boarding-school, but at present is occupied as an orphan asylum and day-school. Among the other congregational buildings may be mentioned the handsome private edifice occupied by the Polish Publishing Company. It is four stories high, and measures one hundred and five by fifty feet. The Company issue a Polish weekly, also a daily paper. On the whole, this material prosperity of St. Stanislaus' parish, being the mere outward expression of the practical faith of its members, clearly demonstrates that emigration has not weakened Polish devotion to the religion for which Sobieski triumphed and Kosciusko fell.

THERE was a noticeable predominance of "scarlet trimmings" among the ladies who attended the reception to Cardinal Gibbons in St. Louis. Noticing this, Archbishop Ryan, who stood beside the Cardinal, nudged the latter and said: "Your Eminence, the city authorities will be after you if they see what's going on." — "Why?" inquired the Cardinal; "what have I done?" — "Well," said the archbishop, "the health board may charge you with spreading the scarlet fever."

THE "grand old man," GLADSTONE, was eighty-two years old on the 29th of December.

Missionary Labors of Lazarist Priests in Arkansas.

FROM 1818 TO 1844.

THE apostolic work in Arkansas of the Lazarists, their familiar name, or "Congregation of the Mission," their official title, forms a brief but interesting episode in local church history. The picturesque descriptions of Arkansas life two centuries ago, to be found in such books as Too Strange Not to be True, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, suggest an ideal which would linger long in the mind, as the impressions from Cooper's Tales of Indian Life have lingered in the American mind, and excite undue expectation. Distance of time and space lends an enchantment to many a scene in which might be included the untrodden forests and malarial swamps of the Arkansas, which are now happily passing into history.

A most interesting chronicle could be woven of the many wonderful incidents in the lives of the Lazarist missionaries, at the time of which we speak, were it not for the unpleasant fact that the Sons of St. Vincent, with malice prepense against the literary scribbler, left no accessible records of their work. Another difficulty is also experienced; so numerous and important are the political and ecclesiastical changes which have involved, that some knowledge of them is necessary before a favorable point of view can be obtained.

Arkansas is a part of the famous Louisiana purchase. Upon the fall of Canada, 1762, France, perceiving that she could no longer hold Louisiana, ceded it by secret treaty to Spain. It remained virtually under the dominion of Spain until 1803, as the retrocession by Spain to France was only effected when the United States was ready to formally receive it from France. In 1804, a division was made into upper and lower Louisiana, the latter extending to the present northern line of the state of Louisiana, and the former embracing all the remainder of the territory west of the Mississippi. One was called the Territory of Orleans and its capital was New Orleans; the other was named the District of Louisiana or Upper Louisiana, which name was changed, in 1812, to Missouri Territory. The capital was St. Louis. Gen. James Wilkinson, once commander-in-chief of the United States Army, and also associated with Aaron Burr in his famous conspiracy, was the first governor of Missouri Territory. In 1819, Arkansas was organized into a separate territory, and 1836, admitted, as a state, into the Union.

The ecclesiastical jurisdiction was even more varied and complex. The Bishop of Quebec was the spiritual ruler of the Louisiana Territory from the earliest settlement to the year 1762, and in respect to the "North-West Territory," the region north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, ceded, 1762, by France to England, his control lingered fifty years longer. Louisiana Territory proper, that west of the Mississippi, passed, 1762, with New Orleans and contiguous country eastward, under the spiritual direction of the Bishop of Santiago, Cuba. The bishop, Rt. Rev. James Joseph Echeverria, who already governed the Spanish Floridas, sent, 1772, Father Cyril de Barcelona as his vicar to New Orleans, accompanied by four Capuchin priests. In 1781, Father Cyril was consecrated

Bishop-Auxiliar to the Bishop of Santiago, with residence in New Orleans, and jurisdiction over Louisiana Territory and the Floridas.

Pope Pius VI. issued a bull, April 25, 1793, making the Louisiana Territory and the Floridas a diocese, with Rt. Rev. Louis Peñalver first bishop. The diocese was described in the official document as bounded on the north and east by that of Baltimore, and on the south and west by that of Linares and Durango, Mexico. Bishop Peñalver was promoted, July 20, 1801, to the Archiepiscopal See of Guatemala, and left the Rev. Thomas Hasset and the Rev. Patrick Walsh, administrators. Father Hasset having died, April, 1804, Father Walsh remained sole administrator until his death, August 22, 1806.

The *Prop. de Fide*, January 29, 1791, had placed the whole of the then country of the United States under Bishop Carroll of Baltimore. By a rescript, September 1, 1805, Pius VII. appointed Bishop Carroll Administrator Apostolic of the Diocese of Louisiana and the Floridas, with power to select a vicar-general. To obviate the captious objections of a troublesome priest, Rev. Antonio Sedella, another and more specific document was issued by the Pope, April 5, 1808, when Bishop Carroll assumed charge and appointed the Rev. John Olivier his vicar-general. The unfortunate troubles continued; but he was able to effect, August 18, 1812, the appointment of the Rev. William Dubourg as Administrator Apostolic. In Rome, September 24, 1815, Very Rev. William Dubourg was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana and the Floridas.

Bishop Dubourg believed that a theological seminary was a first necessity to his new diocese, and that none but a religious order would endure the hardship of the undertaking. There was in Rome, at the time, a house of the order of the Congregation of the Mission, an order founded by Saint Vincent of Paul, 1625, in France, and established a few years later in Paris at the College of St. Lazarre, whence the name of Lazarist. Being much impressed with the mode of work of the order, and particularly taken with Father Andreis, a member, he selected it for his seminary, and, finally, secured the following priests: Felix Andreis, John Joseph Aquaroni, Joseph Rosati, and Joseph Pereira, with Leo Days, a Propaganda student. By consent of Rome, it was allowed to make St. Louis his place of residence, on account of a renewal of the conflict with ecclesiastical authority by the unhappy Father Sedella. Bishop Dubourg embarked at Bordeaux, June 28, 1817, with five priests, four sub-deacons, three Christian Brothers, some seminarians and other volunteers. They landed at Annapolis, September 4, 1817, and entered St. Louis January 5, 1818.

Bois Brulé, or the Barrens, a small settlement eighty miles from St. Louis, was the location for the seminary. They found there a log church, a priest's house, and a few Catholics under the care of a Trappist, Father Dunaud. Father Andreis began work and Father Rosati who, with the seminarians, had received temporary shelter from Bishop Flaget at Bardstown, Ky., soon joined him. Thus began at the Barrens, Perryville, Mo., a seminary, where many distinguished clergy and prelates received an education, among them the present Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas, the Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, also Bishops Ryan, Buffalo; Cosgrove, Davenport; and Neraz, San Antonio. The Lazarists were almost the sole dependence of Bishop Dubourg and of his successor.

In 1820, the Osage Indians, then dwelling in the north-eastern part of Arkansas, sent seven chiefs to St. Louis, begging the establishment of a Catholic mission. Bishop Dubourg was moved to grant their prayer and, after commending the works in a pastoral letter, set out himself to make a beginning. Father Croix, a Lazarist, made two visits to the tribe and baptized forty persons. A Catholic band began to grow among the Indians until it gathered into its fold many of the principal chiefs, and became in time the religion of the tribe. This was probably the first missionary work of the Lazarists in Arkansas.

The Rev. John Rosati was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Dubourg, July 14, 1820, and was specially entrusted with the care of Arkansas, Missouri, and Western Illinois.

Pope Leo XII. July 18, 1826, divided the diocese of Louisiana and established the See of New Orleans, with the state of Louisiana as its diocese. All the Louisiana Territory northward and westward, west of the Mississippi, was constituted the Diocese of St. Louis. Bishop Dubourg remained at New Orleans and Bishop Rosati was fixed at St. Louis. The whole Diocese of St. Louis at this time, 1826, was estimated to contain eight thousand Catholics. In 1844, the Diocese of Little Rock was established with Rt. Rev. Andrew Dyrne as its first bishop.

The Very Rev. Felix Andreis, first Superior of the Lazarists in the United States and Vicar-General of Upper Louisiana, in arranging, 1817, the various parishes, placed Arkansas for the time being in charge of the pastor of Natchez, Miss., on account of Arkansas Post, the chief settlement, being only three hundred miles from Natchez, while it was seven hundred and fifty from St. Louis. The white population of Arkansas, 1785, was 196; 1799, 368; 1810, 14,255; 1820, 30,388; 1840, 97,574.

In 1824, Rev. John M. Odin, afterwards Archbishop of New Orleans, and Rev. John Timon, afterwards Bishop of Buffalo, started out on a missionary tour by way of New Madrid, Mo., and Davidsonville, Ark., their objective point being Arkansas Post. Davidsonville, founded in 1815, had the honor of having the first post-office in Arkansas, though four days later another was established at Arkansas Post. It was the capital of Lawrence county which embraced the whole state of Arkansas, and received its name from the celebrated Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake.

They visited, besides the Post, St. Mary's and other French settlements in the vicinity of Pine Bluff, Pine Bluff, Little Rock, Fort Smith, and probably Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, as well as the many scattered families in intermediate places, whose whereabouts became known to them. The mode of travel was by skiff or flat boat, with an occasional excursion on horseback and many weary tramps afoot. The hardships endured and the dangers incurred can only be imagined, as no records are accessible to an outside writer.

Everywhere the work began by teaching grown-up people how to make the sign of the cross and recite the simplest prayers. The people had made an endeavor to keep the faith alive by administering private baptism, celebrating the marriage rites with pioneer privileges, and preparing for confession and communion in expectation of a chance missionary visit. Some were found who had been for forty years without being able to receive Holy Communion. Sixteen families were living in one place where Mass had

been but twice offered. The description given corresponds somewhat to St. Mary's settlement, five miles below Pine Bluff. An incident occurred to the Rev. John Timon, at St. Mary's, on this visit or the one made in 1826, which was narrated to the writer by Col. Creed Taylor, the most prominent settler of the times, now deceased. It happened one nightfall that Mr. Timon (he was then only subdeacon) turned up missing. As the forest was full of bears, wolves, and other wild beasts, much alarm was felt. A large search party with guns, hounds, and horns, started out. After several hours of exploration, he was found at the cabin of an old and helpless widow. On a visit he had discovered that she had no winter's wood cut, and but little prospect of having it done. He set to work himself, and had a large pile to his credit, when he was interrupted by the firing of guns and the outcries of dogs and men.

Arkansas Post, founded by Tonti, the chief officer of La Salle, in 1686, the same year as Philadelphia, was the principal town of the state. Here the French and Spanish had their headquarters of soldiers. Until 1821, it was also the capital of the Territory of Arkansas, when a change was made to Little Rock. In 1864, it was destroyed in the bombardment and capture by the fleet and army under Generals Sherman and McClernand. From the earliest times, missionaries were accustomed to make it their chief rendezvous. In 1824, the two Lazarists, Fathers Odin and Timon, made a lengthy stay here, making excursions among the Indians and whites far and near. The Quapaw Indians originally occupied the whole region of the state south of the Arkansas river, including sixteen million acres of land. By treaty, 1818, they relinquished all but one and a half million acres, which stretched with a wide south-western sweep from Arkansas Post to Little Rock. In 1824, this was also ceded, except eighty acres, known as the Indian Reserve, and located ten miles below Pine Bluff. The Quapaws went first to near the Great Raft on Red River, and, not liking the place, were transferred to the Indian Territory. Saracen, their old chief, returned, in 1829, by permission of Gov. John Pope, when over ninety years of age, to die on the Reserve, that his bones might rest in native soil with those of his ancestors.

Saracen and Hecaton were principal chiefs at the time of the arrival of the missionaries, and are remembered by some of the oldest settlers now living. Streets in Pine Bluff bear their names. Saracen was, like Logan, a friend of the white man. On one occasion some marauding Chickasaws entered the dwelling of a trapper's family a few miles below Pine Bluff, and carried off two small children. The white settlers for miles around were greatly excited over the event, but felt that they were helpless for a rescue. When Saracen came and saw the weeping mother, raising himself to his full height he pointed to the heavens and said to her: "When the sun so high to-morrow (indicating with his fingers), Saracen bring your children. If he no come back, you see Saracen no more." He plunged into the darkness of the night and tracked his hereditary foe. He overtook the party near Arkansas Post, about fifty miles distant, and, alone, sprang into their boat as they were pushing from the south side of the Arkansas river, and with the war-whoop of the Quapaw struck such terror into them that they readily surrendered the children. For this deed a monument will likely be erected to his memory. As a memento of this act of bravery and his kindness to

Catholic missionaries, a memorial window to his honor was placed in St. Joseph's Church, Pine Bluff. He was, from all the available testimony, at least a baptized Catholic.

It was before the wigwam of this chief, near Arkansas Post, that the Lazarist missionaries, in 1824, erected an altar and offered the Holy Sacrifice. The Indians assisted at Mass. The Catholic faith was explained to them through an interpreter, W. Neuismere. A real friendship grew on either side, and one night an Indian priest or medicine man was induced to give an account of the Indian faith. As it may be of some general interest, an outline is given, which was culled for the writer by a member of the Lazarist order from the History of the Congregation of the Mission at the Barrens, Perryville, Mo.

"In general it is hard to get from Indians precise details even of the little which they profess to know. They are afraid of being laughed at. Like other Indians, they generally believe in God and in subordinate gods, good and bad, vague parodies, perhaps, of our good and bad angels; in future rewards and punishments, in which the Catholic view of a threefold state are distinguishable. Their old tradition is that they came from the cold North; that the first remembrance their fathers had was of their floundering on the surface of a vast lake; that a god in white approached them from the south; one in red from the north; one in motley colors from the west. The god in white was the superior. A bird was sent to discover land, but without result. Different animals then followed. One returned with its feet besmeared with mud. The god in white led them towards the point whence the animal had returned. Land was found. They knelt to thank and adore the god in white. 'No, children,' he said; 'I am sent by the Great Spirit; Him you must adore.' He then predicted their victories over all the nations they should encounter, till they reached the sunny South, and that, in the lapse of ages, they would see white men, children of the god in white, whom they should never injure for the sake of their guide. Strange gestures and wild episodes accompanied the account, of which the above is an abridgment. From their tradition it seems that besides some vague recollections of the earlier revelation, they retained some remembrances of the deluge, and of Noah's trials to know whether it had ceased." (History Congregation of Mission, page 7.) The remnant of the tribe is now in the north-east corner of the Indian Territory, and entirely Catholic.

In 1826 and later Rev. Messrs. Odin and Timon frequently visited the country south of the Barrens for one hundred and fifty miles, and made occasional lengthy tours through Arkansas, Texas, and the Indian Territory.

Early in 1830, Bishop Rosati wrote: "Our Holy Father, the Pope, has benignantly relieved me in the Diocese of New Orleans, the administratorship of which has made it impossible for me to give the necessary attention to my own Diocese of St. Louis. Now I can beg into carry out my long-formed plans for its improvement. In Arkansas Territory, where there are more than two thousand scattered Catholics, there is not a single priest, nor has any missionary visited it since Rev. Mr. Odin did some years ago. There is not a priest in the whole State of Illinois, and visits to it are few; yet there are more Catholics there than in Arkansas."

Bishop Rosati enjoyed the pleasure of a quadrupled vision when he looked at the Catholic population of Arkansas. In 1845, Bishop Byrne

reported four thousand to the Catholic almanac. The editor, wishing to give the new diocese a boom, raised the figures to forty thousand. Bishop Fitzgerald had a careful census taken in 1867, and found only sixteen hundred.

As the demands on Bishop Rosati for priests in Missouri began to grow, the Lazarists made fewer visits to Arkansas, and secular priests began to work. In 1835, Father Timon succeeded Father Tornitore as Superior of his Order in the United States, and he sent Father Brands and Simonin, Lazarists, to Arkansas, where they baptized, at the different stations, a number of children, and offered the scattered Catholics a much-prized opportunity of hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments.

In 1837, Father Odin, and perhaps a companion priest, name unknown, made an extensive missionary tour of Arkansas. At Fort Smith he said Mass in the house of Michael Manning, who is still living, and recalls with pride the happy event. He also went up the river to Fort Gibson.

Bishop Loras, first Bishop of Dubuque, consecrated 1837, was required to visit New Orleans on some business, and, on his return, 1841, by request of Bishop Rosati, made an episcopal visitation of Arkansas. Napoleon, Arkansas Post, New Gascony, St. Mary's, Pine Bluff, Little Rock, and probably other points, received a visit. He found the work of the Lazarist missionaries everywhere extolled. Among those confirmed at Napoleon were Col. Creed Taylor, deceased, and his two daughters, Mrs. G. V. Walker and Mrs. Lizzie Gracie, both living. An upper room in the hotel, which was owned by Colonel Taylor, was used as a chapel.

In November, 1840, Father Timon left the Barrens for Texas. He returned, March, 1841, and was made vicar-apostolic, with power to confirm. He had sent Father Lynch, afterwards Archbishop of Toronto, and Father Hennessy, both Lazarists, to Galveston, whence they made lengthy excursions northward, but scarcely reached Arkansas.

The advent of Bishop Byrne, first Bishop of Little Rock, in 1844, put a new face on affairs. The Lazarists withdrew, and also several of the secular clergy who had small missions here and there.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 30, 1891. J. M. LUCEY.

A Remarkable Speech.

SPEAKING at the Liverpool Diocesan Conference, Dr. Ryle, Protestant Bishop of Liverpool, summing up the position of the Anglican Church, said: — "There is peril of reunion with the Church of Rome. Not a few Churchmen avow their desire for this reunion, and are ready to throw over the Reformers and go behind the reformation. Many others, I fear, are quite indifferent on the subject, and would offer no opposition to the Mass and Confessional for the sake of a quite life. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford has openly declared his belief that the conversion of England from Protestantism to Romanism is no dream. It is well to know what others think of us. Gentlemen, it is my deliberate conviction that these clouds of peril are in the remote distance; but they are, perhaps, nearer than we think, and some of you may live to see them overspreading the heavens and bringing with them troublous times."

Viewing The Procession.

It's amusing, at times, to stand "a one side"
And "view the procession," and mark, as they glide,
The false and the foolish, the dupe and the knave,
Along life's great highway, from cradle to grave.

A wondrous procession! coming whence? whither tend?
How long since it started? and when shall it end?
Divers objects pursuing, they each and all crave
That *something* ne'er found yet, from cradle to grave.

The gold seekers, leading, plod over the road;
Some empty enough, some bent with a load.
What worry, what hurry, a "big pile" to save,
Though needing so little from cradle to grave!

The "good-fellows," next, jog on o'er the way;
"Eat, drink, and be merry," they jovially say,
Plump corpses they leave, — but it's not very brave
To do that, and that only, from cradle to grave.

Here's leather-prunella's full fashion brigade,—
Great patrons of whalebone, false hair, and pomade,—
How stately they march! — like a war Indian brave
They paint and they feather from cradle to grave.

And there that "exclusive set" boast of "blue blood,"
And trace a long pedigree back to the flood;
They need their ancestors, their credit to save,
So worthless themselves are from cradle to grave.

Ah! here come the "patriots"! Unselfish band!
They swear they would die for the good of the land!
Their doing so quickly would much trouble save,
And shorten their journey from cradle to grave.

Those, next, are the drudges a-working for fame,
Though scarce finding bread, they keep seeking "a name."
A pity to balk them, — so little they crave, —
After "running the gauntlet" from cradle to grave.

There are the "agnostics," who "something new" show
By founding an "ism" on things they *don't* know.
Broad and deep is their bass; but their "ism" 's a cave
Whence issue gaunt horrors, from cradle to grave.

The "scientists" follow, who know and explain
All things and their causes, and all they contain;
On postulates stilted they weave and they waive
Their cobweb-spun "science" from cradle to grave.

Next see the bland preachers of "sweetness and light,"
Who put "take your cross," "self-deny," out of sight,
By which, it is certain, — if souls they don't save,—
They make things quite pleasant from cradle to grave.

But enough! poor deluded, much suffering throng!
Like ants, each one drags some pet burden along;
Then drops it and flits, like an o'ertaken knave,
At the end of the passage from cradle to grave.

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Chili and its People.

FOR a so-called peaceful republic, little Chili has of late been cutting such a swath in the sea of revolutions which have characterized the southern countries that a short review of her people and resources is particularly interesting in connection with the defiant attitude the junta, the new government of that country, assumes toward the demands of the United States government for protection of Americans in Valparaiso.

For fifty years Chili had enjoyed peace, and Balmaceda, knowing the Chilian citizens' abhorrence of revolution, took advantage of it to abuse powers conferred upon him. According to the constitution of that republic, the naval and land forces must be fixed by congress, and without such a law they have no legal existence. Balmaceda closed congress. The supreme court of the country was applied to, but Balmaceda refused to recognize its mandates and imprisoned the officers of the army who would not lend their service to his cause. The officers of the navy lent their support to congress. All that they asked was that the presiding officers of the senate and house of deputies should establish themselves a board to act in conjunction with their command in all that was necessary to secure the triumph of the cause. In compliance, Señor Waldo Silva, vice-president of the senate, and Señor Barros Luco, president of the chamber of deputies, came on board the fleet and established a provisional junta, together with Captain Montt. Then followed the struggle between the dictator and congress, which ended in the overthrow of Balmaceda.

At the beginning of the struggle, the junta could muster only four hundred armed men; but to-day it possesses an army of more than twelve thousand well-equipped soldiers. Before the revolution the army had been reduced by a law passed in December, 1889. The total number of men under the colors could not exceed five thousand, eight hundred and eighty-five, distributed in two regiments of artillery; one battalion of sappers and miners, eight battalions of infantry, and three regiments of cavalry, plus one battalion of coast artillery of five hundred men. The number of officers in active service was nine hundred and forty-three. Besides the regular army, there is the *guardia pacional sedentaria*, consisting of artillery, eight thousand nine hundred and seventy men; and infantry, forty-two thousand one hundred and twenty men; making a total of fifty-one thousand organized for mobilization when needed.

The Chilian navy has always been a matter of even more self-satisfaction than the army. It consists of two iron-clads, each of two thousand and thirty-three tons; a monitor of one thousand one hundred and thirty tons; two corvettes of one thousand one hundred and one tons; two gunboats of six hundred and sixty, and seven hundred and fifty-five tons; a cruiser of three thousand tons, another of four hundred and eighty-five tons,

ten torpedo boats of from forty to four hundred horse power. An iron-clad of six thousand nine hundred and two tons, and two cruisers of two thousand and eighty tons each were built in France, and two torpedo boats in England last winter.

The naval force consisted, in 1889, of one hundred and twenty-three officers, one hundred and eighty engineers, pursers, inspectors, and one thousand, two hundred and eighty-five sailors and men of the crews. There is an excellent naval college. All this may seem insignificant in comparison with the great armed forces of Europe; but the Chilians are the Prussians of South America, and to them their navy seems to be the commencement of a mighty future.

The recent revolution in Chili is not the first. In 1810 Chili revolted from Spain, and a junta was formed, with secret design to overthrow the northern country, and after a struggle of ten years a constitution was adopted. In 1883 the present constitution was promulgated. In 1864 Chili sympathized with Peru in her struggle with Spain. In 1871 a treaty was effected, and since that time Chili has made great material and intellectual progress.

Santiago, the Chilian capital, is situated in the interior of the country, at the foot of the great Cordilleras, and at a distance of four hours by express train from its port, Valparaiso. It is a pleasant and rich city, highly favored in point of climate. Rain falls only during four winter months. The mean temperature in summer is seventy degrees, and in winter fifty-four degrees. It has a population of one hundred and ninety thousand. Since the war against Peru, women have been employed as conductors of the street horse-cars, and it is the only country in the world where women are engaged in such work The genuine Chilian house is the old Spanish house, built around one or more court-yards, and shut from the street by an open wrought-iron gate and by heavy wooden doors that close at night. Otherwise the architecture of other countries prevails.

In the late war against Peru, the Chilian soldiery showed that they could fight like demons and kill and plunder with a savage ferocity. This war and its great prize, Tarafaca and Antofagasta, have made Chili wealthy.

Education was the great hobby of Balmaceda, and seven million Chilian dollars were expended last year in the department of public instruction. Santigo has eight daily four-page papers, which publish more than thirty thousand copies daily. In Valparaiso four dailies are published. The demand for news is great, and never causes the editors to sacrifice a contemplative cigarette.

Politics is the absorbing subject in Chili. The president is elected every five years by electors appointed directly by the provinces. He administers through six ministers chosen by himself, and a council of state composed of eleven members, six elected by congress and five appointed by the president. The council is not remunerated. The president appoints and removes at will the intendants or governors of provinces. These latter appoint sub-delegates, and so on down to the inspectors of districts. The municipal authority is vested in city councils elected every three years, but their activity is limited. The judicial power is vested in magistrates appointed under certain rules by the president, but they cannot be revoked

without legal cause. The legislative power resides in a national congress elected directly by the department in proportion to one deputy for every thirty thousand inhabitants, and of a senate whose members are elected by popular vote by the provinces at the rate of one senator for every three deputies, each senator remaining in service six years.

During the last six administrations, Chili has been an oligarchy. The out-going president has invariably named his successor. The great point at issue in Chili has been whether the president shall continue to wield the enormous power granted him, or whether it shall be vested in the congress.

Among South American republics, Chili has the rare privilege of being not only solvent, but of having an excellent credit. Her credit stands on a level with France.

Valparaiso is a business town; its streets are well filled with shops, and the shops are in a minority compared with offices, banks, warehouses, and mercantile establishments. The business enterprise is carried on principally by foreigners. English capital is the chief agent in opening up and utilizing the riches of Chili.

The lower classes of Chili have lived in an unhygienic condition, and a large majority of the children die in infancy. The Chilian peon is the lowest class. He is an indefatigable worker, and by no means wanting in intelligence, and is wonderful for strength and endurance. They work by fits and starts, spend their money as fast as they get it, and never think of the future.

Chili is full of natural beauties and mineral wealth. The better class of Chilians are pleasant and agreeable people enough, but the lower orders are too often blood-thirsty and vindictive.

In regard to Chili's unfriendly attitude toward the United States, W. H. Stayton, now practising law in New York, and who, up to a year ago, was a lieutenant in the navy, makes the following interesting statement in the Recorder.

"This unfriendly spirit had its origin away back in the war between Chili and Peru in 1879. You remember the trouble that arose between Chili and Bolivia in regard to the nitrate beds and guano deposits. The mines belonged to Bolivia, but they were worked by Chilian capitalists under treaty stipulations. In violation of those treaty arrangements, Bolivia imposed heavy export duties on the nitrates. Chili protested against the export duty imposed by Bolivia and it was abolished, and war followed that resulted in the complete defeat of Bolivia and Peru. Our government exerted its good offices to bring the war to an end. On October 22, 1881, conditions of peace were presented by the Chilian plenipotentiary to those of Peru and Bolivia, by whom they were rejected.

"Previous to this, the United States had vainly endeavored to effect an honorable peace between the contestants. The communication of our Minister to Peru at the time, to General Lynch, the Chilian commander in Peru, announcing the failure of the negotiations, led the Peruvians to believe that the United States would forcibly interfere in their behalf. That belief was based on this and other passages in Mr. Hurlbut's memorandum: 'We are of the opinion that the act of taking possession of Peruvian territory and annexing it to Chili, whether it be executed simply by force of arms

or similarly dictated as an imperative condition of a cessation of hostilities, in open contradiction to former declarations of Chili in this respect, will be justly considered by other nations as an evident sign that Chili has adopted an aggressive and conquering policy for its purpose of territorial aggrandizement.'

"The Chilians were enraged by the publication of Hurlbut's letter, and condemned it as 'undiplomatic and improper in form, and unwarrantable in tone.' Balmaceda was then the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs. He addressed a communication to General Kilpatrick, United States Minister to Chili at the time. General Kilpatrick, in his reply, contradicted General Hurlbut, but his answer did not allay the excitement. The newspapers of Chili and of England added fuel to the flame. Mr. Blaine finally furnished a long series of correspondence with the two ministers on the whole question, which explained precisely what their instructions were, and how far they were authorized to go in the negotiations for peace. In one dispatch to General Kilpatrick Mr. Blaine said:

"'In any representation you make, you will say that the hope of the United States is that the negotiations for peace shall be conducted and the final settlement between the two countries determined, without either sides invoking the aid or intervention of any European power. The government of the United States seeks only to perform the office of a friend to all the parties in this unhappy conflict between South American Republics, and it will regret to be compelled to consider how far that feeling might be affected and a more active interposition forced upon it by any attempted complication of this question with European politics. If at any time you shall judge it expedient and advantageous to read this dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, you are authorized to do so. The decision on this point is left to your decision.'

"The next step," said Mr. Stayton, "was taken by President Arthur. He referred to the question in his annual message, repudiated the action of Hurlbut and Kilpatrick, and informed Congress that he had sent a special envoy, accredited to all the belligerents and furnished with general instructions, which he trusted would enable him to bring the contestants into friendly relations. The envoy was Mr. Trescot, who was accompanied by Mr. Walker Blaine. Secretary Blaine wrote his instructions, from which this is an extract:

"'This government feels that the exercise of the right of absolute conquest is dangerous to the best interests of all the republics of this continent; that from it are certain to spring other wars and political disturbances, and that it imposes, even upon the conqueror, burdens which are scarcely compensated by the apparent increase of strength which it gives. . . . If our good offices are rejected, and this policy of the disruption of an independent state be persisted in, this government will consider itself discharged from any further obligation to be influenced in its action by the position which Chili has assumed, and will hold itself free to appeal to the other republics of this continent to join it in an effort to avert consequences which cannot be confined to Chili and Peru, but which threaten with extremest danger the political institutions, the peaceful progress, and the liberal civilization of all America.'

"That was the second American position," added Mr. Stayton, "but in a short time Mr. Blaine left the state department. He was succeeded by Mr. Frelinghuysen, and the Blaine doctrine in dealing with Chili was abandoned. A shout of joy went up all over Chili. Her public men and her newspapers have been declaring ever since that the United States is afraid of her, and at every opportunity she has been insulting our citizens, and has now taken to murdering them. Is it not fortunate for the country that the great secretary is able to be again at the head of his department, and in a position to make this petty, insignificant little power feel the might of this great republic?"

The Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

"In 1621 another feast of thanks was held, but there are no particulars known of any of those Thanksgiving days until the autumn of 1623. For several weeks the little colony had been on the watch for a ship, laden with provisions, which had set sail from the *old country* two months before. It was already two weeks overdue, and as days passed and still no tidings came from it, Governor Bradford ordered a day to be set apart for fasting, humiliation and prayer. Famine stared the little settlement in the face, and the inhabitants knew not where to turn for succor.

"Two days before the fast day had arrived, the ship came into port. That was the first real American Thanksgiving day. The day set apart for fasting was turned into a day of joy.

"'The celebration,' says Governor Bradford in his Memoirs, 'was held with glory, honor and praise, with all thankfulness to our good God, which deals so graciously with us.'"—*New York Evening Sun.*

Mirabile dictu! of "the old country."

The first feast of thanks was held by the Pilgrims in 1622, not 1621, as you state.

In the summer of 1621 food was abundant, and there was no thanksgiving. A ship did arrive in November, 1621, the Fortune, but she brought no provisions for the colonists; she did bring a reinforcement of thirty-five persons, and a patent for the colony, being the first granted to New England.

If the adolescents of the Evening Sun would look into Bancroft's first volume of the History of the United States as often as they take soda water in the pharmacy on the first floor, they would find a stout rod in pickle to correct their shocking blunders in history.

The writer of the above is referring, of course, to the wretched state of the Pilgrims and descendants in 1675 and 1676, at the end of the Pequod and King Philip wars.

An agent, whose name I cannot now recall, left for England to seek assistance in the way of provisions, seed for grain and vegetables, etc. He was coldly received in England, and could not obtain a sack of wheat or a bushel of potatoes. The people of England were wild with joy at the time over the restoration of Charles II.; the name of Puritan — colonist from New England — or any other name that savored of Puritanism, was abhorred in Albion and Scotland as that of Fenian, even more so, in 1866. The agent turned his face toward Ireland and was cordially received at Dublin and the fishing village of Belfast.

Contributions of grain and potatoes were sent in abundance; flour, barley, and rye soon filled up the brig Katharine, which set sail from Dublin,

Ireland, August 6, 1676, and arrived safe and sound, to the great joy of the people of Massachusetts, who would, in all human probability, have perished of hunger were it not for this timely offering from the people of Ireland.

If the writer in the Evening Sun will consult Bancroft's first volume, the History of New England, and Bradford's Memoirs, honestly, he will find the above statement to be correct.

It is unfortunately too true that there are a certain class of imbeciles who don't like to read the above, but truth is truth, and will prevail. "The old country" is very indefinite, but an Englishman, whether in London or Lisbon, New York or New Caledonia, is bound, by ineradicable prejudice and hatred of the "sister" isle, to stamp out the name of Ireland wherever he can.

We don't know whether the editor of the Evening Sun is an Englishman or not, but we do know that whoever wrote the article, Thanksgiving Day in History, was guilty of *suppressio veri* which is a *suggestio falsi.*

P. S. — The proceedings of the second session of the Forty-third Congress will furnish good reading, also the works of the late Hon. S. S. Cox, to young journalists of limited historical information.

R. F. FARRELL, in the New York Metropolis.

Columbus Celebration in New York.

IMRE KIRALFY recently sailed for Europe to prepare plans for the quadro-centennial celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus, to be held in New York on October 19, 1892. He will go to Hamburg and thence to Spain to get material for the proposed display. Mr. Kiralfy was chosen director-general of the intended celebration by the Colon-Cervantes Club, of New York, of which John N. Navarro, Consul-General of Mexico, is president, and Alturo Baldarano, Consul-General of Spain, vice-president. "They came to me to help them in the celebration," said Mr. Kiralfy, "and I presented my plans and they were unanimously adopted, and when shown to Mayor Grant he heartily approved them. Editor Balzoth, president of the Columbus Statue Organization, is going to work with me, and make the unveiling of the statue in the park one of the features of the day. The Arion Society and many other singing societies will join with us, and we hope to make it the grandest day of its kind the world has ever seen. The programme will include a processional pageant, which will halt at various points in the city and go through exercises representing epochs in the life of Columbus. At the park there will be music by dozens of bands and thousands of voices, the Columbus statue will be unveiled, and a representation given of his triumphal entry into Barcelona and the presentation of the Indians to the Spanish monarch. In the evening there will be a course *aux flambeaux* in which everybody will take part. It's going to be the greatest celebration the world ever knew."

JUDGE: "Do you understand what you are to swear to?" — Witness: "Yes, sar; I'm to swar to tell de truf." — Judge: "And what will happen to you if you do not tell it?" — Witness: "I 'spects our side'll win de case, sar."

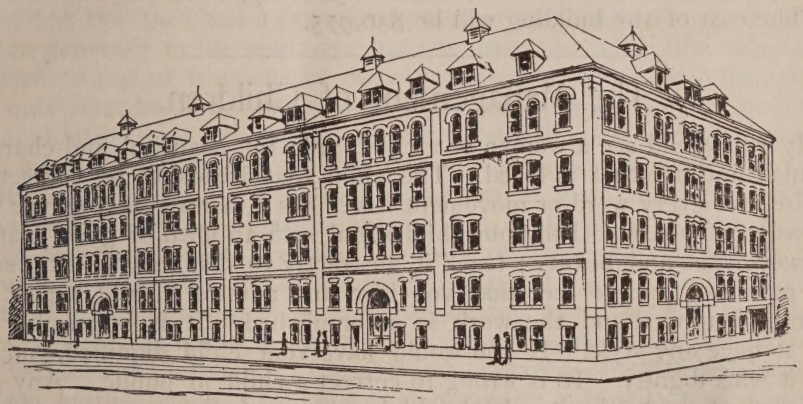
The Working Girls' Home.

THE new home for working girls, which will be in charge of the Grey Nuns, will be another monument to the zeal and charity of the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams.

The present home is on Dover street; but it is altogether too small. Numbers of girls are turned away for want of room; and His Grace, recognizing the great good that has been done in providing young working girls with such a home, decided to erect a new building such as would be a credit to the city.

Last April he bought a lot of land on the corner of Harrison ave. and Union Park street, and on Monday, September 3, the ground for the foundations was opened.

When finished, the building will be one of the finest in Boston, and here young girls will be surrounded with refining influences, and will be under the tender and watchful care of the devoted sisters who have conse-



THE WORKING GIRLS' HOME, BOSTON.

crated their lives to this work of love in caring for the unprotected girls who are obliged to go out into the world to battle as best they can, and who, perchance, have no home or friends to whom they can go.

The building will be of the Romanesque style, and will contain over one hundred rooms, furnishing accommodations for two hundred girls.

The dimensions will be as follows: The basement, mostly above ground, will be thirteen feet high. It will contain a gymnasium, 43 x 33 feet; a girls' refectory, 41 x 45½ feet; a sisters' refectory, 26½ x 15½ feet; a sewing room and general lavatory, 12 x 15½ feet, and pantry and sewing rooms, each 12 x 15½ feet.

On a level with this floor, separated from the main building by a corridor, will be the kitchen, 30 x 28 feet. Adjoining the kitchen, work rooms, 9 x 16 feet, and separate buildings, each about 20 x 28 feet, will contain the laundry and boilers.

Over the kitchen will be the servants' sleeping rooms.

The first floor, about nine feet above the sidewalk level, will be reached by an easy flight of marble steps, and directly opposite this landing will

stand the main stairway, occupying the full width of the hall, ten feet, enclosed in brick walls. A broad corridor ten feet wide will run the entire length of the building. On the right of this main entrance will be located the parlors, eight in number, and varying in size. To the left of the hallway in the rear will be the sisters' rooms and the community room.

The second, third, and fourth floors, with the exception of a chapel, 12 x 24½ feet, will be divided into rooms for the girls. Three stairways, each inclosed between brick walls, will lead from the attic to the first floor.

The building, when finished, will be two hundred and eighty-two feet long.

The wing of the building fronting on Harrison ave. will be the principal front. It will be of brick with granite trimmings, five stories high with an attic. It will be furnished with steam heat, electric lights, and a special ventilator for every room.

The design for the building is by Architects W. H. & J. A. McGinty. The contractor for the foundation is Mr. M. J. Sullivan of Somerville, and the contractor for the superstructure is P. J. Kelly, also of Somerville.

The cost of the building will be $30,975.

The Management of Children.

If you would see a woman or a child, graceful, beautiful, and charming, you must find one that is loved. The child that dreads to be corrected or criticised for every word or movement never has a manner of elegance or an expression of charm. Fill your child's soul with an ideal of good manners, of benevolence and beauty; teach it abstractly to dislike vulgarity, selfishness, rudeness, and to feel that you love and admire it, and expect of it charming manners, and the work is accomplished. It is impossible for a slave to have any style. If you would have your child dignified, you must treat it with dignity. It is wrong to correct a child in public. Any proud child feels degraded by it. It should be a case of dire necessity when you find fault with a child before strangers, and to destroy a child's pride is to do him an irreparable injury. Take advantage of some intimate hour when parent and child are alone together, and then let the parent tenderly explain how the child has behaved ill the day before or that morning, and why the child's conduct was wrong, and how it should have behaved, and show that child that the parent respects and loves it, and believes in its capacity to do all good things. This will have ten times the effect of punishment, than when the child is in a state of excitement and the parent usually angry. Get in the habit of explaining the reason of things to your child. Let there be as little confusion in its mind as possible. Above all, keep the fact of your love uppermost in the child's mind, and let it understand that you have no wish to domineer over it, only that, being older and wiser, and loving the child so much, you would save it from its inexperience, that is your duty; that you are teaching it to be its own master.

All the damned are damned because they did not pray; all the saints sanctified themselves by prayer.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Autocracy and Its Effects.

As we add the last chapter of Irish history, concerning the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, to those memorable pages that have gone before, the temptation becomes irresistible to roll back those teeming volumes, to read therein some of the mighty resolutions which have been brought about by the genius and power of individual man, and to draw therefrom, if possible, some useful reflections for the future.

From the earliest ages, and in all quarters of the globe, autocracy, or one-man power, has ever been a common form of government. The Greeks and Persians, the Romans and Gauls, all had different forms of government; but each nation recognized at one time in its career a Xerxes, an Alexander, a Cæsar, or an Attila. The swarthy sons of the Sahara and Arabia, before and after the coming of Mohammed, bowed in subjection to their chief, and obeyed his nod with the fidelity of the brute creation. Far away from the classic ground of Europe, out in the western wilds, the red man dutifully saluted his sachem like a docile child, while in the southern part of this country, the Inca was a typical representative of autocracy personified.

Man generally in his primitive state appeared to relish this subjection, or at least to regard it as one of the necessary ills which flesh is heir to. It was only after he had reached a comparatively perfect state of maturity, when civilization and education had enlightened his intellectual faculties, that he began to perceive the errors of autocracy, and its dangers. Then, in fitful bursts of anger, Athens and Rome pealed forth thundering remonstrances, which echoed through the abodes of tyranny. Then despots trembled and thrones tottered, and the reign of autocracy was for the time at an end. A little while; and then what a change! The haughty patrician senators of Rome, the lineal descendants of the men who had hurled the Tarquin autocrat to destruction, cowardly resigned their hard-earned heritage to lick the feet of the plebeian Cæsar; and Cæsarism, the offspring of this hardy son of the people, held that mighty empire in the palm of his hand and toyed with it as a plaything. His lictors and his gladiators, lions and tigers, rational and irrational animals, tore themselves to pieces before their master, and the streets and squares of the city ran crimson with the purest and best of Roman blood.

To the Christian, surveying this scene of his forefathers, a very instructive lesson in autocratic government might well be presented. Then the civilized savagery of Rome was amalgamated with the untutored barbarism from the North, and the combination produced that long series of despotic sovereigns and their feudal system, which continued to be, for the most part the sole government of the countries of Europe, in spite of Rienzi and Magna Charta, till the dawn of the Renaissance. If we consider the intolerant nature of this autocracy, the haughty, insolent pride of the nobility, and the abject subjection of the people, we cannot contemplate this long, dark picture of human suffering and hardship, without meditating on the arduous task of the Church of Rome in enforcing, among such a heterogeneous class, its absolute Gospel doctrine, "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall all likewise perish." When, in addition to harmonizing such conflicting bodies, she had to battle with the forces of heresy as they

arose, it might well have been conceived that, thus occupied, she would have confined herself to her essential duty, the teaching of faith and morals, and left literature and the arts to their would-be patrons. But the penetration of the august Fathers of the Church, discovering this vicious autocratic system to have arisen from blunted perceptions and unrefined natures, descended to primary principles, and with indefatigable energy instilled into the hearts of the masses an appreciation for enlightenment and education, that, being the more easily able to understand the importance of their eternal salvation, they might the more readily depart from the path which paved the way to perdition.

Thus the Renaissance, or the revival of learning, received its first impulse from the Church. Pope Nicholas V. stands forth pre-eminently as the first patron of the few Greek scholars who fled from their native Constantinople, as it tumbled to pieces under the assaults of the infidel. In the great basilicas of Rome, and in the palaces of the de Medicis of Florence, in highways and by-ways, wherever the new learning was to be found, there went the patronage of the Church, and there went the poor and illiterate, the down-trodden and oppressed. Peasants sat by the wayside, absorbed in the discourse of the scholar and the savant. All listened. None wearied. Together the teacher and his curious crowd of pupils fought again the good old fight with Achilles, and together they trailed the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. Together they wandered with Xenophon and his handful of Greeks through the fastnesses of Asia Minor, and together they triumphed in his triumphant return. In the prison cell of tyranny, they stood weeping with Plato, and watched the hand of death as it fastened its clutch on the life of Socrates; they saw his limbs stiffen with the juice of the hemlock, and the fine, intellectual light of his countenance vanish into the darkness of eternity. Both together, scholar and peasant, seated themselves in the midst of the Athenians, and listened to the voice of that heaven-sent genius, Demosthenes; and as they pondered over the words of this great champion of the people, the spark of freedom, the spark enkindled in them to the likeness of God, shone forth in their own sight; and they recognized that such a likeness was not to be trampled upon by the injustice and caprice of a few soulless men. Here was born that child of liberty — that harbinger of freedom — the spirit of democracy.

From Italy, the enthusiasm spread over the Alps with the impetus of a mountain torrent. The forces of autocracy attempted to stem the tide. A dam of violence and destruction was built, and the waters ceased their flowing, but still accumulated. In some measure they mistook their destination, and rolled far out of their channel, which led to the ocean of liberty, till they swamped the fair fields and meadows of Catholicity in a flood of heterodox teaching. The floods subsided, and the fields, refreshed after their long irrigation, increased their fruit a hundredfold. But in this deluge the dam of autocracy was swept away, and the waters of [illegible] tempestuous billows through their proper basin. Thus the despotism of Philip of Spain and the Tudors of England offered a temporary check to the advancement of the democracy; but with their death, the passions pent up through centuries of suffering and cruelty broke loose. The English people restraining their impatience with that prince of fools James I., faced

his wiser, but no less autocratic son, in the death struggle for freedom. How it all ended, history now tells us; but as the head of Charles I. dropped on the scaffold of Whitehall, there arose that strange paradox of modern history, the first great democratic autocrat, — made so by the wishes of the people, and acknowledged and obeyed as such by them.

With the advent of Oliver Cromwell, the nature of autocracy underwent an apparent but by no means material change. The nod of the people's dictator was yet more imperative and authoritative than the thunder of kings. Democracy was utterly crushed by the offspring of its own creation. The people pined under the new order of things, and on the death of their avowed champion hung up his four quarters at the bidding of the son of their executed tyrant, and sank once more grovelling under the foot of the hereditary autocrat.

The democracy of France, paralyzed by the futile efforts of their brethren in England, bowed their necks more submissively to the Bourbon yoke, and kissed, with craven servility, the hand that struck them. The expulsion of James II. from England, and the annihilation of autocracy that followed, failed to arouse them. Poor Jacques Bonhomme followed his plough, and gave many tithes of his hard-earned bread, that the king might bespangle with diamonds the neck of his Pompador, and pamper the bestial appetites of his sycophants and lap-dogs. But Jacques, like his brother in England, discovered that there was a limit to his power of endurance, and when that discovery was made, and that limit reached, human nature could stand no more. It would be too lengthy a task to recount the effects of a long-smouldering rage, nourished for centuries, suddenly let loose, with one mighty impulse, upon the object of its wrath. The procession, which, headed by the regal autocrat himself, mounted that fatal scaffold in the squares of Paris, continued its unvarying yet terrible march with the precision of death, until the old and the young, the guilty and the innocent, matrons, maids, and children, all who were in any way connected with the hated autocrat, had placed their neck in that horrible groove under the shadow of the knife of death; and man, who had been used as a brute from his infancy, did not now forget his animal instincts, and washed his face, his hands, and his whole body in streams of human blood.

Here was an object lesson for mankind. But what was the result? France imitated England, and in decapitating the autocrat who was born so, substituted in his place the autocrat who was made so by the follies and weaknesses of the regicides. Louis was succeeded by Napoleon; and the poor, down-trodden peasantry, after their short but fearful lease from subjection, placed their neck once more under the foot of tyranny with a resignation born only of despair. With the calmness of Mohammedan fatalism they formed up in compact columns at the bidding of this self-constituted despot, and, amid the belching of cannon and the rattle of musketry, passed out of the world with perfect resignation, if only they were saluted with a smile of approval from him who was, after all, but the mere creation of their own hands. How revolting and yet how attractive a lesson! The sudden excess of liberty, which the emancipated slave at first enjoys, throws him down, at a later period, into a baser state of servitude than ever.

"Nimia li bertas et populis et privatis in nimiam servitutem cadit."

Has the Irish race a different tale to tell? Has autocracy been a blessing to them? Let us see. A certain writer, in analyzing national characteristics, has credited the Irish with the quality of loyalty. Loyalty may mean many things; but if it is meant to signify love of country, love of kith and kin, fidelity to their own recognized leader, and the rejection of everything foreign to their religion, then, we believe, the Irish are loyal, and loyal in the most eminent degree. Without going back to Clontarf, or perusing the Annals of the Four Masters, let us scan Irish history in more modern days, and see wherein their loyalty has been their distinguishing characteristic, and how it has affected them. When the autocratic Charles tumbled from the throne of England into the grave, where did his followers flee? To loyal Ireland; and there the poor Celt, with Irish devotion, welcomed that shattered remnant of the Stuart force, raised the standard of autocracy with amazing loyalty, and poured out their hearts' blood in defence of a dynasty which had made the slave-driving Strafford their master, and had never deigned to notice their most plaintive appeals for protection and relief. The Irish, with the flower of their manhood and strength, opposed their weaponless yet unflinching forces to the steel of the Roundheads; and Drogheda, and Wexford, and many other towns tell us, to this day, with mute but impressive eloquence, of Cromwell's visitations among the "Irish loyalist traitors." It might be urged that it was but a choice of two evils, and the Irish, in choosing the regal autocracy, preferred the less to the greater, and were thus philosophically correct. But history hardly substantiates this argument.

When the tyrant, James II., after ignoring the constitution of his kingdom was summarily expelled from his dominions, where stood the Irish; by the side of the autocrat, or by the side of an outraged people? They were true to their traditions, and remained *loyal* — to the Stuart dynasty. Why the poor famine-stricken Celt should have risen in defence of such a man, it is hard to conceive. Heaven alone knows what evil the Stuart dynasty caused to poor, unhappy Ireland; but loyalty, instinct in the Irish bosom, showed the way, and through shot and shell, hoping against hope, with the calmness and determination of ideal heroes, the Celt stood proudly by the king, who had wronged him and left his home fatherless and husbandless, without a murmur or a sigh.

Expediency, in such a case, would have called out aloud, "Remember your hearths and your homes; remember the brutality of the Cromwellian period; remember the manner in which your loyalty has been rewarded in the past; disown your fealty to the Stuart king, who cares not a straw for your lives, and remain passive till the storm abates." Such arguments, however, were repulsive to the very nature of the Celt; so he sacrificed his all; and when the few valiant survivors, under the leadership of Sarsfield, bade adieu to Ireland, forever, they crossed over to France to swear allegeance to the only sovereign who would harbor their exiled king. Such devotion, such loyalty to a cause so totally unworthy of it, is absolutely unparalleled in history. Had the Catholicity of James been a real, living factor in his government, or had he been dethroned merely for religion's sake, the Irish might consistently have advocated his cause, and died in defence of justice and right. But his religious principles were cast in the same

mould with those of Henry II., of John, and of the whole Bourbon dynasty, — all *professedly* Catholics, — and, indeed, we fail to see less autocracy in his political actions than in those of his Protestant father, Charles. It seems as though the Irish nature is so lovable, that if it finds nothing worthy of its affection, it must pour out the superabundance of its own yearning heart upon objects utterly undeserving of such regard. Such is the Celtic temperament, — loyalty to the chief, whom they have sworn to obey, whether he be a cowardly knave, like James II., or a domineering, unprincipled tyrant, like his father, Charles.

Let us turn now to our last page in history. We have tried to show the evil effects of autocracy in general, and the natural tendency of mankind, nevertheless, to submit his entire will to the whims of the autocrat. Moreover, we have seen how prone the Celtic nature is to follow out this tendency to a greater degree than the majority of nations. Now, keeping these landmarks in view, let us scan the field of Irish agitation.

At the mere mention of Irish agitation, two figures loom up involuntarily before our eyes, — Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell, — both agitators and both autocrats. That they were autocrats, none will deny. At the pinnacle of his greatness, Daniel O'Connell swayed the masses of the people by the mere breath of his lungs. His approving smile popularized one individual, as surely as his frown annihilated another. O'Connell was one of nature's chieftains, and right royally he filled his position. With a huge heart, clear head, abundance of wit, and the gift of oratory, O'Connell was, by nature, thoroughly equipped for the fray. What were the effects of his *autocratic* genius? At a time when his policy was meeting with opposition from the younger generation, what was his method of conciliation? The method of an autocrat, — a patriot, it is true, but in this respect, absolutely self-willed. The flower of Ireland's youth, the bone and sinew of the land, the talent, if not the discretion of the country, stood arrayed against him. Without stopping to think of compromise, uttering the old rallying cry "Whosoever is not with us is against us," he flung his gigantic frame into the struggle, and broke his heart in the effort. As the traveller stands by the grave in Glasnevin, and utters a grateful prayer to Heaven for blessing Ireland with such a man, he must shed a tear of regret that that curse of Satan, self-will, should ever have dominated for a single instant the bright, pure, chivalrous soul of Dan O'Connell.

And under the same sod in God's consecrated acres sleeps yet another, the embodiment of courage, the soul of patriotism but, — we hesitate. The grave digger's hands have hardly finished their task, and we shrink from tearing up the new-made mound to call the sleeper to account. God rest his soul! When the just man falls seven times a day, who will venture to cast the first stone here? But the dark spot on the bright spirit of the departed is the clearest demonstration of our assertion that autocracy is a destructive agency in all civil government. When Parnell, voicing the old French doctrine, thundered out "Ireland! I am Ireland," he made the one great and only blunder in his political career. The autocrat, like all his fellows, thought himself indispensable to his cause; but, to use the words of a prominent member of our American hierarchy, no man is indispensable to any cause. The Church, the consistent opponent of autocracy in all

its phases throughout Christendom, hesitated not to do her duty in this case, and the Irish clergy fought autocracy in our day as their English brethren in the faith fought it at Runnymede in 1215.

This continued opposition to autocracy on the part of the Church is no mere policy, but is founded on sound religious principle. For, to err being human, no man can be exempt, by any sanction of hereditary distinction or popular favor, from this failing. Consequently he is liable to fall, and fall grievously. Once he asserts his incapability thus to fall, he becomes an autocrat, logically inconsistent with himself, and an enemy to freedom. Hence the Church, realizing the lofty nature of man, is ever on the alert to elevate the human race, and crush the slave-dealer, the tyrant, and the autocrat. And thus it is in her own constitution. Once admitting the frailty of human nature, she refuses to spiritualize any of her children prematurely, and declares all the Church militant, from the Pope to the peasant, to be all peccable. But the philosophers, *forsooth*, at the late Vatican Council, howled out their exultation that the professed opponent of autocracy had at last declared itself openly to be autocratic. The transparent distinction, which anybody except a fanatic would have perceived, did not occur to them. The Church, as in former days, believes no man, of himself, to be infallible; but that the Pope, being guided in an especial manner by the Holy Ghost, who is infallibility, cannot err in defining faith or morals. Surely such autocracy is both rational and expedient. But when even the Pope, guided as he is by the Holy Spirit in the government of the Church, is still subject to sin and human frailty, what must be said to those poor, deluded ones, who, as in the days of Nero, so now in our days, deify mortal man, and set him up on a pedestal, that he may the better see their protestations of respect and homage?

Let us now draw our moral. When Mr. Michael Davitt first heard of the death of Parnell, he said, "We have done with one-man power in the Irish national government forever. The leader of the future will be democratic, not aristocratic." We could not close more fitly than with this quotation. When George Washington, that sturdy democrat, retired to Mount Vernon on the completion of his second presidental term of office, refusing to ignore the constitution by a third term, he gave — thank God — the death-blow to autocracy in this country. If Washington was not indispensable to the United States, no man could be indispensable, and thus there was an end to autocracy forever. Let Ireland, then, look to democratic America, which, even in late years, so sternly repressed the apparent autocracy of one of its noblest sons, General Grant; let her look across the channel to her English neighbors who so circumspectly check the encroachment of their sovereign; let her look towards "*la belle France*" that banished the upstart of the *coup d'etat;* above all, let her look to the Catholic Church, the unflinching, constant opponent of autocracy; nay, more, let her cast her eyes on the mines of Siberia, and the dungeons of autocratic Russia, and with these living examples before them, let Irishmen take a firm, unshaken resolve, immovable as their own love of country, that, under no circumstances, and for no consideration whatsoever, will they ever endow one man with the absolute control of millions of souls. Then let them take that resolve deep down into their hearts, and hold it there until the last spark of Irish brotherhood glimmers in the mist of ages.

JOSEPH SCOTT.

Notes on Current Topics.

DEATH OF CARDINAL MANNING.

His Eminence Cardinal Henry Edward Manning died on the morning of the 14th of January, at 8.30, in a small bedroom at the top of the archbishop's house, Westminster, which he occupied as his sleeping apartment since 1851. His Eminence was a priest of the Catholic Church and Archbishop of Westminster, was forty-three years a Protestant and seventeen years a clergyman in the Church of England before he became a member of the Catholic Church. He was the son of William Manning, M. P., a merchant of London, and was born at Totteride, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808. In 1851 he united with the Roman Catholic Church, and six months later entered its priesthood, previously resigning all his preferments. In a consistory held on the 15th of March, 1875, Pius IX., of lamented memory, nominated Archbishop Manning a Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Cælian hill. He succeeded Cardinal Wiseman. His Eminence's malady was bronchitis, complicated with congestion of the lungs.

Those of our readers who have our Magazine of August and September, 1882, will find a biograpical sketch of the late lamented Cardinal.

CARDINAL SIMEONI DEAD.

Rome, January 14, 1892. Cardinal Simeoni, formerly Papal Secretary of State and Prefect-General of the Propaganda, died to-day. His death was due to an attack of influenza, from which he had been suffering for several days.

There seems no reason to doubt the news of the horrible massacre o Christians and Catholic nuns and missionaries in Mongolia, the Chinese province north of the great wall. But it is happily a mistake to suppose that the mission of Eastern Mongolia is destroyed by the slaying of these three hundred native Christians and their Belgian pastors at Takao. The place is only one of many missionary centres in the province, which in all contains some six thousand Christians.

The Duke of Clarence Dead. — Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Earl of Athlone, K. G., K. P. and LL. D., the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who died 14th January, was heir to the throne of England in the direct line of succession. He was born January 8, 1864, at Frogmore House, near Windsor Castle.

The erection of the Church of St. Patrick, Rome, is being rapidly proceeded with, thanks to the generous contributions sent by the Irish Catholics at home and abroad.

A simple and effective cure for the grippe is to mix five cents' worth of grated horseradish with a small glassful of honey, and take a teaspoonful every hour. The afflicted should give this a trial.

LEO XIII. AND THE MARONITE CATHOLICS. — His Holiness, Leo XIII., at the request of the Patriarch, Bishops and notables of the Maronites, has issued an Apostolic Letter, re-establishing the Maronite College in the Eternal City. This college was founded at Rome in 1584, by Gregory XIII., and it continued to flourish there for two centuries. The Pontifical document announces that funds for the re-establishment of the college have been collected by the Maronite Bishops, and his Holiness sanctions the project, whilst reserving for a subsequent period the designation of the locality in which the college will be reconstituted. The institution will be under the direct patronage of the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and he will appoint the rector and professors, as well as a Maronite ecclesiastic whose duty it will be to teach the students the liturgy suitable to their rite.

THE progress of the Catholic Church during the pontificate of Leo XIII., is thus summarized from recent Vatican reports: New positions in the hierarchy — the patriarchate of India, twelve archbishoprics, sixty-five bishoprics, forty-three apostolic delegations, vicariates, and prefectures. Then ten bishoprics have been made archbishoprics. The total number of dignitaries in the hierarchy are the following: Eight Latin patriarchs and five of the Oriental rite, seven hundred and eighty-three Latin archbishops and fifty-two of the Oriental rite, three hundred and eight titulary bishops, twenty-three bishops nullius dioceseos. The greatest progress of the church in general is reported from North America and England. No advance is claimed for Germany nor for Austro-Hungary. The attitude of the Russian government has not perceptibly injured the Catholic Church in Poland. The most unfavorable reports are from France and Italy, where, indeed, the church's strength has not decreased numerically, but the radical policy of the governments in schools and church affairs has materially damaged the influence and opportunities of the church.

THE Catholic Church in England, and indeed English literature, have sustained a great loss in the death of Brother Henry Foley, S. J., which took place recently at Manresa House, Roehampton. Brother Foley had acquired a high literary reputation by his valuable and voluminous Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, which have been very favorably reviewed from time to time by Protestant as well as Catholic journals. His works, based on the archives of the various houses of the order in England, are simply invaluable as works of reference for future historians. So devoted was he to this labor of love that his close application to it seriously impaired his sight, and he suffered for the last four years from a malady of the eyes which the most eminent oculists in London failed to cure. He was over eighty years of age, and for twenty years was engaged in historical researches, the rich product of which will ensure him a permanent place in English literature as a most accurate and reliable historian. The early part of his life was spent in Worcester, where he practised as a lawyer. He joined the society about 1850, but always remained in the humbler ranks of the lay brothers, never taking orders. Most of his time was spent in London in attendance on the Provincial. He had been in failing health for some time, and the last two years were passed at Manresa, where he succumbed to softening of the brain.

DEATH OF A GOOD BISHOP. — Right Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city, at his residence, Clermont avenue, December 22. He was surrounded during his last moments by his immediate relatives and by the clergy attached to the Cathedral and neighboring churches. The disease which finally proved fatal was gastritis. The venerable prelate had been confined to his room since December 18.

Bishop Loughlin was born in county Down, Ireland, in 1816. He was, therefore, over seventy-five years of age at his death. His parents emigrated to Albany, N. Y., when he was quite young. Manifesting signs of a vocation for the sacred ministry he was sent to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, that famous institution from whose halls have come so many of the American hierarchy, and, after completing his theological studies there, he was ordained a priest in 1842, being then in his twenty-sixth year. His first appointment was that of curate to the New York Cathedral, and two years subsequently he became the rector. In this capacity his abilities and zeal became so fully known to Archbishop Hughes that when, in 1853, Rome erected Long Island into an episcopate, that prelate urged and secured the selection of Father Loughlin as its first ordinary. His nomination was made on the same day that the late Archbishop Bayley was appointed to Newark, and the present Bishop de Goesbriand was named for Burlington, and the consecration of all three prelates took place on the same day, October 30, 1853, the consecrating prelate being the Papal nuncio, Most Rev. Cajetan Bedini, who had arrived in this country a few months previously. The place of the consecration was the old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott street, New York, and the preacher on the occasion was Archbishop Hughes, the New York prelate. Extensive as was the territory confided to Dr. Loughlin's episcopal care — his see comprised the whole of Long Island — when he took possession of his diocese in 1853 there were but twenty-one churches, attended by twenty-three priests, in its whole area. In fact, it was only in 1823 that the first church, St. James, the present cathedral parish, was built, the founder being Bishop Connolly of New York, and the first priest to celebrate mass therein being Rev. John Shanahan. The records of this church show that, at the time of its erection, there were only seventy Catholics in Brooklyn who contributed to the building fund, and how the diocese has grown since may be judged from the fact that in Brooklyn alone, at the present time, there are over fifty parish churches, with a large number of chapels and other ecclesiastical institutions. In the diocese there are one hundred and twenty-one churches, thirty-two chapels and stations, one hundred and seventy-three secular and ten regular clergy, a large number of hospitals, asylums, parochial and select schools. The Catholic population of the diocese is two hundred and seventy-five thousand. The deceased prelate was one of the most zealous and successful bishops in the United States.

MONSIGNOR CHARLES EMILE FREPPEL, Bishop of Angers, and leader of the clerical party in the French Chamber of Deputies, is dead. Bishop Freppel was one of the most remarkable men in his generation, and decidedly the most notable character in the Catholic church in France since the death of Archbishop Dupanloup of Orleans.

THE county Carlow, in Ireland, contains a population of about forty-one thousand. For the last six months it has had only one prisoner.

CATHOLIC Times and Catholic Opinion, Liverpool, England, says of the December number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: It contains a large variety of interesting articles on Catholic and general subjects. The proceedings of the recent Methodist Ecumenical Council are keenly criticised in an effectively-written article. Another writer gives a sympathetic review of Mr. Parnell's career. There is a long and careful contribution on the origin and development of the Roman Catacombs, and the articles of historic interest are numerous. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is edited with much ability, and both its contents and appearance do credit to the proprietor, Mr. Patrick Donahoe.

THE NEXT POPE.—Though His Holiness Leo XIII. appears to be as vigorous and energetic as when he first ascended the Papal throne, a number of Continental writers, in view of his great age, are busy conjecturing who will be his successor. A Norman priest has been studying the prophecy of that remarkable Irishman, St. Malachy, whose devices *Crux de Cruce* and *Lumen in Coelo* have been so entirely realized in the lives of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and he informs us that the motto for the next Pope is *igens ardens*—"a burning fire." After having examined the names and arms of the different Cardinals, he says the only members of the Sacred College who can, in his opinion, justify the prophecy are Cardinal Zigliara, a Dominican from Corsica, in whose arms are the figures of a dog carrying a lighted torch; Cardinal Paracciani, a Roman, whose arms are represented with a shining sun; and Cardinal Hohenlohe, a German, whose name literally means a "high flame." But may not "*igens ardens*," by a metaphorical interpretation, signify "burning zeal?" If such should be the case, we may be sanguine in the hope that after the next Conclave the See of Peter will be filled by an English-speaking Cardinal.

IT is with much regret we announce the death of the Very REV. DR. M'HALE. The sad event occurred in the Irish College, Paris. It is known that this distinguished ecclesiastic was nephew of the late venerable and Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. Having made his preliminary studies in the Diocesan Seminary of St. Jarlath's, Tuam, he proceeded, at an early age, to Rome, where, as a student of the Irish College, after a brilliant course of philosophy and theology, he obtained with signal success, the degree of Doctor in both faculties. At the close of his ecclesiastical studies in 1849 his rare abilities and attainments recommended him to the Irish bishops for appointment to the joint professorship of Sacred Scripture and Canon Law, vacant at the time in the Irish College, Paris, the duties of which position he continued to discharge till some few years ago. He still, however remained in the College, enjoying alike the esteem both of superiors and students, on account of his edifying example and his rare amiability of character. The many generations of students who passed through the college during his time will deeply regret the sad tidings of his death, as they will recall the great advantage with which they assisted at the lectures of a professor they so much admired as they were advancing under his teaching to their sacred ministry.

Rev. P. Dowd, curé of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, died December 19, aged seventy-eight. Father Dowd was a native of the county Louth, Ireland, and was one of the oldest, best known and respected priests of Canada.

In Paris, at a recent cabinet council, M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, announced that he had taken steps to again place the Jesuit institutions in Paris on the same footing upon which they stood after the decree of 1881 against religious bodies had been issued.

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith gives more to the Church in the United States than it gets from it. Isn't it time for the Catholics of this country to support their own missions and to help along the spread of the Gospel in pagan lands besides? asks the Catholic Review.

Catholic Heroines. — A complete list of the ladies decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor has just been published in France. Out of fifty who received decorations since 1852, there were twenty-six *religieuses*, twenty-two of whom were awarded the Cross under the Republic. And yet the French infidels have expelled the nuns from the hospitals!

The Drink Demon. — The British Medical Temperance Association has just announced a novel procedure for advocating the temperance cause. Under the auspices of the association a written examination on alcohol will be held simultaneously in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Belfast on Friday, February 26, 1892. The subject will have to be considered from chemical, physiological, and pathological standpoints. Non-abstainers are equally eligible to compete.

The expectation that the Catholic University would become a centre around which would be located the various Catholic orders is gradually being realized. The Paulist Fathers occupy the old Middleton house within the boundaries of the University grounds, and the young men who are being educated by the order attend the University lectures. Within the past few days negotiations have been closed by the Marist Fathers for the purchase of the old Brooks place in Brookland. It has been said that the Dominicans intend to establish a house in the vicinity of the University.

Michael Davitt was defeated at Waterford last month. Waterford was always a stronghold of the Parnellites and it is not a source of wonder that Mr. Davitt failed of an election. His candidacy seems to us, at this distance, to have been ill timed, hence the result. His defeat has no special significance other than it will be impossible for any McCarthyite to carry Waterford, the stronghold of Fenianism. It is folly to try it, says the Colorado Catholic.

News from Rome up to January 6, state that the Pope has lately been enjoying very good health, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary. He now takes regularly five hours' sleep nightly, a thing he has not done for some time past. Every day he takes a walk in the Vatican gardens. Leo XIII. never has his apartments warmed in winter; the only change he makes is to put on warmer clothing. The Pope has had another wing added to the library erected by him soon after he ascended the pontifical throne. This wing has received the name of "*Sala Leonina.*"

On Christmas Day, the Pope administered Communion to a group of his relatives. In subsequent conversation with them he denied current reports of his illness, declaring that he had never felt better than at present.

Mr. Nicholas Mahony, J. P., who lately died at Blarney, was a brother of the Rev. Francis Mahony, better known in the world of literature as "Father Prout." The deceased gentleman often entertained a company with vivid reminiscences of the humors of the dead poet, and in later years gave considerable assistance to the editors of his works. Grateful recognition of this fact is made in the recent editions of the "Prout Reliques."

Mr. Thomas Sexton, in the speech he delivered at the great convention held in Newry, was extremely happy in his allusions to the position of the Irish priests. "The influence of the Irish clergy will be permanent," said Mr. Sexton, "and will be unassailable, because of the knowledge deep in the Irish mind, and the feeling deep in the Irish breast, that the heart of the Irish priest during the whole course of the troubles and vicissitudes in our history has been devoted, and is unchangeably devoted, to the service of his country."

For the eleven months, ending November 3, 1891, there arrived at the several ports of the United States, 562,073 immigrants. Of these 54,864 came from Ireland. The numbers for the years 1890–91 were 116,628 and 52,290 respectively. We have, therefore, received from Ireland, during the past two years, nearly 110,000 of the flower of her people. The figures tell more eloquently than the most elaborate rhetoric the centuries-old tale of persecution and misgovernment. Of the whole number of immigrants, this year, 452,268 landed at the port of New York.

The plan of campaign has triumphed in one part of Donegal at least. The evicted Olphert tenantry, twenty in number, in the Innisboffin Islands, who first joined and have since resolutely maintained the plan of campaign, have had from four to five years of judicial rents completely wiped off till November, 1891. It is said that this settlement is mainly due to the Nationalist contribution agreed to at the recent County Donegal Nationalist Convention, held at Letterkenny, to enable the campaigners to sustain and prolong the struggle. This shows what could have been accomplished for the tenants all over Ireland had not the baleful spirit of faction destroyed the power of the National organization.

The recent death is announced of Mr. William Bernard McCabe, at Donnybrook, near Dublin, in his ninety-first year. He was one of the oldest journalists in the kingdom. He was born in Dublin in 1801, and wrote for the Irish press as far back as the year 1824, being connected with the Dublin Morning Register as a reporter; and he was probably the last survivor of those who had a hand in reporting the early speeches of Daniel O'Connell before his entering parliament on his election for Clare, a year before Catholic Emancipation was granted. In December, 1851, he gave up his engagements in London in order to edit the Telegraph, a paper started by Sadlier and Keogh. His name will be longest remembered by his historical novel "Bertha, a Romance of the Dark Ages," and by his "Catholic History of England," which he carried down to the end of the Anglo-Saxon period, and published in several large volumes between 1848 and 1854. Mr. McCabe had long retired from active literary labor.

THE children of a Christian people have a right by divine law to Christian education.— CARDINAL MANNING.

THE Chilians are so strongly Catholic that their army has been for years placed under the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel as its special patroness.

THE Irish papers mention the death of the Very Rev. John W. Eivers, V. F., Dean of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, Ireland, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two years. The deceased had been sixty-seven years in the sacred ministry, the duties of which he discharged with that fidelity for which the priests of the Church are famed the wide world over.

IT is now happily reported that the Chilian Minister, Montt, has been instructed to withdraw the offensive letter sent by Senor Matta. The way to an amicable settlement of difficulties is being gradually cleared, therefore, and we may reasonably hope that the two governments will come to an understanding at an early date.

THE winter is very late in making a decided demonstration; but it is too early to predict that it will be devoid of rigorous cold. There is still a fair prospect of temperatures quite low enough to insure ample ice harvests, both in the Middle and Eastern States. Probably the most intense cold spells of the new year are reserved for this month.

THE Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, referring, in a recent lecture, to the so-called "dark ages," said: "It was in those days that Christian architecture achieved its most glorious triumphs; the art of illumination attained its highest perfection; the rude languages of Europe were moulded into shape; the Muses lent their sweetest inspiration to poetry and romance; new continents were discovered; painters and sculptors won immortal fame; saints and heroes flourished."

MR. BERNARD BIGLIN is one of the most active and successful of the leaders of the Republican party in New York, says the Catholic Review. In an interview with a Sun reporter recently, he said: "I think I voice the general sentiment of the active Republicans of the state when I say that Col. Shepard's entrance into New York journalism has been a positive serious loss to the Republican party. I say this in perfect sincerity, and without a bit of personal feeling. There is not a Republican leader in the city who has an Irish Catholic constituency in his district that does not dread the appearance of every number of Shepard's paper, in consequence of the foolish and absurd attacks that are constantly made upon the Roman Church in its columns. This, I say, is a serious matter. It is all well enough for the leaders to laugh at Shepard's utterances, but the rank and file of the party — many of them at least — look upon him as one speaking by authority, and hence the damage to the party by his assaults on the Church." That is true, every word of it. So long as the Mail and Express insult Catholic Irish-Americans, attacks their religious beliefs and misrepresents their Church, and does so as an organ of the Republican party, that party will drive them from its support and alienate the sympathy of all good citizens who are loyal to the Republic's fundamental principle of religious liberty.

THE PAPAL POWER.—The declarations of the Austrian Minister, Kalnoky, in reply to the speech of M. Zallinger demanding the independence of the Pope as an international, not an Italian question, has created a considerable sensation in Italy. The assertions of Kalnoky that "the situation of the Papacy is a question which has not yet found its solution," and that the Austrian government, "taking into account the sentiments of the population, desires that the situation of the Pope may respond, in the point of view of complete independence, to his position as Head of the Catholic Church," and that "the government desires the re-establishment of peace between the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy." These assertions are not of a nature to soothe the mind of Italian statesmen. One fact they prove to demonstration: the profound impression created abroad by the events of the second of October, when the French pilgrims were, upon the flimsiest of pretexts, maltreated and abused in the streets of Rome for having come to visit the Pope. It appears that this is the first time since 1870 that the Roman question has been so debated upon in a foreign parliamentary assembly. It is the first time also that — which is more important — the Minister of Foreign Affairs recognised, in the name of a state allied with Italy, the existence of a Pontifical question and the necessity of assuring to the Pope the sovereign independence necessary to the exercise of his power.

THE POTATO.—The Royal Dublin Society has presented to its members this year a very bulky collection of valuable reports as the result of its annual work. The information gathered as to the fishing off the West coast, and as to the class of potato best adapted for the climate of Ireland, is the most interesting. The conclusions on the potato question were well summarized at the annual meeting, held recently, by the most Rev. Monsignor Molloy, when he said that the "Champion" took first place in the results, the "Bruces" was a good second, and in many localities was the freest from disease; the "Farmer" produced the largest crop, but it was inferior in quality, while the "Colonel" seems to have been a bad fourth. While the trials of this one year, the report says, cannot be regarded as having established any definite conclusions, they have nevertheless done some good. They have raised doubts. They have shaken the belief that there is only one variety of potato suitable for Ireland. They have contributed facts which, verified by fuller experiment, may lead to safer practice in potato culture. If it can be shown that there are several main crop varieties of potatoes well suited to Ireland, the gain to the country would be enormous. This will be understood by recalling the experiences of the spring of this year, when the seed of the "Champion" cost from £2 to £3 more per ton than the seed of the principal other main crop varieties tried in these experiments. It may be mentioned that in all the trials from which these conclusions are drawn the potatoes were grown in drills. In most cases the drills were twenty-eight to thirty inches wide, and the sets were placed from twelve to fourteen inches apart. A thirty-inch drill, with sets a foot apart, is the practice most generally approved. Several experimenters grew the seed supplied to them in lazy-beds. This year, at least, the work done by the Royal Dublin Society is eminently practical.

THERE are 2,478 Catholic clergymen in England; 352 in Scotland; and 3,394 in Ireland.

A VERY good temperance address is the following: Make not your nose blush for the sins of your mouth.

THE members of the Catholic Union are preparing for a grand concert on the evening of February 7. Beethoven's Mass in C will be rendered by a chorus of five hundred voices.

FROM nearly every quarter comes the report of the prostration of many priests with the grippe. The exposure necessarily undergone in discharging their duties is the cause. The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep.

MISS MARGARET LONERGAN, eighty years of age, and for the past thirty-nine years a lay sister at the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, on Camden street, Boston, died at that institution on the 6th of January. The remains were interred from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, where a Mass was said for the repose of her soul.

REPLYING to the queries of a correspondent, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., says: "I have no hesitation in authorizing you to tell any one who feels any interest in the subject, that I never was, am not, and never, please God, shall be an Atheist. I am, as I always have been, a member of the Roman Catholic Church."

SISTER JEANNE BONNARD, foundress of the Congregation of the Poor Child Jesus, who has just died at Remiremont, France, commenced her noble undertaking with ten francs, which she borrowed from the mayor. The order now numbers one thousand religious houses, and clothes, feeds, and lodges upward of two thousand orphans, and five thousand old men and women.

VERY Rev. FATHER GENERAL SORIN, of Notre Dame, has received, through the Right Rev. Mgr. Mora, Bishop of Los Angeles, the pectoral cross and ring of the late Bishop Eugene O'Connell, of Grass Valley, Cal. The pious Bishop was always a great advocate of Catholic education, and left nothing undone to carry out the wishes of the late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to have and support parochial schools throughout his vast diocese. Bishop O'Connell was one of the first Biblical scholars in the American hierarchy, and, though he leaves no product of his fertile brain behind, still his great learning and piety have, during his many years upon the mission of California and Nevada, won for him a place in the hearts of his people, which time cannot eradicate.

POPE LEO XIII. has in recent months had a number of pets, in which he takes great interest, and which afford him a great deal of pleasure. These pets are several African gazelles and deer, perfect beauties, which were presented to him by Cardinal Lavigerie, and for which a portion of the Vatican gardens has been fenced off. Every morning at seven during the past summer the Pope took his walk in the garden and made it an object to visit his pets. A servant followed, carrying a basket of feed, and the Pope fed the animals with his own hands. These animals readily learned to know their venerable master; they crowd around him, lick, and take their food from his hands, and when satisfied lie down at his feet.

Death of Rev. Father Blenkinsop.

THERE is a heartfelt feeling of sorrow throughout South Boston, owing to the death of Rev. William A. Blenkinsop, the beloved pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, which occurred at the pastoral residence on West Broadway, South Boston, on the afternoon of January 8, at 1.20.

Wednesday, December 16, Father Blenkinsop was about as well as usual and was out for the walk he was accustomed to take every day. He contracted a cold, and the next day was confined to the house. The prevailing malady, grip, set in, and the services of a physician were found necessary. Pneumonia was feared, but this he escaped.

Father Blenkinsop had for many years been a sufferer from throat trouble, and a few days before Christmas it was apparent that bronchitis had set in, and his condition was for a time critical. He rallied, however, and began to show an improved condition. This week he began to fail again and his death ensued. He was conscious to the last, and as his end was drawing near he was fully aware of it, and offered up a prayer and then peacefully passed away.

At his bedside when he died were: Rev. Patrick Healey, of Chicopee, Mass., a brother of Bishop Healey, of Portland, Me.; Revs. D. J. Sullivan and W. J. Powers, his two curates; and his brother, Rev. Peter Blenkinsop, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. William A. Blenkinsop was born in Dublin, Ire., in April, 1819. His mother, in her younger days, was Mary Kelley, a sister of His Grace, Oliver Kelley, the Archbishop of Tuam, the predecessor of the famous Archbishop McHale, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," as he was popularly called. Father Blenkinsop's father was Peter Blenkinsop, a printer and publisher. William had three sisters and a brother. When William was quite young, the family came to this country, in the year 1826, and settled in Baltimore, Md. The father there engaged in his business as a publisher, and among the books that he brought out was a history of the Catholic church. William and his brother Peter entered St. Mary's College in Baltimore in 1831, and the former graduated from there in 1839. Immediately entering St. Mary's seminary in the same city, he was ordained to the priesthood in 1843, having then barely reached the canonical age — twenty-four years. During the year between his graduation and ordination he was engaged in teaching in the college. An associate of his at that time was afterwards his superior, Bishop Chanche, of Natchez, Tenn. Father Blenkinsop was ordained by Archbishop Egleston. During these days Father Blenkinsop was well-known as a singer, having a voice of remarkable sweetness, which was often heard singing praises to God. Being ordained in Baltimore, his first missionary labors would naturally be performed at that place, but at the request of Bishop Chanche, Father Blenkinsop went to Natchez, Miss. He immediately assumed charge of that arduous mission which, at that time, included many adjacent counties to Natchez. While there he was a very hard worker, and was continually kept busy riding around from one county to another, and visiting each section in turn. The health of Father Blenkinsop at his ordination, was very poor, and the climate of the South did not apparently better him any, so at the end of seven years he sought a change.

He came North in 1850, and was then appointed by Bishop Fitzpatrick to the pastorate of the Church of the Holy Name at Chicopee, which, at that time, had as many as sixteen dependencies, including Springfield, Holyoke, and Northampton. There he built a church and a fine residence, which are monuments of his zeal. So thoroughly did he endear himself to the people of the surrounding country that there was scarcely a family but had his picture prominently displayed in their homes. Father Blenkinsop while in Chicopee won the friendship and esteem of ex-Gov. Robinson, and to the present day both have been ardent admirers of each other. In 1864, on the retirement of Rev. P. F. Linden, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, Father Blenkinsop was chosen by Bishop Fitzpatrick as his successor. The present St. Joseph's school, opposite the church, a fine residence and a beautiful house of worship, are only a small part of the results of his labors in the peninsular district. One of his first curates was Father Molinari, an Italian priest, and following him came Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan, now pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, and Father Gleason. As pastor of this church he spent the last twenty-seven years of his life endearing himself to all his people. By them he was known as one entirely unostentatious, of great hospitality, genial disposition, wonderful mind and intellect, and exceeding charity.

As an illustration of his charitable disposition, it may be stated that when he was applied to for a subscription in aid of the Wendell Phillips' Memorial Hall, a few years ago, he gave for that object the last ten dollars he had in his possession, and urged the person who solicited him to call around a few days later and he would give ten dollars more, which he did. In all his good works he was extremely modest, and many of his good deeds are probably entirely unknown to even his most intimate friends. "His smile was a benediction," was the general opinion of all who knew him, and his face was the picture of piety and holiness. Kind, gentle and loving, he was a friend to all, was particularly devoted to his mission, and took a special pride in encouraging and counselling the young people.

"None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." It would be difficult to tell of all his good qualities; but those who knew him can well testify that he was a man of every good quality. During Father Blenkinsop's early days his father and mother died. His brother, Rev. Peter Blenkinsop, formerly president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, and for many years past pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, and now of the Church of the Jesu, same city, and a sister, Mrs. William Fitch, of St. Louis, survive him. Another sister, who was known in religion as Sister Euphemia, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity of the entire United States, died March 18, 1887. Although now dead, Father Blenkinsop will always live in the memory of those who had known him, and his works will remain as monuments to his zeal, devotion and energy.

The remains were borne from the parochial residence to the church, where they lay in state until the funeral took place. When the church doors were thrown open to the public, a stream of humanity passed through the aisles with tear-wet faces and suppressed sobs to look upon the countenance of their beloved dead. Father Blenkinsop had many friends outside of his own parish, and these also came to pay their last tribute of love and

esteem. Over fifteen thousand people had visited the church from the time the remains were placed in state until seven o'clock in the evening. The affection in which he was held was attested by the silent tears coursing down the cheeks of the mourners as they knelt to offer a prayer for the repose of the soul of him who had so often sympathized with them in their afflictions, and ministered to their temporal as well as their spiritual wants. The obsequies took place at ten o'clock, on Monday, Jan. 11, and consisted of Solemn Pontifical High Mass with libera, after which the sad cortege proceeded to the cemetery in St. Augustine's where the interment took place. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, with deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan, formerly a curate of Father Blenkinsop and now a pastor of St. Augustine's Church, delivered the panegyric. There were clergymen from all parts of the archdiocese. The stores were closed in the streets through which the procession passed. The interment took place at the old St. Augustine's cemetery, South Boston. May the soul of our dear departed friend rest in peace! Amen.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. William B. Parazina, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN VINTON DAHLGREN, of Washington, have determined to erect a chapel at the Georgetown University, in memory of their deceased son, Joseph Drexel Dahlgren. The chapel will be for the students and capable of seating four hundred persons. The site, not yet fully decided upon, will be in immediate proximity to the other college buildings, so as to be accessible to both students and community. The old chapel has long been too small for its purpose and unworthy of the University.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, who is a keen observer of the drift of opinion in England, points the moral of Waterford in the following words, which the electors of Waterford and elsewhere would do well to take to heart: The Irish people have preserved the friendship of their allies in England, because of the self-restraint, the sagacity, and the advance in political capacity they have shown in resisting by such overwhelming numbers all the appeals to their old Radical hatreds. On the other hand, let every Irishman remember that the safety and liberty of Ireland will be procured by the steadfastness, loyalty, and courage in adversity of the leaders of English Liberalism and of the English masses. It is a sad confession to have to make, but it is true — and by and by it will be fruitful in cementing the union between the two nations — that Ireland has to be saved from the insanity or the treason of some of her own sons by the intelligence, honesty, and good-will of the country that for so many centuries was her oppressor and her enemy.

OF the late Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, it is said: He liked an open, natural, honest man and despised a sycophant and a hypocrite. One of his favorite sayings was: "I don't like a muzzled dog. It's evidence that he has bitten before."

Silver Jubilees.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. Thomas Magennis' ordination as a priest was fittingly observed by his people of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, on Christmas Day. Masses were celebrated hourly, beginning at five o'clock A. M., but the principal service of the day was at 10.30, when a solemn High Mass was celebrated. After the gospel Rev. Father Sexton read a congratulatory address from the parishioners, accompanying it was a purse of three thousand and fifty-nine dollars in cash, several pieces of silver, and beautiful hand-painted and embroidered vestments. Father Magennis responded, thanking the parishioners for their costly gifts. The Sunday-school children also honored their pastor with a reception in the basement of the church in the morning. Master Joseph McGinley on behalf of the one thousand two hundred children assembled, read an address which called forth a feeling response. During the day and evening the worthy pastor was also the recipient of gifts from brother clergymen, members of the parish, and also from the societies connected with the church.

REV. RICHARD J. QUINLAN, the zealous pastor of St. Mary's Church, Holliston, Mass., appropriately observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on Tuesday, December 29. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the church at nine o'clock by the pastor and jubilarian; Rev. P. J. Supple, of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, was deacon; Rev. Alexander J. Hamilton, of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, was sub-deacon; and Rev. J. P. Sullivan, of the Immaculate Conception Church, Marlboro, acted as master of ceremonies. The altar and indeed the entire church was handsomely decorated. About thirty clergyman sat within the sanctuary. Rev. J. F. Hamilton delivered a very impressive and eloquent sermon, in which he reviewed the labors and successes of the pastor of St. Mary's. At the close of the service the visiting priests retired to the parochial residence, where the number, augmented upon the arrival of noon trains, were served at one o'clock with an elegant banquet. Father Quinlan was the recipient of a valuable purse from his many friends in the priesthood, Father Supple making the presentation speech, the recipient gracefully responding. In the evening there was a public gathering of the parish in the vestry of the church, at which Father Supple made another presentation speech, conveying from the parish to the pastor another purse as a testimonial of their high esteem.

THE Rev. John J. Gray, rector of the Church of St. James, Salem, Mass., celebrated on Monday, December 21, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood. Father Gray is singularly beloved by his people and by his brother priests. He has lived all his priestly life in Salem, and is one of the most honored citizens of that old-time stronghold of Puritanism. His people kept the day; his brother priests kept it; and citizens of Salem, irrespective of religion, rejoiced in the honors conferred on one who had so long exemplified in all men's sight the virtues beseeming manhood and priesthood. Father Gray said he had received presents from brothers in the priesthood, of the value of seventeen hundred dollars. Among them was a silver set that cost nine hundred dollars; a golden chalice that cost six

to seven hundred dollars, and a valuable cope. The congregation also presented him with substantial endorsements of his work among them. Father Gray was born in Longford, Ire., in 1843. He made his preliminary studies in his native land, came to America at the age of seventeen, made his theological course at the Niagara Seminary and was ordained to the priesthood in the old Cathedral, Boston, December 21, 1866. Father Gray comes of what may be called a Levitical family. Among those whom it has given to the Church are: Vicar-General Michael McCabe, of the Providence diocese; the Rev. Matthias McCabe, the Vicar-General's brother, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Fall River; the Rev. P. Farrelly, formerly assistant to Vicar-General McCabe, now at Pawtucket; the Rev. Michael Masterson, now in charge of the Peabody parish; the Rev. P. Masterson, his curate, and the Rev. James Masterson, the rector of St. Patrick's Church, Somerset; with the Revs. P. McCabe, of Boston, and A. McCabe, of Fall River.

THE episcopal silver jubilee of Bishop Fitzgerald, Little Rock, Ark., will be celebrated February 3, 1892, and the day before St. Andrew's Cathedral will be consecrated. Bishop Fitzgerald arrived in his new See on St. Patrick's Day, 1867, just as the people of the State were settling down after the great war. Every other man he met was a colonel or general — all the privates had been killed in battle — but the tattered garments would never have indicated that much, without the explanatory words of introduction. There were only 1,600 Catholics in the whole State in 1867; now there are nearly 10,000, out of a total population of 1,120,000. The ten years of reconstruction after the war and the difficulty of adjusting the new condition of labor, proved a great drawback, while emigration did not extend this far.

THERE were six hundred Tory voters in Waterford and they all went for Redmond. His majority of five hundred and forty-six votes was really a Tory majority and his victory was celebrated as an Orange triumph.

REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER, C. SS. R., late of Boston, now of New York, has accepted the invitation of the Spanish Consul to be one of the commissioners to represent Boston at the Columbian Centenary celebration in Madrid. Father Currier is rapidly coming into prominence as a preacher and lecturer.

ACCORDING to the latest census returns Canada has a Catholic population of 2,223,424. The clergy is made up of thirty archbishops and bishops; 2,303 priests, and 405 ecclesiasts. There are also twelve seminaries, twenty-eight classical colleges, 467 pensionates and academies, 2,782 schools for boys and girls, 148 hospitals, and 105 religious communities. The churches number 1,820 and the chapels 213.

ON awaking give your first thoughts to God. Don't let the devil run away with them; don't give them to vanity, but give them, directly you awake, to your Maker, to your Father in heaven! There is something that is peculiarly agreeable to God in our first and earliest thoughts. They have a freshness and a fragrance that is all their own. FATHER DUFFY, S. J.

Recent Publications.

MESSRS. BENZIGER BROTHERS, printers to the Holy Apostolic See, publishers and booksellers, have published an explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine, for the use of teachers and advanced classes, by Rev. Thomas Kinkead, 12 mo, cloth, net, $1.00. It must be evident to all who have had experience in the work of our Sunday-schools that much time is wasted in the classes. Many teachers do little more than mark the attendance and hear the lessons; this being done, time hangs heavily on their hands till the school is dismissed. They do not or cannot explain what they are teaching, and the children have no interest in the study. This "Explanation" ought to be most acceptable. The Baltimore Catechism is now in use throughout the country and a book like Father Kinkead's was much needed.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, by Eliza Allen Starr. A booklet of one hundred and two pages, 16 mo., bound in white leatherette, gilt top; the lettering and vignette from Luca della Robia on the cover in gold. Price, 50 cents. —— Expressly for children, What We See, by Eliza Allen Star. A volume of eighty-six pages, large octavo, printed in large type; embellished by five full-page and seven side illustrations. Bound in cloth; the lettering and vignette on the cover in gold. Price, $1.00. Both these books are published by Miss Starr, and orders addressed to her at 229 Huron street, Chicago, Ill., will be filled post free.

THE Irish-American, published in New York, is among the best papers devoted to the interests of our element in the United States. It appeared in a new dress in honor of its forty-fourth anniversary. We wish it continued success.

THE COLUMBIA DAILY CALENDER. — An old friend in a new dress, and an article that has come to be one of the indispensables of an editor's desk, comes to hand in the Columbia Daily Calender for 1892. The Calendar is in the form of a pad containing 367 leaves, each $5\frac{1}{8}$ x $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches; and each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling or some kindred subject, and at the bottom of each leaf is a blank for memoranda. The stand is an entirely new departure, being made of sheet metal finished in ivory black, and is very compact. This is the seventh issue of this now well-known calendar, yet all the matter is fresh and new.

THE following music has been received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co. *Vocal:* "When My Sailor Lad Comes Home," by Arthur Malone. "Sweet Little Pansy Eyes," by Paul Jassett. "Fadeless Roses Bloom," by Lottie Belle Wylie. "In the Morning," by Felix McGlennon. "Fiddle and I;" words by Frederic E. Weatherby, music by Mrs. Arthur Gordeye. "Thou Art My Queen," words by A. Monro Grier, music by Emma F. Blackstock. "The World in Peaceful Slumber Lay," Christmas Anthem, C. T. Steele. "The Same Old Story," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Annie Armstrong. *Instrumental:* "L'Esperanza Waltz," by

Loren Bragdon. "Tout Vienne Waltzes," by Johann Strauss. "Reverie," by Theodore Moelling. "Amelia Redowa," by same. "Tyrolliene," by Paul Beaumont. "Lightheartedness," by Theodore Moelling. "Intermezzo," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," by P. Mascagni. "Potpourri," from same opera. "Gnome Bells," by Gustav Lange. "Evelyn Gavotte Caprice," by Loren Bragdon. "Dolores Valse" by Theodore Moelling. "Carnival de Venice," by Jules Schulhoff. "Meadow Brook," by Loren Bragdon. "La Cigale," Selections, by B. M. Davison. "La Cigale Waltz," by same. "La Cigale Polka," by same. "Manola Waltz Brilliante," by Paul Keller. Also "Belle Coquette Gavotte," "Good Night Reverie," "Japanese March," and "Rest and Dreams Serenade," by same author. "Inamorata Waltz," by Florence Fane. "Don Quixote," A Quaint Dance, by Michael Watson.

Vocal: "Ring, Sweet bells," Christmas Carol, by J. P. Higinlothan. "The Shepherd's Song," words by Mrs E. C. Whitney, music by E. H. Bailey. "Gavotte Song," from "La Cigale," by Andrew Monody. "On the Death of Parnell," words by Thos. Moore, music by Prof. J. W. Glover. "A Job Lot," Comic Song, by Chas. Boughton. "He is Irish," Comic Song, by Loren Bragdon. "De Double Weddin," by Frank Addis Kent. "The Heart's Sorrow," by Will C. King. "Song of the Nightingale," words by Ambrose Davenport, music by Carl Zeller. *Piano:* "On to Glory," Galop, by Paul C. Keller. "Chappies Polka," by Florence Fane. "C. B. and D. Waltz." by J. N. Goolman. "Jolly Youth Galop," by Paul Keller. "Pelican Schottische," by Albert Blitz. *Books:* "New Christmas Carols," twenty-four new and beautiful carols. "The Folio," for November and December.

THE first colored Catholic priest ever ordained in the United States celebrated five o'clock mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York city, on Christmas morning. He is Charles Randolph Uncles, a good-looking quadroon, 31 years old, and was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore, the 19th of December. The Rev. Father Uncles, although born in Baltimore, spent his boyhood days in New York. He was baptized, received his first communion, and was confirmed in St. Francis Xavier's Church. While he was an acolyte in this church, his brightness and quickness of perception caused the Rev. James R. Slattery to take especial interest in him, which resulted in his being sent to the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal to be educated for the priesthood. He graduated with high honors, and returned to Baltimore. He taught in the public schools in that city for three years, and saved enough money to resume his ecclesiastical studies. When St. Joseph's Seminary was opened he entered and completed his education there. He was ordained sub-deacon and deacon at the cathedral two years ago. For the past year, as part payment of his tuition, he has been teaching at the Epiphany Apostolic College, Highland Park. The Rev. Father Uncles has had two predecessors of his color in this country. The first, was ordained by Bishop England in London in 1840. A year later he came to Charleston, S. C., and was assigned to mission work in that state. Another colored man, the Rev. August Tolton, was ordained at Rome five years ago. He came to this country shortly after his ordination, and is now pastor of St. Monica's Church, Chicago.

Juvenile Department.

A CHILD'S REQUIEM.

Oh ! rest, my dear little sister,
With your sweet little face white and still ;
With your pretty blue eyes closed in slumber,
And your small waxen hands clasped and chill.

I placed that rose in your fingers ;
You may have, dear, this pretty new book
That they gave us for keeping so quiet,
When together we had pictures took.

We loved to read it together ;
Here is one of the same pictures, too ;
Take them with you to Heaven, to Jesus,
With the message for Him I gave you.

Tell Him they are from your brother,
And, perhaps, when He knows I am here
All alone, without you for my playmate,
He will let you return, sister, dear, —

To be my guardian angel,
And to watch over me when I sleep ;
Though I never can see you or hear you,
I shall feel that you're near when I weep.

I wished to give you some playthings,
Just your doll and your chime-bell that rings,
But mamma says you never will need them,
That with God there are much better things.

Then sleep, my dear little sister ;
You were weary, and that's why you died,
And when I am tired of playing
God will let me rest, too, by your side.

Mary West.

A WORD TO THE BOYS ABOUT SMOKING.

Some people will tell you that moderate smoking is beneficial, but then people's ideas of moderation are so different. It is like moderate drinking ; who is to say at what point moderation leaves off and excess begins ? Total abstinence in both cases is the wisest plan for you, young folks ; health, pocket, and prospects in life will be all the better for your decision to leave tobacco as well as alcohol alone. We know that in strong drink and tobacco there lurks a secret, subtle, ensnaring, ever-increasing influence that is perilous to constitution and to the moral well-being of youth. Therefore, while you are able, we say refuse "pipes and glasses" alike. Let those who smoke think what they are likely to lose as the smoke curls from the pipe.

Let them reflect upon what will probably be lost in the clouds, and they then will decide the pipe or cigar would cost them too dear.

A boy has been lost before now through forming the habit of smoking; this has led to drinking, and drinking to ruin. "Oh," you say, "don't be too hard on the boys who smoke; that is such a little thing." Yes, but very often the results are not a little; they are serious and terrible. A few matches in a child's hands may seem a "little thing;" and you may have heard of a village in Hungary where more than two hundred houses were burnt through a trifle such as this. The boy's use of tobacco may seem not worth troubling about, but the consequences must be considered. The boy is getting into bad company, running the risk of the drink craving, forming habits of self-indulgence, endangering his sense of politeness, courtesy, and consideration for others. And other boys, seeing him smoke, may be led to start on the same undesirable track; will not his responsibility be great in having influenced other lads toward that which is harmful and unhealthy? My boy, it is no excuse for you to say, "Smoking does not hurt me!" It may hurt your school-fellow, your little brother, the friend with whom you associate; it may be with him the first downward step, taken out of admiration of your own example. Travellers amid the higher Alps have sometimes to proceed very gently and carefully, why? Above them hangs the snow, balanced so evenly that a sudden loud noise, even the sound of a voice, might bring down that weight of shining snow as a ruinous avalanche. There are hearts and lives, perhaps, just trembling in the balance between good and evil; do not let your bad example draw the life of another into any sort of peril, into any unwholesome habit, into any companionship that is hurtful. Boys, make your choice, will you grow up healthy, cleanly, vigorous, considerate of others; or will you join that gang of smokers disgracing our street corners? We hope and believe every boy who reads this will shun both cigar and pipe.

Never let tobacco steal your health away!
Active, pure, and cleanly keep your life for aye;
Let your mind be steadfast, let your strength be shown,
Shun the drink and smoking; leave them both alone!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG POLE

In Paterson has organized an orchestra, and, as he believes himself to be a man with a social and moral mission, he makes it as far as possible a means for the education and equalization of its members. One or two of the players are rich; several are quite poor; the money raised at concerts is devoted to the musical instruction of its poorer members. One day a young man with black nails, poor clothes, and east side manner, presented himself as a candidate for admission to the band, and asked if he could be taken He was a lamplighter, but he could play a double bass, and he wanted to enlarge his experience. He was taken, but after the rehearsal the Pole called him aside and said: "We are glad to have you with us, but you must not wear a flannel shirt when you play. You must wash up and put on a little style."

"But," said the new-comer, "I can't afford a boiled shirt."

"What! A big, healthy fellow like you can't earn the price of a shirt."

"No."

"Look here. To-morrow, you go without your dinner. Just get a sandwich or two, and take your other meals, and you'll save enough to buy a white shirt."

"By George! I never thought of that. I'll do it." And he did. It worked a change in the man. He stopped the careless expenditure of his dimes and nickels, he missed two meals with great discomfort and bought two shirts; he applied himself to study, and at the concerts given by the orchestra now he is the most immaculate in his attire of any of the musicians. Yet, by day, he still looks after his lamps and wears a flannel shirt. He may be leading the American opera one of these days.

THE COWBOY'S LAST RIDE.

If in those days any of the boys had been asked to pick out the coolest and bravest member of our wild, woolly gang, almost any one would have been selected before Jeff Dason. Gentle, smooth-voiced, freckle-faced and red-headed, our horse wrangler was chiefly remarkable for his love of the caballada (horse herd) over which he had charge. Every morning sunrise saw Jeff swing to his saddle and drive the band to Cajou canyon, and sunset saw them rolling the dust back to the big corrals. It was only five miles to Cajou, but the Apaches had raided the ranch itself, and Jeff's position was no sinecure. So it was that one glorious August morning, just as the sun came blinking lazily up over the great eastern plains, Jeff and the band started for the grazing ground.

In among the mesquites a few dauntless songsters were protesting against another day of Arizona sun, and the earth was trying to smile in spite of the fact that another fourteen hours of stifling, gasping heat was at hand. Across the broad, white, alkali flat swung the band, raising great lazy clouds of the pungent dust, and finally rounding the canyon point, out of sight. It was cool in Cajou, for the cedar-crowned rock walls were untouched by the sun kiss yet, and the fragrant breath of a restful night still lingered lovingly over the green grass carpet and along the red rock walls. The forenoon passed like other forenoons with Jeff, the horses drank, grazed or lay down, while their watcher played mumbletypeg, or gambled with four pebbles against an imaginary opponent for fabulous sums, or dozed with his hand on his horses' picket rope. About two o'clock Jeff discovered some pinion trees on top of the canyon walls, and tying old "Bonapart" to mesquite, proceeded to investigate the condition of the nuts. It was a hard climb, but after he had reached the top and found the pinions would be sticky for a month to come, he lay down to gaze on the long, level stretch of plain below. Perhaps he lay thus fifteen or twenty minutes, when he saw something that brought him to his feet, wide awake. Off to the southwest, about two miles away from the mouth of the Cajou, came five mounted Apaches, riding slowly toward him. With beating heart Jeff watched them until the point hid them from view, saw them come into sight again at the broad mouth of the canyon, watched them as they stopped and examined his horses' tracks, and noted two dismount and start up the rocky point afoot, and the others start across to take station at the mouth and turn the horses when they came down away from the ranch. Then he started down

the bluff, slipping, sliding, jumping, and clinging, until he reached the meadow below, bruised and panting, but resolute. To escape without his ponies was not to be thought of. The Apaches stationed below will finish the stampede that the two creeping up will attempt. But they shouldn't have his beauties, his pets, every one of whom seemed doubly dear just then. Had he not broken many of them, and did he not know the faults and virtues of every woolly scamp among them, and was there one in the lot that should be ridden, beaten, starved or saddle-galled by those red devils? No! No! Better death twice over than that they be thus abused. With quivering lip and sobbing breath he draws old "Bony" close to the wall, and with trembling hand loosens the cinchas, throws the saddle into a rift of the canyon wall, and stripping off all clothing save drawers, shirt, and stockings, hurls them after the saddle. Slipping the bridle on Bony and throwing a double blanket over his sharp back, he slides six or eight cartridges from his belt, catches up the revolver and stands waiting. Presently Broncho Duke raises his head from the grass and sniffs the air suspiciously, then with a wild snort and a nervous stamp of his forefoot he is off down the canyon with the band closely following.

Right behind them are Jeff and Bonapart, the old war horse, with nose high in the air, chafing under the close rein. Has he not won many a close race, and why should his young rider strip and ride with only a blanket, unless he meant to show these young upstart colts that old Bony was chief still. So they race down the canyon, splashing through the seepage pools, rattling over the pebbly drifts, swishing through the sage and mesquite bottoms, and whirl from the canyon's mouth like bounding boulders. A startling yell from the waiting Apaches, and Jeff tightens his grip and digs his bare heels in Bony's flanks as the watchers sweep out toward the band. The horses snort and shy, but the old racer is stretching his long legs on the opposite side and Jeff's pistol is hurling a stream of fire that holds them steady. They race thus perhaps seventy-five yards, but old Bony crowds them so close that, bewildering and confused, they break and sweep between the howling, astonished Indians and take a bee-line for the ranch. As the victorious horse and rider whirl past they receive a flight of arrows, Jeff stopping two, and the horse catching one, which he notices by a squeal and a kick as he thunders on after his mates. How old Bony did enjoy that race with free rein and the long, level plains before them! How he showed those conceited young horses how horses ran in his day! From one side of the band to the other he "weaved," with ears laid flat and eyes fairly bulging in his excitement. As to those Apaches ever overtaking them, he snorted at the idea.

So they raced, and the sorely wounded rider, sick unto death, gamely clung to his back, though thigh and loin were crying out with their burden of an arrow each and the froth was on his purpling lips. Yet a little further and they would be safe at the ranch. Yet a little — and here is the corral gate, the boys pouring out of the cabin, the horses saved and, even as he stops old Bony with a sharp pull, his strength forsakes him and the horse rustler of Cross L ranch has passed the divide across the range, while the shell he tenanted so well, and that we called him, falls like a sack of wheat into our eager, outstretched arms.

THE SALOON HABIT.

YOUNG man, you are just about to form the saloon habit, stop and think; you have parents, you still love your fond mother and respected father. You have a heart for your little sisters. If affliction falls on the family you feel it. Their troubles are your troubles; their successes your successes. You rejoice with them, you sorrow with them. They are your flesh and blood. They are as dear to you as life. Young man, you now have Catholic faith; you reverence your priest, you hear Mass, you frequent the sacraments. It pains you now — it shocked you once — to hear blasphemy, or doubt or denial of God, or scoff at things holy and the Church. You are still pure, and obscenity or immorality repels you. You have a good situation and it suits you. You go to work cheerfully and get to it timely. You enjoy good health and find "lots of honest fun" in life. You believe that there are many things to live for and that life has its duties — to others as well as to yourself. Beware of the habit you are forming. A few months ago a casual drink or a cigar in a saloon was perhaps the accident of once in six or seven weeks. Later it was of weekly occurrence; now it is a daily incident; and sometimes it occurs two or three times in a day and night. At first you did not linger; now you cannot tear yourself away. Then the coarse oath and ribald story fell terribly on your ears. You are getting used to it now; think less of it. *Facilus descensus Averno:* and you are at the mouth of hell. Indeed, already, to be a bold "good fellow" did you not on occasion quasi share in a scandalous conversation? It was against your grain, but you did. You say you can stop going there when you will. If so easy to now break off, why is it you have already broken through several resolutions you have made to avoid the saloons? Do you really think the temptation of the octopus will become weaker the farther it ensnares you? That it is easier to break off the habit of years than of months? Keep on and you shall never "will." Keep on, and do you know what shall shortly happen to you? and it is very shortly in a brief life. Your character, your looks, and your very nature will have changed. You shall never again show yourself for what you once were. Your dearest and nearest may cling to you as David did to Absalom, but shall shudder when, day after day, and year after year, they fail to recognize in you one single trait of your old darling self; when you were a comforting son and winsome brother. The time will come when you shall curse your fond mother and strike at your respected father; when the glance of a wanton shall lead you farther into evil, than all the love-light in your sisters' eyes can guide you into good; when all the joys or sorrows of your family shall concern you less than the price of a single glass of whiskey. There shall be no Mass then for you; no Sacraments. You, too, in your turn shall become the devil's advocate to disclaim against a God whom you blasphemously accuse of creating us to damn us. You believed in hell when you were working for heaven; you shall profess to believe in heaven only, when you will be working for hell. Later on, in the wreck of mind, you shall care for neither. Your situation, while you are fortunate enough to hold it, will have become irksome and distasteful; dissipations of the night are poor incentives to an honest day of labor. Innocent amusements will have palled on you. Excess and reaction

shall struggle with your weakening mind and body till the sad sottish end — perhaps accelerated by the brawler's hand or the iron arm of the law — is reached; not unlikely in penal or eleemosynary institution, afar from those once loved. Poor, misguided, and unfortunate youth, who so boasted of your "independence" in the very act of surrendering your manhood and will to become that most dismal, abject, and powerless of God's creatures, the slave of the saloon! May God at the dread last have mercy upon your soul; but what a fearful flood of memories you leave to those who so loved you through a wasted, misspent life that might have been so happy, so manly, and so true! But with the help of good, seeking the grace of God, it is never too late to halt or mend.

The Sacred Heart Review.

REVERENCE FOR THE AGED.

CULTIVATE a spirit of reverence. It is a great blot upon the character where it is lacking. To revere the aged is to revere a thing almost sacred. In them are stored up rich experiences of joy and suffering, good and evil, that may be of great benefit to us if we only rightly contemplate them. They are monuments, as it were, upon which are inscribed the lessons for us to learn — teaching us what to cherish and what to avoid, what to love and what to hate. While their virtues should demand our love and veneration, their vices should only excite our pity, for these, too, are useful to us, and the unsightly scars they have left upon the body should act as signals, pointing to the rocks upon which they have been wrecked.

SIX GRAVE DIGGERS.

HENRY MUELLER, a pious German, who lived two hundred years ago, used to say: "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave diggers. The first is called 'Drunkenness.' How many kill themselves with excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much water. Therefore, young man, if you wish to live, give up drinking. The second is called 'Lust.' How many have thereby hastened death! Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed? The third is called 'Wrath.' Siracr says 'Jealousy and anger shorten life,' and St. Paul, in the book of Galatians places next to each other wrath, strife, and murder. Wrath brings on strife; strife is often the cause of murder. The fourth is called 'Disobedience to parents.' We know what a blessing the fourth commandment proclaims. Who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break. The fifth one is called 'Bad Company.' How many thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living body cannot bring the dead body back to life, yet the contaminating odor of the corpse will ultimately kill the living. The sixth and last is called 'Idleness.' It kills man, though he seems alive. 'Is an idle more use than a dead body?' When the tree will not bear any more fruit, it is cut down and thrown into the fire. Ye who have a desire to live, consider this; and leave these grave diggers and pall bearers alone."

IN THE TRAINING OF BOYS.

It is the belief of many that, as a rule, boys are abused, and it is small wonder that so many of them grow up to be so thoughtless and useless. I want to make all due allowance for the nervous, over-worked mothers (for I have been one myself) who cannot long endure the noisy clatter of little boots, or the restless romping of "those boys." But oh, how often a little planning and loving forethought would save our "nerves" and, also, our boys. Give the boys a room of their own, where they may be allowed to work, play, read, or whatever the boyish fancy may dictate. If he be fond of reading let him have plenty of good, suitable books and papers, and an easy chair in which to sit in while he reads them. A boy loves comfort as well as a girl does, and money spent in making him comfortable at home, goes a long way toward keeping him off the street. Some boys cannot be satisfied to spend a whole evening in reading; these must be provided for in some other way. Let them have games — there are many innocent ones — and let them invite their friends into the house, and feel that they have a share in the home. I used to let my boys pop corn, make taffy candy, whittle, and run a scroll saw in the evening in spite of the litter it made, and I have never regretted it. If the boy wants to make money, that is, speculate in a small way, and can do it without interfering with his school duties, let him do so. It will teach him to be industrious, and will cultivate business habits. I knew a mother, who went into partnership with her boys, she furnishing the capital, and the boys doing the work. In this way she taught them to keep accounts, and if the money made did not amount to much, the lessons learned were invaluable.

ASKING THE ECHO.

The ignorant and practical man is sometimes inclined to scoff at the apparently purposeless grubbing of the scientist; but, should he find himself in a tight place, he might discover that the studious theorist could easily extricate him from it. A scientific man, while out in a boat one night on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that it was impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The boatman stopped rowing, saying that they must wait for daylight, or, at least, until the fog should clear away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. Their passenger then showed them what benefit could be reaped, in an emergency, from a knowledge of certain natural laws. He says: "I at once stood up in the boat and shouted. Soon an echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which it proceeded, I said, 'There is the nearest land.' Rowing half a mile in the specified direction, we soon reached the shore. The boatman expressed great surprise that, although they had been on the river all their lives, so simple a plan for finding their way in a fog had never occurred to them. The fact upon which I acted was this: Air saturated with moisture during a fog is a much better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow: Sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily, and the sound is heard more distinctly." Remembering these facts, a person can, with a little practice, soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods.

TEACH BOYS SENSE.

LET us stop teaching boys that their careers will be failures unless they become rich or famous, and that life consists of its miracles. There are higher positions in your square mile than the presidency of the United States. The best part of history is not written at all. Your father, on whose memory you love to dwell, was not known beyond the farm; just nobody, that was all. Fidelity is the only true test; for it is the only one that can be universally applied. Perhaps it is not as much the parents as it is the outsiders and newspapers that infect our young people with these erroneous ideas. But, however, they get them, far too many have them. They jump at the "big prizes" and fail, where a lesser aim might be reached. But, after all, it may be in this way that the unduly ambitious can learn the lesson of life.

PRAYING WITH CHILDREN.

THE loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head.

"When a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed:—'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

A SAINT'S AMIABILITY.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES was so humble a saint that it is impossible to tell any anecdote of him without illustrating the sweetness of his character, which was gentleness itself. He was especially kind to his servants, so much so that he obeyed his valet about the hour of going to bed, eating and dressing, and he would hurry through his work at night so that his servant might go to rest. One morning the saint awoke very early, and forebore to awake his man, who was exceedingly angry when he got up and found his master dressed and at work. The valet remonstrated. "I am old enough to dress myself, am I not?" asked the Bishop. "You might have called me!" answered the servant. "Oh, you were sleeping so sweetly I had not the heart!" replied the saint. The Bishop of Belley had an idea that St. Francis' familiarity with his inferiors would make them despise him, and remarked so to him on one occasion. "Coarse familiarity might," answered St. Francis, "but love will win love in return, and respect always follows love." Then he went on to say that although our servants must be directed, because they were for the purpose of helping us, yet we must never forget that they were God's children and our brothers.

TOO PROUD TO BE HAPPY.

DID you ever know a man or boy too proud to be happy? I do. Georgie had struck his little brother in their play, and had been sent to the dark room until he should feel sorry for it. It was not long until he began to feel very badly for hurting Jimmie and making him cry, and he wanted very much to go out and put his arms about him and tell him he was sorry, and play with him again. But a little bit of pride in his heart kept him from doing it; so he stayed in the dark room and felt miserable all the morning, rather than say he was sorry, when his mother asked him. Don't you think he was a very silly boy?

Pride makes people silly. It made Effie and Mollie so silly that they would not speak to each other for a week, when they had been the best of friends, and had become offended at almost nothing. It makes many people unhappy all their lives, because it will not let them go to God and own their faults and be forgiven. Do not let pride make you so foolish.

THE LARCH-TREE: A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE there grew a beautiful maple-tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade. But when fall came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is. In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright." The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner. She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine." The larch heard the unkind word of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed. The good fairy of the park passed by just then, and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one." The good fairy felt very sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said,

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you forever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his little leaves contentedly. In a few days the maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone. Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed. So they said, "let us call the larch an 'evergreen.'" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round.

A CHILD OF MARY.

A JESUIT FATHER, who for many years was a prefect in a certain college, relates that one night when he went to the dormitory to see if all the students were in bed, he discovered a boy dressed and kneeling by his bedside. Surprised at this, he inquired why he had not retired with the others. "Please, Father," the young student answered, "I gave my Scapular to the tailor to be mended, and I hate to go bed without it, for fear of dying in the night."—"Oh, don't be afraid, my boy," the Father said kindly; "go to bed and sleep soundly. You will get your Scapular to-morrow."—"Oh, Father," I can't go to sleep without my Scapular; perhaps I might die." And he began to weep. To pacify the boy, the Father went at once to the tailor, procured the Scapular, and the boy put it on and went to bed. The last words he heard him say were the names of Jesus and Mary. Next morning, when the prefect went round to see if all the boys were up, he found his young friend still in bed. He called him, but there was no answer; he shook him, but he did not move. He was cold in death. One hand rested on his beloved Scapular, the prayers of which were probably his last earthly occupation. No doubt our dear Lady wished to take her child to heaven before his innocence was tarnished by a sinful world.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

THIS asylum for the Alpine wayfarer (7,609 feet above the sea level) is said to have been founded A. D. 962 by St. Bernard of Menthon, while, according to some authorities, it rose a century earlier, under Charlemagne. Neither saint nor emperor is likely to make good his claim, as the archives of the hospice have been completely destroyed in two successive conflagrations. But like other Christian institutions, it had undoubtedly a pagan predecessor. The Romans, on the self-same spot, built a temple to the Pennine Jove, and that, in turn, occupied the site of a still earlier shrine of prehistoric antiquity. The truth is, the Alpine passes were in common use from the remotest ages—the Christian world treading the same route which had been trodden by the Romans, who also availed themselves of the track made by the aborigines. At its highest point, the tutelary deity had his place of worship, and this was served by the local priesthood, who rendered assistance to the distressed or ailing traveller, and received votive tributes in return for its good offices. The existence of a temple of Jupiter on the spot, with its staff of priests, is well known; and the relics that have turned up near it, attest its uses to have been similar to those of the present hospice. A discovery of importance has just been made in its vicinity—a bronze statue in excellent preservation of Jupiter himself. Its artistic value is very great; its height, forty centimeters. At the same time, other treasure-trove was brought to the surface, including a number of medals and a statuette of a lion measuring sixteen centimeters, also of fine workmanship. These are now the property of the monks, and will attract to the hospice a public more able to keep them in funds than the proper recipients of their kindness. Sad to relate, the revenues of the monastery,

heavily drawn upon by the travellers (from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand annually) who throw themselves on its bounty, are diminishing, the contributions left by these comfortably accommodated guests being miserably below what, in the majority of cases, they can afford. The heroism of the monks should be remembered by the well-to-do holiday visitor. They begin their career at the age of eighteen or nineteen. After fifteen years' service, the severe climate has made old men of them. For eight or nine months out of the twelve, they see none but the poorest wayfarers, when the cold is intense, the snow lying deep, the danger from storms incessant and fearful. Their sole companions are the dogs, whose keen scent has guided them to the snow wreath under which the buried traveller has so often been rescued and brought to life — dogs like that noble fellow "Barry," who saved forty men in his time, and who now, carefully stuffed, adorns the museum at Bern. Lancet.

A PROTESTANT'S REASONS.

THE following answers have been given to the question, "Why am I a Protestant?": — 1. Because it is so respectable. 2. Because people should always keep to the religion in which they were born. 3. Because it is so convenient only to believe as much as or as little as one likes. 4. Because religion is not meant to be taken so seriously. 5. Because it is so nice not to be obliged to go to church on Sunday unless one likes (or lives in the country), and, at any rate, to be able to go comfortably in the afternoon, instead of having to bundle off at some ungodly hour of the morning to Mass, as Catholics have to do. 6. Because I could not give up my dear old hymns, "Ancient and Modern." 7. Because I should not like to be obliged to go to Confession. 8. Because the Irish are so horrid. 9. Because Catholics put artificial flowers on the altar. 10. Because I hate fish. 11. Because, if I became a Catholic, I should subscribe to such a lot of things. 12. Because I should never understand the Catholic services. 13. Because if I did, it would involve so much kneeling down, instead of sitting with one's nose on one's knees, which is far more comfortable and better for one's clothes. 14. Because poor Savonarola was so badly treated. 15. Because our curate reminds me of him. 16. Because the priests abroad look so shy. 17. Because Latimer said something (I forget exactly what) about putting out a candle. 18. Because Galileo said "it moves." 19. Because, if I went over, there would be such an awful row at home.

WHO WERE PUNCH AND JUDY?

PUNCH is the last survival in England of the old mystery of sacred plays, of which the Bavarians retain one in the now noted play at Oberammergau. The full name, Punch and Judy, is from the two chief characters, Pontius and Judas. Punch, as a Roman, speaks with a foreign accent, has a Roman nose, and has on his back a hump. This is in consequence of the tradition that after the condemnation, Pontius was haunted by the idea that the evil one sat on his back. In his exile he was always followed by a black dog. Hence the introduction of Toby, so named from the dog of Tobias in the Apocrypha. Judas has now been transformed into a woman, because he was dressed in a flowing robe, after the fashion of the East.

A WONDERFUL MECHANISM.

HERMAN JACOBS, a carpenter of Benzlau, Prussia, has been credited with constructing a wonderful piece of mechanism representing in several successive scenes the Passion of the Saviour. All the actors are carved in wood, and are each about six inches in height. The machinery runs by clock work, and enacts the various parts three times at each winding. The panorama first unfolded is a beautiful garden, with a figure of Jesus kneeling in prayer under one of the trees, figures of the three sleeping apostles being plainly discernible in the distance. As the machinery warms up, the wheels and the figures move more rapidly, quickly unfolding the last scenes in the earthly career of Jesus. The Last Supper, the betrayal, the remorseful look which comes over the face of Judas when he first realizes the extent of his crime, the examination of Jesus before Caiphas, the dialogue between Pilate and the Jews — all flit before the gaze in a manner so astonishingly lifelike and real as to make one almost believe himself at Calvary. After the sentence has been pronounced, a figure of Jesus with the cross appears. The cross is mechanically erected, while the little figures busy themselves in binding the figure to be nailed upon it. Ladders are run up to the arms of the cross, a little figure slips quietly over the rungs, then there is a sound of hammers as two figures hold the One that is being nailed to the cross by the two figures on the ladders. At last, when all is thought to be finished, a figure on horseback glides across the platform, draws his sword, and thrusts it into the side of the figure on the cross. The last scene represents Jesus in the sepulchre with angels guarding the remains. Mr. Adams, in his Letters on Silesia, says: — "It is the most remarkable piece of mechanism I have ever seen. The traitor's kiss; the scourging, the nailing to the cross, the sponge of vinegar, and every seeming pain inflicted, occasion feelings which cannot be felt at a mere description."

VON MOLTKE'S MOTTOES.

IT was said of Von Moltke that no man ever had a keener appreciation than he for maxims and proverbs. He had an idea that every person should choose one and be careful to let it govern him in all things.

Von Moltke followed this plan himself, and his favorite motto furnished a key to all his conduct. It was "Erst wägen, dann wagen," which means, "First weigh, then dare." The familiar English proverb which comes nearest to the significance of this is "Look before you leap;" but the German saying means more than this.

In the "Gedenkbuch," or memorial volume, in the German Museum at Nuremberg, Von Moltke wrote the following words:

Allezeit
Treu, bereit
Für des Reiches Herrlichkeit.

This is a patriotic motto, which may be thus very freely translated: —

Always true,
Ready, too,
For country glorious deeds to do.

THRILLING STORY OF AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

FATHER O'HAIRE, of Ashborne, England, well known as having spent many years in Africa, as a missionary, recently told the following thrilling story at a church festival, says the Glasgow Observer: —

"During several of the twelve years I spent in Africa, I had under my pastoral care, the sole charge of a district as large as England. Periodically I made a visitation of my scattered flock. On one of these vast excursions I lost my way, and found myself wandering without the slightest idea of the locality. I could see no one. It was a season of drought; no rain had fallen, and my horses were scarcely able to drag along my cart for want of water. At length I came to a Boor farm in this, to me, unknown valley. The whole country was scorched. There was, however, a water dam near the house, and this was all drought. Approaching the Dutch farmer, I told him my story, and asked him if he would allow my horses to drink. Permission was granted. I told the farmer I was a Catholic priest; he was a Protestant.

"'Oh, then,' said he, 'if you go into the out-house you will find a laborer who is dying — he is a Catholic.'

"I entered there and found the poor fellow, a client of St. Joseph, near death. When I told him I was the Catholic priest of the district of the 'Cudtshorn,' one hundred and fifty miles away, he lifted his wasted body and exclaimed in accents of deepest gratitude:

"'Ah, St. Joseph, I knew you would send me a priest, so as to give me comfort before I die.'

"'What has St. Joseph to do with the matter?' I asked, and here is his story:

"'When a boy in dear old Ireland, my mother, a good Catholic, taught me to say every day, "St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death." I have never, for one day, neglected that prayer. I made my first Communion at ten, and served Mass till I was fifteen. I entered in the army at twenty-one, and came out to the Kaffir war.

"'Before leaving Ireland, I went in my uniform and bid my poor old mother good-bye, and as she kissed me tenderly, she sobbed, "Don't forget your prayer to St. Joseph." I came to the Kaffir war. When it was over, and my time had expired, I was discharged and stayed by the Cape. There was no priest nearer to me than Cape Town — five hundred miles away. I hired out on this Dutch farm, and here I have worked for years. Lately, I heard of your arrival in Cudtshorn, one hundred and fifty miles away, and I set out in delicate health in the hope of going to Confession and Communion. Arriving at your house weary, I was told you were away on the visitation, and might not be back for many months. After a week, I returned, and here I landed yesterday, nearly dying, and here is the priest to-day sent by St. Joseph.'

"That night I instructed him and heard his Confession. The next morning I said Mass and gave him Holy Communion, and soon after I gave him Extreme Unction and the last blessing. He then died, saying with his last breath, 'St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death.'"

REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

In a town in Texas a Mexican pony is the hero of the hour. The pony, which is a very small one, was bought by a farmer, James Lester, several years ago, and has since then been the constant companion of the Lester children. They have ridden San Jose, rolled over him, and pulled his ears and tail, and have always considered him as one of the family. When the children went on any expedition where they didn't care to ride San Jose generally went along anyhow as naturally as though he had been a pet dog, and on the few occasions when his liberty was restricted and he was tied up by the head while the children went visiting, he sung melancholy hee-haws until the family were only too glad to turn him loose. One day not long since, however, three of the children went on a nutting expedition, and the two little girls rode San Jose, while the brother walked beside him. Arrived at the point where nuts were most plentiful, San Jose was turned loose to wander about and graze at his will until the time should come for returning home. The children worked steadily for several hours, and then the boy went on to a tree some distance away, leaving his sisters to rest where they were. He was fully out of sight, and the little girls were walking about, side by side, exploring the ground to see if any nuts had been left. Suddenly almost beneath their feet sounded an ominous whir, and there was the coil of a huge rattlesnake with his wicked head reared from the midst and drawn slightly back, ready to strike. Neither child moved an inch. Each said afterward that she could not have moved — that she felt as if she were frozen stiff. But suddenly, while the deadly head went waving back and forth, there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and San Jose leaped into the ring. With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed square on the snake's coil, and was off again before the wicked head could strike. The interruption had released the frightened children from the rattler's influence, and they ran a short distance away and stopped to witness the fight. The rattler was wounded, but in an instant it resumed its coil and its offensive attitude, and the children began to think it was all over with poor San Jose. But no! He came again with that sudden spring with all four of the little hoofs straight upon the snake's body, and this time the body was cut half in two in one place and was wounded in several others. The snake writhed and twisted, and in the midst of its contortions bit itself again and again. There was no more fight in it. It tried to crawl away, but San Jose leaped upon it and trampled over it until it lay quivering upon the ground. San Jose was still doubtful about it, and pawed it over with one forefoot, after which he smelled it over carefully. Being thoroughly satisfied that it was dead, he shook his head jauntily, sung a melodious solo, and went on grazing.

Don't be an echo or a looking-glass, to reflect any one. Be yourself in all things, try to intensify yourself. If there is any merit in you it will then appear. On the stage a man may make his fortune as an imitator, but he is but an imitator at best, an echo of another individual; he has satisfied the animal man, but not the spiritual. If you are poor, and you envy rich men, take off your coat and go to work with a will.

FOOD BEFORE SLEEP.

MANY persons, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and, especially, the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness, and general weakness we so often meet. Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is, therefore, logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lowered degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation, and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

All beings except man are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep, and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period, it cries long and loud. Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is, in quantity and quality, not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating; but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that, instead of being consumed by bodily action, it may during the interval improve the lowered system; and I am fully satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated, and the sleepless, to nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.

In my specialty (nose and throat), I encounter cases that, in addition to local and constitutional treatment, need an increase of nutritious food, and I find that by directing a bowl of bread and milk, or a mug of beer and a few biscuits, or a saucer of oatmeal and cream before going to bed, for a few months, a surprising increase in weight, strength, and general tone results; on the contrary, persons who are too stout or plethoric should follow an opposite course.

DR. WM. T. CATHELL, in the Maryland Medical Journal.

THE proposal of Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, of St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia, Pa., for homeless boys, to erect an institution on the plan of the Drumgoole Memorial, New York, is an excellent one, and ought to meet the approval and receive the assistance of all good and charitable people. That the Catholics of Philadelphia are not only able but willing to support such an institution, is evidenced by the fact that they contribute annually twenty thousand dollars to the Drumgoole Memorial. A circular has been issued by Father Fitzgibbon, appealing for funds. We cordially wish success to Father Fitzgibbon's truly Catholic and truly charitable undertaking.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY, or the feast of the Circumcision, is the day on which the Holy Name, JESUS, was given, formally and with ceremony, to Our Blessed Saviour. "And after eight days were accomplished that the child should be circumcised, his name was called Jesus."

AFTER the Circumcision, the people, whom He came to save, knew Him and called Him by the name of Jesus. They learned, some in fear and some in joy, to adore the Holy Name; for they had heard that His Name was "above every name," and "that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell."

IN the first ages of the Church, the Holy Name of Jesus was often called in prayer and adoration. Then there came a gradual decrease of reverence and love for it, because the crucifixion on Mount Calvary had become less clear and less distinct in people's minds, owing to their affections for the things of the world. They invoked it no longer with the old fervor to aid them in their trials, but used it in blasphemy to express their anger and their hatred, when they did not succeed in worldly affairs.

THIS crime can be charged against the people of to-day, the young and the old, although at no period of the world's history have people had a better opportunity of knowing the holiness of the Name of Jesus. It is a sin of high life and low life, of the ignorant and the educated, of childhood and old age; and it is committed publicly and privately.

THE correction of this evil lies in the sound religious education given to our children. They must be taught "that the Lord Jesus Christ is the glory of God the Father," and His Name is "above all names." They must be instructed "that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell." Fear may produce love, but in any case the Holy Name will become respected and honored again; and that frightful blot on our civilization, blasphemy, will become lessened, and eventually wiped out of existence.

THERE is no possibility of correcting this evil in the public schools; they are debarred by law from even referring to religion, which alone is the remedy for the evil. They must not offend the beliefs of people who deny that Christ ever existed, and that all that is said about His Holy Name is without proof, and is merely an old device of those in power and authority to keep their hold on a people naturally prone to be superstitious and easily led to believe that which is not visible to their senses.

THE Catholic parochial schools, day after day, and the whole year round, teach the children to honor the Holy Name of Jesus. They teach them not only all about His Holy Name, but also all about Himself; and when they teach them this positive knowledge, they point out to them the dangers to which they will be exposed of falling into the vice of blasphemy, and they tell them the means of resistance, the Sacraments and prayer to use against it.

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.— *See pages 209 and 297.*

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, MARCH, 1892. No. 3.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Great Anti-Popery Scare.

OUR enterprising contemporary, the Independent, in a late issue comes out with a flaming heading: "Separation of Church and State, A Movement Against Sectarian Appropriations, Proposed Amendment to the United States Constitution, Objects of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions," and a formidable list of twenty-six contributors who by request have written articles, or briefly expressed their opinions in favor of the scheme indicated by the heading.

Then we have this statement:

"The objects of 'The National League for the Protection of American Institutions,' as stated in the second Article of its Constitution, are 'to secure constitutional and legislative safeguards for the protection of the common school system and other American institutions, to promote public instruction in harmony with such institutions, and to prevent all sectarian or denominational appropriations of public funds.' As an important step to this end the League presents the following form of an amendment to the National Constitution:

"No state shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Now one is tempted to ask what does all this excitement, this concerted action mean? We need not long be left in doubt. We have only to read the articles which follow to learn that there is among our Protestant friends a tremendous scare. They are very much alarmed for the salvation of our country. Our American institutions are in danger. There is a tremendous power at work to subvert our liberties and subject the whole country to an odious despotism; that power is the Catholic Church which seems to haunt their imaginations like the uneasy ghost of some fiery dragon out of the bottomless pit, with seven heads and ten horns, breathing death and slaughter throughout the land.

Why are they so alarmed? They profess to be afraid that the Catholic Church will destroy the public school system. They know better. They know perfectly well — for they are intelligent men and take pains to be informed on current events — that Catholics are not opposed to the public schools — they only wish to improve them and make them unexceptionable to all parties. They simply object to the injustice of taxing us for the support of schools that we cannot conscientiously patronize.

Again they seem to be awfully afraid that the people of some of the states will make up their minds to appropriate money to the support of "sectarian" schools. Suppose they should do so, would they not have a perfect right to make appropriations for whatever purpose they please so that they did not show partiality to any particular class? Suppose a state should resolve to appropriate money to denominational schools, such as they have now in Canada, would there be any injustice in that? How is it now about sectarian appropriations? Are not the public schools sectarian? Certainly they are not Catholic, but as Protestants generally approve of them and Catholics do not, they are sectarian so far as Catholics are concerned. Why have not Catholics just as much right to object to Protestant schools as Protestants have to Catholic? If Catholics should petition Congress for an amendment to the Constitution against appropriating any more money for the godless, sectarian public schools, there would be a terrible hue and cry. But can any sensible, fair-minded man give a good reason why they have not just as much right to make such a petition as Protestants have to petition against Catholic schools? True, Protestants have the majority, and they can carry their point if they will. But is it a matter of majorities? How if Catholics had the majority? What then?

Why should these gentlemen seek to forestall the judgment of the people? And why should the general government be called upon to dictate to the several states what they shall do? Can not the states be allowed to judge for themselves? The fact is these men are guilty of the very sin that they charge, without rhyme or reason, upon Catholics — they are trying to force the godless public school system upon the people whether they like it or not. The league is anti-Catholic. That is its purpose, that is its animus. The bigoted, fanatical, anti-Catholic crank, the Hon. John Jay, is at the bottom of the movement; he is the moving spirit. He has inherited the anti-Popery virus from his father, and it rankles in his breast, and has corrupted his blood, and he can never cease in his warfare upon the Church.

Father Young, of the Paulists, in a scathing criticism of certain publications sanctioned by Jay, showed how thoroughly unscrupulous these publications were, even the Independent acknowledging that he had proved his point. But that will make no difference with their fanatical agitation. They will continue to publish and circulate these stale old lies as if they had never been exposed. The fact is, they see plainly that in argument they have no show. They see, too, that the Catholic Church is making great strides in the country; that intelligent, intellectual, and cultivated people as well as others, are being converted and they are alarmed. They are determined that the Catholic Church shall be put down if possible, or if not put down that it shall be restrained and hampered, and put to all sorts of trouble, disadvantage, and embarrassment. In fact, it is a regular persecution under the guise of protection of our American institutions, whereas it is really these people themselves that are the worst enemies of our free institutions. They advocate liberty but it is liberty to do as they please, denying at the same time the just rights of others. They are now striving to bring the power of the general government to bear in favor of their nefarious plans. They would actually force the states to adopt their notions whether they like them or not, and thus forestall any future action of the people.

Why cannot these men see that their efforts are a confession of weakness. They ought to blush with shame at their conduct. If the Catholic Church is such a terrible bugbear, why don't they put it down by argument and appeals to reason? There is where they fail and they know it, and with true Protestant instinct they resort to the civil government to help them in their tyrannical move.

Will the country submit to it? We cannot say. It seems both the great political parties of the country have given utterance in their platforms to sentiments favoring the public schools as they exist and opposed to appropriations of money for religious instruction — the Democratic more cautious and guarded than the Republican (we see nothing in these documents about the injustice of taxing people for the support of schools that they cannot use); but what the result of an appeal to the people on the proposed constitutional amendment would be, it is impossible to predict. But one thing is certain, and the bigots may as well make up their minds to it, first as last, the Catholic Church in this country cannot be destroyed or put down. It has come to stay. It has flourished thus far by its own resources, at the same time contributing to the support of the public schools, and, if necessary, it will continue to do so. Persecution will only strengthen her. It will serve to bind all loyal Catholics more closely together; it will teach them not to trust in parties or politics, but in the power of the great principles of truth and righteousness of which she is the conservator and exponent, and in the promise of the great Head of the Church that she shall never fail.

H. L. R.

Points about the Irish Crisis.

SINCE writing a few months ago in your Magazine, many events of great importance have occurred in Ireland. First among them, of course, is the death of Mr. Parnell, but on that you have already written. Then came the elections at Cork and Waterford. The former and the more important of these was looked forward to by many friends of Ireland, as one that should be considered decisive by the minority; but for their own reasons they have not accepted the verdict in that way. With Cork, three out of four of the Irish provinces had spoken the same verdict on the parts of faction, and in the same unmistakable fashion; and of the fourth (Ulster — let it be said to its everlasting honor —) there was never a doubt as to the position it assumed in the lamentable controversy. Indeed Mr. Redmond had spoken before going to Cork of retiring to private life, once he had tested the views of the electors on the question of independent action (as understood by him and his following) if that appeal were unsuccessful. The result of the contest in Waterford is deeply to be regretted; but it has very little, if any, political significance. It was one of the very few — perhaps two or three — seats in which the minority had the slightest chance of success; and there is more than one reason to account for the result, and to bid the friends of Ireland to look with confidence to success, even in Waterford, at the general election. I have not the exact number of the Unionist and Tory vote, but I believe I am within the mark in saying that it would nearly twice cover the very small majority. Then there was, it is understood, a lamentable want of

organization on the National side, which can be seen to before the next contest. Finally, the organized system of intimidation and mob-violence must be credited with some part in the result — a result which is chiefly to be deplored, because of the precedent and encouragement it will afford in every part of Ireland to drunken or infuriated mobs who have been led to believe that they are helping the cause of Ireland by perpetuating discord and disunion, and making a pandemonium for the amusement of our enemies. As I am writing immediately after the election, I am not aware if it is the intention of Mr. Davitt to lodge a petition; but it is obvious that it is the interest of all concerned that the ballot must be safely guarded and preserved, and that the humblest voter in the land shall have the right, which the law gives, of recording his vote as his judgment and conscience will direct.

By this time your readers must have heard both sides of the question, for there has been no lack of speaking and writing. It is possible, however, that we may have lost sight of some simple points, by the way, to which it is my desire to invite attention in this paper. They are very simple and patent indeed; but for that very reason they may have failed to secure the study which they deserve. The other more abstruse matters we may find it difficult to form a judgment on; and our judgments may be erroneous when formed. Social and political ethics, the relation between politics and morality, the rights and position of the priesthood in reference to political questions, these are matters about which we can readily understand that ordinary men may easily be lead astray, if they listen to clever and designing politicians. I am going to set before your readers a few points about which there can be no such danger, and I cannot but believe that they have been to some extent overlooked both in America and in Ireland, for I cannot conceive how any honest man could remember them without being forced to the conclusion to which the great bulk of our countrymen have long since arrived. Some few months ago the National League of America held a convention; the results of its deliberations were in part satisfactory, but to most of us on this side of the water the conclusion was a halting one and not such as would have been warranted by their premises. They denounce the one-man system and idol worship, but that is just what we, the National party — the priests and people of Ireland — are doing now, only that we want to do more in making them impossible again. Should we not have a right to expect a cordial co-operation for a purpose about which they seem as solicitous as ourselves? They speak of the Paris funds. But who will release them? That is just what we want to do, and for the purpose of relieving the evicted tenants, a purpose which I am well aware has the best sympathy of the National League of America, and of our kith and kin everywhere. On this point I shall have a little more to say later on.

Now the first fact to which I beg the attention of your readers, and which I am confident will be voted by them as one that is "significant of much," as Carlyle would say, has reference to the action and sympathy of the enemies of Irish nationality during this crisis. What has that action been? There may have been some exceptions; there were those who abstained from taking sides at all; but speaking generally the sympathy and support of the enemy has been given everywhere to the late Mr. Parnell and his followers. From the Prime Minister of England down to the parish

bailiff it was the same; the landlords and their agents, and every myrmidon of castle and landlord rule in Ireland have hailed the split with rapturous delight, and have made but little effort to conceal their admiration for the late leader and his followers. O'Connell read in the praise of the Times that there was something wrong; I should expect that Irishmen all the world over would read a similar lesson in the admiration of the gentry just named. Now this is no statement. I shall give a few proofs and hope that any reader who may not be satisfied will inquire a little more. Well, the Prime Minister referred to the subject more than once. In the very beginning he told his friends to bet on the party of disunion; and at another time he could find no better name for the National party than "the foul pack." "For whom will the Tories vote in this contest?" was the significant question of Michael Davitt at Waterford a few days ago, and it is generally understood that at Cork a very considerable number of that party supported Mr. Redmond, even in preference to the Tory candidate who was also in the field. During that contest I read a letter which appeared in the Constitution, the local Tory organ, in which the writer bluntly told his friends that it was a mistake to put forward a candidate, and that their best policy was to support the split among the Nationalists till the general election. At another of the bye-elections it was stated that some of the landlord party sent their cars to convey the voters for Mr. Parnell's candidate. In the disgraceful attack on Mr. Dillon and his friends, a few days ago, it was found out, as Mr. Dillon declared, that among the crowd that was doing Mr. Balfour's work in attacking the delegates to the Clare convention were some bailiffs who presumably had taken part in house-levelling and eviction during the past ten years. The accounts of the recent disgraceful proceedings in Waterford are fresh in our minds, and the reader will remember that on the day on which a ruffian in the most public thoroughfare at noonday could inflict an almost fatal wound on Mr. Davitt, Waterford was held by a body of, I think, three hundred policemen — a body which could sweep out of the city all its peaceful and unarmed citizens before it. Some of your American readers are not long away from Ireland; they can easily go back in fancy to the old home and the native parish. Let them think of the local landlords, and agents, and all the nondescripts that passed as the enemy's garrison, and if they are assured that now those men are Parnellites for the first time, I think it ought to be quite sufficient for them.

But there is another class among us who have recently become Parnellites for the first time. There were those among ourselves who were not with us; a few indeed they were, but a few in every parish, perhaps, in the land. They were Catholics, tenant-farmers, or shop-keepers like the rest, but yet for one reason or another they would never make common cause with us. It would be difficult sometimes to assign a reason for their strange action — perhaps they hardly knew the reason themselves, but certain is it that there were some few exceptional people found everywhere who never joined us in our struggles and agitations. They were not members of Land League or of the National League; the collections came for the tenants or for defence purposes, and they were the only defaulters. Now it would surely be a very curious phenomenon — a phenomenon as much, one would think, for the

physiologist and the curious inquirer into nature's freaks, as for the politician — if it were found that this strange class or any large section of them became all at once most enthusiastic patriots. And yet so it is, at least I know instances of it myself, and I have heard the remark made by different persons who have certainly done their part of the labor in the struggle of the past fifteen years. It is hardly to be wondered at, however, and we find many of those back-sliders of the past fifteen years in the same line as the landlords to-day, supporting the party of disunion. Many of them have precisely the same reason — fear of Home Rule. Some light will be thrown on this point by a little story I lately heard. A medical gentleman — and for one reason or another many of his class were found on the wrong side — candidly acknowledged that as things were he was very well provided for, had a good position and security as to regular payment, but he was not quite sure that he would be so secure when we came to manage our own affairs. Very candid; but every Irishman in Ireland is not earning five hundred pounds a year. Many better men there are, born in Ireland, who have had to leave it because they could not earn five hundred shillings a year — one of the reasons why we are looking for Home Rule. About the practical working coalition between the Tory party, and, generally speaking, the enemies of Irish nationality on the one side, and the party of John Redmond on the other, there can be no shred of doubt. The present writer will be credited with some knowledge of what he is writing about when he says that for the past fifteen years he has been taking his part in agitations as president of Land Leagues and National Leagues in the counties of Tipperary and Clare — a county which held one of the most advanced positions in the whole struggle. And nothing can be more amusing to me than to see men to-day, who had never done a man's part, calling us "Whigs," and declaring all at once for "independent opposition" and "a large measure of Home Rule." When Parnellism was a power in the land they were never Parnellites, but *we were;* but when Parnellism has become the slogan of the other side, then and only then they became Parnellites. Nor was the admiration one-sided; there was a *quid pro quo.* We could not have failed to have noticed, during Mr. Parnell's campaign, how carefully he abstained from censuring the government of Balfour, and how in an unguarded moment he even allowed himself to say a word for the man that had Dillon and O'Brien in prison, and who was at the moment prosecuting some of the best priests and people in the land. "More power to his elbow," was an unlucky phrase for him, and one that will not soon be forgotten in Ireland.

We all ardently long for a united party once again; but we must not say foolish things about what may be called corporate reunion. That the two sections of the party should reunite is utterly out of the question; it would be neither desirable nor possible. There are men among those who have broken their pledges who can never again be found in any Irish party; many think that not one of the section can ever again be trusted. The hope of union is not that way. The people have a right to a word in the question, and, believe me, the people will bring back union in their own way and just as soon as the opportunity is given them. The general election is near at hand, and the general election and that alone can now bring union. In the meantime the duty of our friends everywhere is plain. Let them

now if ever rally around the national party — the party which is making for Home Rule, and which alone can win it ; and let them enable that party to crush the men who, after breaking their pledges to Ireland, are striving to ruin the cause they were bound to serve. JAMES HALPIN, C.C.

Roscrea, Co. Tipperary.

Cardinal Manning's Career.

THE death of Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, removes one of the keenest intellects and brightest spirits of our age. Prominent alike in religious, philanthropic, and reform movements, he was also recognized as the most aggressive leader of Catholicism in England. Of all those who turned from the Anglican Communion to the Church of Rome forty or fifty years ago, none had greater influence than he in the revival of Catholicism in England. Newman, who preceded him only a few years, died in August, 1890. Cardinal Manning was not so great a preacher as his fellow convert, Cardinal Newman, but he had stronger qualities and played a greater part in contemporary life. He was as practical as Newman was theoretical.

The career of Cardinal Manning has a fascinating interest. The story of his life has often been told. He was the son of William Manning, M. P., a London merchant, and first saw the light of day at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, on July 15, 1808. He was educated as a member of the Anglican Church at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, and graduated with high honors in 1830, a year before Gladstone carried off similar prizes. After obtaining a fellowship at Merton College he entered the Colonial Office in 1831, but soon turned to the Church and took orders in 1832. Three years later he married the youngest Miss Serjeant, two other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards bishop ; and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage only a few months. Even in his earlier years the future Cardinal was deeply impressed by the moral degradation so widely prevalent in England at that time. The times were evil and he was not one to prophesy smooth things. The plainness and directness of speech with which he rebuked the vices of the people offended many, especially those in the higher walks of life; but as he was thoroughly in earnest, he continued in his course without modification. Soon coming to the front as an eloquent preacher, Manning was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840, and select preacher to the University of Oxford in 1842. The decay of spiritualism and the spread of corruption deeply distressed him. He became one of the leaders of the Puseyite movement which culminated in the secession of John Henry Newman from the Anglican communion, and in 1842 expressed his views in his first book, "The Unity of God," which placed him in the front rank of the Protestant thinkers of that period. He pursued his studies and meditated deeply on the great problems of the religious life of his age. His reading and meditation were preparing him for the important work he was to accomplish later.

The crisis of Cardinal Manning's life was his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Curiously enough, both he and Cardinal Newman commented severely on the doctrines of Rome before their secession, the "Rule

of Faith" of Newman being considered by Protestant critics the strongest historical argument ever written against the exclusive claims of the Roman Catholic Church. Both men also opposed the bill for Catholic emancipation, passed under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The immediate cause of Manning's secession from Protestantism was the decision in the famous case of Gorman *vs.* the Bishop of Exeter (1850) whereby the courts adjudged that the spiritual grace of baptism denied by Mr. Gorman was tenable within the Church of England. As a result of this decision not only Archdeacon Manning, but other distinguished clergymen, including the Wilberforces, gave up their preferments and avowed themselves converts to Catholicism. On Passion Sunday, 1851, Manning was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Frederick Lucas, recording his conversion at that time, referred to it as "the great, the heroic sacrifice the man has made for the sake of Catholic truth. He has given up all that is most dear to that lofty ambition which forms the peculiar temptation of minds of the noblest mould." Manning's rise in the Church of Rome was more rapid and signal than that of Newman. After three years' study in Rome he returned to England and was appointed rector of St. Helen and St. Mary's, Bayswater, and founded there, in 1857, the ecclesiastical congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. The Pope promoted him Provost of the archdiocese of Westminster and domestic prelate the same year. In that office he gave such proof of his intellectual power, sleepless ambition, and administrative capacity that on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, in 1865, he succeeded that prelate as Archbishop of Westminster. Wiseman was the first archbishop in England since "Bloody Mary's" time, and to his indefatigable labors and championship of the cause of his adopted faith may be attributed the obliteration of the traditional bigotry and prejudice which, even under Lord John Russell, sought to oppose the assumption of the titles of Bishop and Archbishop by Catholic prelates in England. On March 15, 1875, he was created a Cardinal with the titles of Saints Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, and was invested with the Cardinal's hat on December 31, 1877. Cardinal Manning was a zealous supporter of the dogma of Papal infallibility and elucidated the defined tenet in a pastoral letter to his flock on "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," and in the summary, "*Petri Privilegeum*," published in 1871. He was a prolific writer. Before his secession from the English Church he published four volumes of notable sermons beside the treatise on "The Unity of the Church." Among his many works may be specified: "The Four Great Evils of To-day," published in 1871; The Fourfold Sovereignty of God," 1871; "The Daemon of Socrates, 1872;" "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," 1874; "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," 1875; "The Catholic Church and Modern Society," 1880; "The Eternal Priesthood," 1883; and many sermons, and articles for magazines and reviews. Perhaps his latest literary work was the revising of the articles on the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church that appear in a recently issued volume of Chambers' Encyclopædia.

Beside his church work Cardinal Manning has been exceptionally active in matters of philanthropy and social reform. He preached temperance, promoted plans for the reformation of drinking men and women, and

his influence upon the industrial movement was the constant wonder and admiration of English politicians. It was the Catholic cardinal, who, after the civil authorities and the Anglican Bishop of London had failed to settle the great strike of the London dock laborers, went among them and by his own personal power and mediation pacified the rebellious workers, and secured to them a more just and efficient scale of pay and fewer working hours. In an interview but a few weeks before his death he summarized his opinions thus:

"When employers extend exact justice to their workmen, and *vice versa*, we shall be through with labor troubles in the main. From the basis of common justice both may rise to a better understanding, and I think such an era is approaching. The position of the Catholic Church is plain. Leo XIII. in his old age is giving his whole mind to these questions. Everywhere is to be noticed the desire to arbitrate where it is possible. All in all I see no reason to fear the future."

The closest friendship of Cardinal Manning's life was with Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was godfather to Gladstone's eldest son. When Mr. Gladstone's sister became one of Manning's converts an estrangement took place. This, however, was slight, but when England's premier attacked the dogma of Papal infallibility, in 1874, the breach grew more serious. Nevertheless, Gladstone sketched out his University Bill of 1873 and his Land Act of 1881 to the Cardinal, both of which the great churchman blessed and encouraged.

It was a wonderful period which was spanned by Cardinal Manning's life. He saw the rise and fall of dynasties, the dawn of Republicanism in the Western World and its extension over a large share of the fairest of the earth's surface; he saw half a dozen reconstructions of the map of Europe; he saw the downfall of the ancient regime in France; the advent of the man on horseback in the person of Napoleon; a continent drenched in blood to quench his ambition; Waterloo, the Sedan, the Commune and the Republic. He saw the very country which he himself had served transformed by a peaceful revolution from a government by kings into a government by the people. He saw the extinction of Poland; the ancient Chinese wall battered down by the western powers; the admission of Japan into the great family of civilized nations; the re-creation of Italy; the unification of Germany; the dismemberment of Turkey; Spain a republic for a day and once again the despair of Europe. But while all this and more happened he saw that the Island of Saints and Scholars was at a standstill among the nations of a modern and active world. He saw her intellect dwarfed or banished, her children steeped in squalid misery and enforced ignorance, and her acquaintance with constitutional government limited to the penal and coercion codes.

When the question of withdrawing state support from the Irish Protestant Church was being discussed in Parliament, in 1868, Cardinal Manning made public his opinions concerning the misrule of Ireland in a letter to Earl Gray (the Marquis of Ripon) which produced a great impression. In it he set forth the mischief of English rule in that country, and pleaded powerfully for justice. His last utterance on the Irish question was this:

"I am an Englishman to the core, and I am not a separatist, but I know

and love the Irish people. Since the time of Henry VIII. they have been governed by force. Injustice naturally provokes evil passions. Kind and equal laws would long ago have settled the Irish question, and it is only by extending such laws that tranquillity will be thoroughly restored."

When some future biographer shall give us the full facts about Cardinal Manning's career, Irishmen will recognize in him, even more than they do at present, a conservative but fearless advocate of Home Rule and mankind in general, the champion of civil and religious liberty.

JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

Irish Literary Men of New York.

V.

A WELL-GOVERNED press is the most powerful advocate of public improvements, of literature, art, social progress, the sciences that enhance the power of man and the charities that adorn human nature — in a word it is the ablest adjunct of modern civilization. Its function is to inform, to instruct, to protect, to amuse, to educate, to warn against the evil, and commend what is good. When it reverses this order and is purchasable or controllable by considerations of a selfish character, it is destructive of the best and dearest interests of the Commonwealth. Its directors should be men trained to the highest point of excellence, operating as it does among the freest, the most progressive, and most enlightened people on earth.

The principle of impersonal journalism, common to many of the leading newspapers of New York, sinks out of sight the able writers who make the dull pages sparkle with their wit and glow with the graces of their rhetoric. A conspicuous example may at the present day be found in the Herald. This journalistic mausoleum is rich in Irish talent. It has culled the wits of the profession, wherever it could, and hid them away in its cave of gloom under the control of inferiors in point of talent, character, and other accomplishments. Favoritism and a ring of plotters control the Herald; mediocrity stiffles talent; trickery and red-tapeism have secured a sort of licensed impunity, and experience and capacity are made to give way to immaturity and incompetency. It was so in the days when the younger Bennett supervised, with his own proprietory and editorial eyes, all the voluminous proofs, and assigned to his collaborators their daily task, that positive, dogmatic, self-opinionated, and indifferent writers were exceedingly jealous of his reputation, and would have no one with him who was his literary equal, or whose work elicited general comment and praise. Edward Flynn, Stanley McKenna, Gerald McKinney, Jerome J. Collins, and many more brilliant and dashy writers disappeared in this figurative death-trap. Several years ago Collins lost his life while acting as meteorologist and special correspondent for the Herald on the ill-fated Jeannette expedition; and there is not a spark to betray the presence of those who still contribute to its greatness and glory. The Herald is bold and daring, it has turned time and again toward the favorable wind; no one can tell its politics to-day, much less a week or a month hence, and little or no reliance can be placed upon the political discussions and comments of its editorial page. The great features in this

journal are not its leading articles, but its descriptions of crimes, melodramatic stories, accidents, its *feuilletons* of affairs and theatres, and I may add its solacious advertisements.

The Evening Telegram, as everybody familiar with New York journalism knows, is the afternoon edition of the Herald. The Telegram has never been a financial success. It has, I believe, the smallest sale of any evening newspaper in New York. It is printed on pink paper and is devoid of literary skill and artistic ability. The editor-in-chief of the Telegram is James J. Clancy, a journalist of marked ability and brightness, competent alike as a *feuilletoniste* and philosophic editor. Mr. Clancy was born in Ireland thirty-five years ago. After wrestling successfully with the classics and mathematics, he was offered a secretaryship in the civic retinue of the governor of Ceylon, but preferred to turn his face to the West. He arrived in Boston seventeen years ago, and soon afterwards gained the friendship of M. M. Ballou who gave him the news stand in the St. James' Hotel, without rent or fee. For a couple of years there was no more constant patron than he of the Boston Public Library. Regardless of the inscription so plainly written upon the journalistic temple, "who enters here leaves hope behind," young Clancy determined to elbow his way into journalism as soon as he felt equipped for the task. In 1872 he became an editorial writer on the Irish World. In this capacity he exhibited intelligence and discretion; clearness of vision, a remarkable command of language and a detestation of Irish landlordism which has not since diminished. In the spring of 1877 he became night editor of the New York Star, varying the duties of that position occasionally by reporting at Albany, or by serving at the telegram or exchange desk. When Dr. Clarke died, in 1883, Mr. Clancy was promoted to the editorship.

The larger and more enterprising dailies having reduced their prices, he promptly predicted that the Star would not survive the competition unless it either came down to one cent, and ceased to be a factional organ, or else was sustained out of the pockets of the stockholders. He contended that there was ample room in the city by the Hudson, for a one cent journal like the Philadelphia Record. His advice was disregarded and his prophecy fulfilled. Early in 1885 he joined the Graphic staff and shortly afterwards was promoted to the managing editor's chair.

Mr. Clancy had the unique distinction of being the only editor under whom the Graphic ever paid a profit, although the enormous sum of $1,400,000 was sunk in the attempt to make a high class illustrated journal a lucrative venture. In the summer of 1887 he took a trip to Europe for his health. Shortly after his return, the Graphic changing ownership and policy, he transferred his allegiance and pen to the World, for which he did editorial and special work until the spring of 1890, when he passed over to the Herald. After less than six months there Mr. James Gordon Bennett placed him in editorial charge of the Telegram. For it Mr. Clancy writes every line of editorial, averaging a couple of columns daily, and dealing with social and literary topics rather than with the commonplaces of politics. He also finds leisure to contribute to some of the weeklies, and occasionally to do a piece of solid work for publishing houses.

Mr. Clancy is a writer of inexhaustible clearness and wonderful fecun-

dity. His style is instinct with manly vigor and rich in its descriptive quality. At the first glance he is seen to be a man of distinction. He is a little below the medium height, stout and self-possessed, with a brown beard, mustache, and a pair of blue eyes shaded by gold rimmed eye-glasses. He is robust and active, and his countenance though phlegmatic is expressive of benevolence and resolution. From the classic story of Demosthenes holding pebbles in his mouth to overcome his stuttering, to the living example of James J. Clancy, working with tireless energy for an education, we see examples of what the human mind and heart, when quickened and consecrated, have power to do.

Contrary to popular belief, the influence of the Irish World upon the field of public opinion in New York is very slight. It is no longer what it was antecedent to the "spread-the-light" and "skirmishing-fund" period. When a newspaper arrays itself against a strong current of popular sentiment it is sure to suffer at first no matter what the remote effect may be. The comments of the Irish World on the murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin resulted in the paper suffering considerably in business and circulation. Audacity sometimes compels admiration; a cowardly surrender of manhood excites contempt. The Irish World, with blatant impudence, tried in several labored essays to fasten the crime of Cronin's murder on the British-Americans, the Mugwumps, the Know-Nothings, and the English Tories, and endeavored to pull the wool over the eyes of its confiding and verdant constituency in a forlorn attempt to whitewash a man notorious for treachery to private trust, who captured conventions by ground work and fraud, and who wrung from servant girls and poor laboring men hard-earned dollars in order to strut upon the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade, to tower above his fellows, and make high treaties for office and power; but like the polecat, the fellow had peculiar attributes, and although the Irish World painted and perfumed him, it could not change his color nor make corruption put on incorruption. The one aim of the London Times is now, as it has been in the past, to connect the Irish parliamentary party with the policy which the Irish World has preached for years as the last resort of nations. Notwithstanding its deterioration, it is far ahead of any other Irish-American journal in multiplicity and variety of news, but with the exception of the Tablet, it is inferior to either of them as a moral agent. Its columns exhibit an amount of talent, energy, information, readiness, and compression which are not found in such perfect combination in any weekly newspaper that I know of. Its contributors include Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, Henry Cairey Baird, Henry George, Dr. William M. Curry, David Healy, and other trenchant and forceful writers distinguished alike in literature and journalism.

Mr. Healy is one of the ablest all-round-about writers connected with the paper. Born in Norwood, Ontario, in 1850, of Irish parents, he completed his education at the Norwood Classical Institute where he graduated at the age of sixteen. A year later he drifted into school teaching and taught "the young idea how to shoot" until 1868, when he moved to Corry, Penn., where he engaged in the lumber business. He subsequently studied law in the office of Hon. C. O. Bowman, but was obliged by ill health to discontinue his studies. He came to New York in 1877 and engaged in journalistic work in Rochester. The labor movement was at

that time on the rising tide, and Mr. Healy became one of its strongest advocates and supporters. He made friends among all classes by his success in effecting arbitration and settlement of strikes. In 1882 he was elected to represent the city of Rochester in the State Legislature. He introduced into the Assembly the bill establishing the Department of Labor Statistics, and was appointed its Secretary as soon as the Bureau was established. He was at that time chairman of the National Executive Board of the Knights of Labor. In the Campaign of 1884 he maintained his political independence, and although an appointee of Governor Cleveland, at the request of a committee of workingmen from Albany, consented to preside over a meeting at which General Butler, of Massachusetts, spoke. For this he was dismissed from the Department of Statistics. He engaged again in journalism and wrote a play entitled "The Sons of Labor," which has since been a favorite entertainment for amateur performances by the Knights of Labor in Central New York. Mr. Healy is more of an economic writer than a political disquisitionist. His articles are distinguished by ease and solidity, yet with a certain brevity and precision suggestive of vast intellectual power. He possesses the superior charm of a tall and graceful person. He is over six feet in height, symmetrical in body, with iron-gray hair, mustache, and a face whose expression is very much awake. His clean shaven jaws are strong and firm set, showing determination in every lineament.

Persons are not born journalists any more than they are born physicians, or born lawyers, or born teachers. Some of the great ones of journalism found their way to eminence from the case or the noisy factory. The ideal reporter is a gentleman. He is produced by study and training; there is a heroism in him as he goes for the exposing frauds and lashing shams; battling against falsehood and evil; for the purification and elevation of politics; for better laws and better execution of laws against bribery, prostitution, monopoly, saloons, and other evils. There must be a taste for the work or there can be no educational or professional superstructure. The reportorial novice must have his wits sharpened, and his thinking machinery must be stimulated to find out things on its own account, and to act for itself, since his value as a reporter is dependent as much on his ability to think as on his ability to do; and as much on his sense of right and wrong as on either.

And how much do journalists earn? The pay varies with the ability of the workers. Those possessing a high order of ability earn from forty dollars to one hundred dollars a week; nine or ten eminent writers command from ten thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars a year; but perhaps twenty-five dollars a week is an average figure. The space rates on the different New York papers vary from six dollars to eight dollars a column; but a good piece of news will always command a ready market, and if it be what is known in reportorial parlance as a "beat," and of unusual interest, it will fetch what in Paris would be called a sporting price. The space system has introduced a vast amount of favoritism in New York journalism. The most valuable assignments are often given to the city editor's favorites, who, in many instances, are not the best or wisest of their kind; the less fortunate ones being compelled to do considerable outside work for syndicates and magazines in order to realize a decent salary. The New York city journals expend about fifty thousand dollars a week for news and edi-

torial work performed by about two thousand men. In no other occupation can a mere beginner realize as much as he can at journalism, providing he has genius and special aptitude for the work. These prying violators of curiosity work while others sleep; slave while others worship. Soldiers of fortune, they thrive on hard knocks; and, true Bohemians, they transform their woes to joys and their displeasures to comfort. They are valiant captains in the world's great moral salvation army.

Long before Henry Ward Beecher said, "Let the Irish blood flow freely; there is fire in it, there is genius in it, and in our people it will reach a higher state of development than it would in its own native Ireland," American men and women discovered that Ireland was a fruitful mother of genius. You cannot enter into a newspaper office on Manhattan Island to-day without finding the island of Saints and scholars represented among its leading editors and reporters. They are all cultured, popular fellows, who act with intelligence and earnestness in furtherance of the highest aims of our social and national life. JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

Pilgrimages to La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France.

FROM All Saints' Day we pass to that of "All Souls;" from the Church triumphant to the Church suffering; from the consideration of the brilliant hosts of heaven, of their splendor and happiness, we descend in thought into the gloom of purgatory to contemplate the sorrows and pains of the souls who there expiate their faults in purifying the stains thereof. Yesterday we fêted the saints; to-day we carry solace to the holy souls destined one day to join that glorious company.

What admirable combination, showing in its perfection the maternal love of the Church for all her children.

Yesterday in her most gorgeous apparel, the church militant here on earth burst forth into jubilant songs of praise to celebrate the joys of her members triumphant in heaven who have run their race and won the victor's laurel crown; to-day, draped in mourning vestments, her wail of lamentation and supplication arises for her children suffering in purgatory, for those whose sins are pardoned but who cannot enter into heaven where nothing defiled may penetrate until the stain of them is effaced, and the debt cancelled which they still owe to God's justice; who, confirmed in grace, can sin no more, yet who can do nothing either to lighten or abridge their own sufferings; some with the terrible vista of long years of expiation before them; others standing, as it were, on the very threshold of heaven and yet unable to obtain a glimpse of its glories or pass its barred entrance. All of them in every stage of their suffering devoured by an insatiable longing for the sight of their God, yet so entire is their acquiescence in the justice of the sentence that condemns them to a banishment from it, so perfect their love for their Creator, that they prefer even to remain in purgatory rather than enter His presence with the least spot on their marriage garment; and yet how they thirst for the joys that await them, how imploringly they turn their sad eyes toward the friends they have left on earth. How pitiful and heart-rending is the lament of those souls weary with tarrying so long for their bridegroom. "Oh! have pity upon us! have pity upon us, you at

least who were our friends!" is the unceasing cry that rises from that land of darkness and horror.

To-day, then, their mother the Church calls on her living children to weep and pray for the suffering members of her fold, one hand uplifted toward the triumphant band whose glories yesterday she sang; the other, she extends to the captives in purgatory whose cause she pleads to-day. So, the church militant seems to stand, the true centre of her flock. One family; can one of it rejoice and the rest remain indifferent? One body in Christ; can a single member be in pain and the others unconscious of its dolour? In what may be called her threefold maternity, a maternity of glory, of strife, and of suffering, is not the Church sympathetic with each one of her branches? With those who have fought the good fight, won the prize and entered into the eternal rest; with those who are still in the combat, often afflicted and languid, yet fighting on with the hope that the battle of life ended, they, too, may receive the reward, lay their laurels down at their Master's feet to hear the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." With those whose earthly toils are ended, whose sins are forgiven, but who are not yet fit to appear at the marriage supper, therefore await in the place of expiation until its cleansing fires have restored the original purity of their souls, when the hour will sound for them, and they, too, will be received into their Saviour's kingdom and join their glad voices to the angelic throng in "Hosannas" to the Lamb who gave his life that they might share his glory. Happy sufferings that can win immortal bliss! Suffer on, dear souls! Struggle on, O children of earth, in patient resignation and one day the recompense of everlasting life will be yours.

Now let us see what was done at La Chapelle Montligeon, on this great festival for the holy souls in purgatory. There, from whence the Œuvre Expiatoire has sprung, there, where Masses and prayers are offered by this benevolent association in such profusion for their deliverance from the place of expiation, on this day so especially set apart for their solace, we may be sure to find all in order.

At half-past six, then, the Masses for the dead commenced, at which many of the faithful received Holy Communion. At seven the "Office of the Dead" was intoned by the priests of the Œuvre, and other Masses were said.

The solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at eight o'clock, commencing with the chant of Matins and Laudes. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Ponché, O. P., who took for his text the words found in the Second Book of Maccabees, 12th chapter and 46th verse: "It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." "Yesterday," he said, "I showed you the existence of purgatory and the necessity that the just have to purify themselves from the least fault before entering into heaven. I said then, 'It is a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.'

"To-day, particularly set apart for the commemoration of the dead — a day of general mourning for the departed, I repeat, 'It is a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be delivered from their sins.' Holy Scriptures in narrating these words precedes them by a fact

of which they are but the conclusion. Judas Maccabees, one of the greatest heroes spoken of in the ancient Testament, fought a bloody battle. After the event, seeing that a great number of his soldiers had fallen, he made a collection and gathered twelve thousand drachmas. Did he give this large sum to succor the living families of these soldiers? No, he sent it to Jerusalem to have sacrifices offered for the sins of the dead warriors.

From the most remote times there has been the belief in purgatory. Under the ancient law they offered expiatory sacrifices for the dead. The Church, our tender mother, could not do less, so she puts at our disposal numerous means of expiation. The first of all is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, then prayers, alms, the recitation of the Rosary, etc. Yes; it is a great comfort to us to know that we can aid the dead, for when we have given all possible care to our beloved ones, assisted powerless at their death, accompanied them to their last resting-place, the Catholic Church tells those of her faith to pray for their repose and in that prayer for the departed we find a certain consolation, for we are useful to them. But, like the Protestants, how many consider it superfluous to pray for the dead? How many, even as the last shovelful of earth is thrown in their grave, begin to forget them. It was to remedy this forgetfulness that M. L'Abbé Buguet founded his benevolent work, the Œuvre Expiatoire, in order to procure Masses and prayers to be offered up for those poor souls who remain forgotten and unaided in purgatory. He has made his voice resound through the wide world for them; he has spared neither time nor trouble that they may be delivered from their sins. And will not its bounteous offices still be required? Yes, for whilst the world lasts there will be souls in purgatory, therefore souls to be delivered and God's justice to be appeased; wisely, then, he has designed to perpetuate his inspired work, and laying its foundations firmly and surely he has provided by a consolidated fund that the Holy Sacrifice shall be offered in perpetuity for the poor forsaken souls who might still be detained in purgatory. The zealous promoter of the Œuvre Expiatoire never forgets the holy souls and he would not that the association, which owes its origin to his charity for these helpless captives in the other world, and to his ardent desire to deliver them from their pains, should ever relax its efforts on their behalf, but by God's grace continue its beneficent succor throughout all time. And let us, too, while there is the time and opportunity, unite with him in his pious intention and never forget the dead, but pray for them always, for it is certain, although they are powerless to help themselves, yet they can do much for us. God demands a mediator between Himself and His suppliants. Let us, then, be the intercessors for the holy souls in purgatory with Him, and in their turn they will be ours, for in heaven ingratitude is unknown. 'Pray then for the dead, for it is a good and wholesome thought.'"

The sermon ended the Mass was continued, and at its conclusion M. L'Abbe Buguet intoned the Psalm xxxvii, and accompanied by the other priests set out for the cemetery with the Brothers of Charity in front as usual and followed by all the congregation. Arrived here the "Libera" was sung and absolution given at the foot of the crucifix. Then, whilst many a mourner lingered in tears near the grave of some dear departed one, the procession prepared to return to the church, singing the psalm "Miserere

Mei," and the ceremonies finished with the customary prayers at the altar, after which most of the assembly dispersed. Some remained, however, in the sacred edifice for a few more prayers for their beloved dead.

And we will now terminate this notice with the well-known orison: "Eternal rest give to them, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace." "Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Et fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace."*

M. S. L.

To be Continued.

Patrick Egan.

THERE is something prodigiously ridiculous in the assaults of a partisan press. Simply because Egan is Irish and, as Horan calls it, a *novus homo*, and occupying a distinguished diplomatic position, he is made a target for the calumnies of the mud-slingers. They forget, or never learned, that Patrick Egan is a gentleman and a scholar — a man tried in many most important trusts, and never found wanting. Holding absolutely under his control vast sums of money, he proved his honesty and noble disinterestedness when treasurer of the Irish funds. Accepting the highest charge to which his countrymen could commit, Egan resigned after faithful service, unsalaried, with character and honor untarnished. The pay Patrick Egan receives, as American minister to Chili, is by no means adequate, if we leave out the honor, to what this accomplished business manager could secure in other departments of industry. Skilled in the carrying out of great manufacturing enterprises, his knowledge would unquestionably secure him high recognition and salary. Accredited to a country whose lately defeated president, Balmaceda, enjoyed authority, was the representative of the United States to identify himself with revolutionists? Could any one foresee who was to be successful? Balmaceda was defeated, and immediately his opponents entered on a career of vengeance and lawlessness directed against those whose duty it was, up to the finale of the catastrophe, to respect the party who possessed the civil power on their initial *role diplomatique*.

No situation is so embarrassing to a foreign ambassador as to be in a country convulsed by civil war. To be passive cannot obtain immunity. Readers of modern history will recollect the embroglio of Lord Palmerston and his ambassador at Paris, during the *coup d'etat* of Napoleon III. Many other instances can be adduced.

Minister Egan, notwithstanding all the Democratic calumny, has done naught save what any humane ambassador would do, namely, to give shelter to the unfortunates who sought refuge under the ægis of the U. S. Legation.

It would be unjust, however, to blame the Democracy for the scandalmongers who ape leadership in the party. The St. Louis Republic, whose blatant editor is always looking out for a grievance, talks of boots and their

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire must be addressed, and P. O. O. *internationale*, made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, Director-General, La Chapelle Montligeon (Orne) France, upon the Post-Office there. Subscriptions yearly, one-half penny; twenty years, one shilling; in perpetuity, five shillings, to have a share in the merits of over three thousand Masses per month. "Summary of Indulgences" free on application.

application in Egan's case. We all remember this person's abuse of the ex-Governor of New York, now Senator Hill. Forsooth, Hill was successful and Cleveland not. But Hill, chivalrous Democrat, courted not the amphibious Mugwump.

Had President Harrison chosen somebody as minister "to the manner born," not an Irish gentleman, to diplomatize at the capital of the fiery little southern Republic, the political *quid-nunc* editor of the St. Louis organ would be tacit and mayhap thankful.

In contempt of such bigots, both Harrison and Blaine follow the dictates of their judgment; and while Egan upholds the dignity of his situation, in defiance of Jones and his ilk, it may be charitably supposed a vision of Queen Anne's boots not unfrequently recurs to the U. S. representative as being the only proper answer to the doughty editor of the Republic.

U.

Emmet's Grave.

THERE is a grave in Dublin, whose sad and silent stone,
No name of him who sleeps beneath, no eulogy makes known;
No prayer for the departed soul, no monumental bust
Adorns the voiceless sepulchre that shrouds a martyr's dust.

'Tis the grave of Robert Emmet; it obeys the latest breath
Of his bidding to his country on the day he met his death:
"My epitaph," he ordered, "let no loving fingers trace,
Till with the nations once again my country takes her place."

But all who love their country love that melancholy grave,
Where the gallant body moulders of the bravest of the brave,
'Tis a nobler bed for such a sleep, with its epitaph unsaid,
Than the proudest tomb men ever raised to the venerated dead.

Ah, lover, soldier, patriot, the time will surely come,
When that mute slab that guards thy rest need be no longer dumb,
And when the children of thy race shall feel a right to make
A fitting epitaph for him who died for Ireland's sake.

JUSTIN F. MCCARTHY.

IT is one of the glories of a family that it must come to housekeeping. Boarding is a necessary evil in exceptional cases, but it is not part of the plan. It may sometimes be an expedient, like a tent while the house is being built, or on hard campaigns where houses cannot be built. The order of life is *housekeeping*. A family is a unit in society, not a fraction. The home is a man's castle, and he must be the lord of it. To live in a trunk, with the feeling that some one else owns the key, and may lock you out by day, or in by night, dwarfs the best part of a man's faculties. Boarding-houses have their mission, just as any other remedial agency for the sick or the deformed or unfortunate in society has its work. People should go to a boarding-house just as they do to a hospital, *when they must*, and then be thankful that they can get a good one.

"Their Story Runneth Thus."

CHAPTER V.

In his frequent conversations with the young ladies, David Wentworth avoided the subject of religion. His own belief was so undefined, and he was so unwilling to scandalize or to give pain, that he left that topic untouched, as far as possible. He could not help occasionally burning incense before his idol Emerson, whose orphic pronunciamentoes were his by heart; and he did once mention the name of Father Durand in rehearsing a laughable incident that had happened aboard the ship.

When, however, Miss Murray informed him that she had read the Archbishop's book, he began to discuss with her its statements of Catholic belief. He procured a copy of the work for himself and re-read it with the closest attention. Then he consulted some Protestant clergymen, some of whom visited the ship officially, and others of whom were old acquaintances of his in New York and New England; but they did not satisfy him. Their replies were too vague or evasive. They did not meet the precise points raised by the Archbishop, or they referred the teacher to this author or to that pan-council. So he bought, book by book, a small library of polemical works on the side of the so-called Reformation, and, passing through Barclay street one day, he picked up at a stall there Smarius's Points of Controversy, Newman's Apologia pro Vita Sua, Dalgairn's Treatise on the Blessed Eucharist, Manning's Mission of the Holy Ghost, Faber's All for Jesus, and two or three other volumes written by Catholics. He was not disturbed in his own convictions. He was positive that the Protestant side was right and that the Catholic claims would melt away before the full rays of historical and Scriptural truth — only he didn't seem to be able to get hold of the documents that would give him the required light and focus it against the old religion. He was not a little amused, too, at the boldness — he was inclined to regard it as the effrontery — of the Catholic champions in contending for a Church that had been discredited in his mind from his childhood up. They wrote as men having authority to teach; they all said the same thing; they stated their premises with assurance and drew their conclusions with logical directness; they questioned the syllogisms of their opponents, and made distinctions and framed objections that perplexed him; they appealed with confidence to the Fathers of the early Church and to the testimony and the doctrines of sixteen centuries; they quoted the Bible; they made out a strong case. He was vexed at his own impotence to reply off-hand and conclusively to their assertions. The more he read, the more questions he asked, the more light he sought, the less he trusted himself and the more he respected them. Still, whenever he got any help against them from the preachers or the Protestant reference books, he shared it with Miss Murray; but whenever the "Romanists," as he called them, scored a point in his judgment he kept their triumph to himself, hoping to turn it to defeat before communicating news of it to her. He would shield her, if possible, from the conflict that he began to admit to himself lay before him.

About this time he became more courteous to Father Durand, and later he went so far as to ask him some questions about doctrines of the

Church. The Jesuit, however, having heard that the teacher was a bitter Protestant, and fearing that the latter wished to draw him into controversy only in order to distort some harmless expression into a remark that might be turned to his injury as chaplain of the Catholic boys, answered his inquiries briefly and left him as soon as he could do so without rudeness. This unwillingness of the priest to dispute with him mystified the teacher. He had supposed that the members of the Society of Jesus were only too eager to engage in controversy; they had been represented to him as seeking victims of their skill in exegesis, dialectics, and casuistry. The conduct of the Father, therefore, in keeping him at a distance, together with the growth of difficulties as he proceeded in his investigation, made him renew more than once his effort to obtain a satisfactory interview. At last he succeeded. Persuaded finally that Mr. Wentworth was a sincere inquirer and moved no doubt by a providential impulse, Father Durand invited him to visit the college in Sixteenth street. He accepted the invitation as soon as it was made. "He would brave the Jesuits in their den," he said to himself, "and see what they looked like at home!"

It was early in the day — nine o'clock of a bright morning — when David Wentworth rang the door-bell of the college, and was ushered into the parlor by the brother who had admitted him. He had hardly time to take a survey of the plain furniture of the apartment, before Father Durand appeared. Nothing could exceed in simple cordiality the welcome that the priest extended to his guest. He introduced him to the rector of the institution, he showed him through the buildings, he took him to the students' library, he lingered with him in the Fathers' library, with its imposing array of learned works in four or five languages and on every subject from theology to table-talk; he led him to the church and exhibited a rare old painting; he had the professor of natural sciences display the treasures of his cabinets, and knowing that the teacher had a fine basso voice, he insisted on going to the music-room, where, with one of the brothers playing the accompaniments on the piano, he coaxed Mr. Wentworth to sing Ben Bolt, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and other ballads. He excused himself for a moment then, and went around to hunt up another Father who had formerly been a lieutenant in the United States Navy, and to whom the songs of the sea would, he said, "be like a delicious breath of air from the ocean." Together the Jesuit and the Puritan sang Larboard Watch, and other duets, while Father Durand played audience and applauded their every effort. Such a fine time as they had — talking, laughing, singing, that it was a day to be remembered!

"These Jesuits seem to be happy; can it be only affected?" thought the teacher, but even as the idea flashed through his brain, a scholastic and one of the students at the college passed by the door, and the two were enjoying something, for they were conversing gaily, and the laugh of the young Jesuit was low and sweet and frequent. It certainly was no pretence. Under its spell, Mr. Wentworth said:

"Will you pardon me if I remark that you Jesuits appear to be happy men?"

"Why should we not be?" was the reply. "We have plenty of work to do, a peaceful life, hope all the way through, and *Requiescat in pace* in the end."

Then there was dinner. It would not have tempted a gourmet, but the food was abundant, the dishes were wholesome and well-cooked, and the claret was pure. The grace before and after the meal was impressive, and the reading of a book during the presentation of the three courses of soup and roast and dessert, gave the diners something to think of besides what they were eating.

In the afternoon the long-sought opportunity came. Father Durand listened to the teacher's exposition of his doubts and difficulties, and for two hours went over the whole ground of controversy with him. But he was not yet persuaded; far from it. Many of his prejudices were obliterated, some of his misconceptions were corrected, obstacles had been removed, but his intellect remained unconvinced and his will was still set firmly on its old foundations. He was pleased, however, with his visit to the college, and when he went away he was glad to receive a courteous invitation to repeat it.

To Miss Murray, Mr. Wentworth did not mention his day with the Jesuits. As he proceeded himself in his inquiry into the merits of the Archbishop's book, he tried to keep her back. Already she was willing to make admissions that he rejected, foreseeing more clearly than she did that, with them made, certain conclusions were inevitable. Besides, just then the light began to glimmer before him, but he sought to shut his eyes to it. In his secret soul he did not want to learn that the Catholic Church has the truth. He fought against the pressing conviction, and he was angry with himself because he could not believe as suited him or let the matter drop.

It was then, while he himself was adrift, that he was most emphatic in his criticism of The Faith of Our Fathers, and most solicitous that Miss Murray should put it aside for good or read the contradicting works that he had bought. She chose the latter course, and went through them all. Finding in them references to some Catholic writers, she purchased the productions of the latter, through a newsdealer and stationer whose store was on Third avenue. These, too, she studied. The result was that the night before she left New York to return to Baltimore, she knelt at her bedside, harassed by contending emotions, and praying for light and grace. Finally she said: "With God's help, I will become a Catholic; I believe what the Catholic Church teaches." Then peace came to her troubled heart, and after she retired she went through gentle sleep to pleasant dreams.

Kate did not at once disclose her change of faith to Grace, and she had no opportunity or inclination to announce it just then to any of her other friends in New York. But when she was at home, she wrote to Frank Marr — thinking that, as he had been instrumental in effecting her conversion by purchasing her unknown namesake's book at Rio, to him she would be indebted for every possible aid on her way to the Church — asking him for a note of intoduction to Father Sunam. With this in her hand, she called on the priest. She asked him to make her a Catholic. She told him the strange incidents that had led her to make this request — the buying of The Faith of Our Fathers because it had her name in it, the accident that led to Mr. Wentworth's reading of it, his efforts to offset its

possible effect on her, by lending her Protestant books that made her acquainted with the works of other Catholic authors. The pastor was so delighted that his prophecy had proved true — though he had had no idea that it would be verified so soon and so happily — and he was so charmed at the romantic manner in which the conversion had been brought about, that he insisted on introducing Miss Murray to the Archbishop, who, by the way, had not yet been made a Cardinal. His Grace was most affable. He expressed his reverential wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence that had taken a copy of his book to Brazil in order that it might get into the hands of a resident of his own city of Baltimore. He encouraged her to follow bravely the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and, when she left, he gave her his blessing.

Two months later, after receiving a course of instruction in the doctrines and the practices of the Catholic religion, Katharine Murray made her abjuration in the Cathedral, was conditionally baptized, and was formally received into the Church. The Archbishop himself officiated, and Father Sunam stood proxy for the godfather, who was Francis P. Marr.

Three days before the function took place, Kate wrote to Grace, to Mr. David Wentworth, and to other friends of hers, to announce the event. From Miss Hoyt she received a curt letter of expostulation — almost of rebuke. Mr. Wentworth cordially congratulated her. He did more, he astonished and delighted her by informing her that he was to be admitted to the Church the day before her reception. "I shall, therefore, be an older Catholic than you," he wrote, "and I hope that I shall be more successful in setting you a good example, than I was in keeping you away from the faith."

Late in November, the Stella turned her prow southward for the winter cruise. Toward the end of the month she passed between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, entered the Chesapeake Bay, and sailed up the river to Baltimore. She stayed in that neighborhood until after Christmas, making a trip to Annapolis and another to the Washington navy-yard, meanwhile. It was a pleasant month for Mr. Wentworth and Miss Murray, as well as for Frank Marr and his mother. The two former saw each other often. They increased the number of their acquaintances among the old Catholic families of Maryland. Together they visited the points of interest in and about the Monumental City. Together they went to Holy Communion at yule-tide, and again on the day that the ship was ordered to proceed on her winter voyage to Florida and Cuba; and when they said good-bye, it was with the promise to write to each other frequently.

CHAPTER VI.

TIME went by rapidly and when the summer came again the four friends met once more in the metropolis. But their meeting was not prolonged, for Mrs. Hoyt, Grace, and Lily — the youngest member of the family — together with Miss Murray, started early in July for Cape May. Mr. Wentworth went to Fordham for a week's retreat, and later visited his kindred in New England. Raymond started in mid-summer for a three months' trip to Manitoba, Alaska, and the Pacific Coast.

But by means of letters the friends held frequent communication with one another, and Mr. Wentworth was gratified to hear from Kate that Grace had been struck by their conversion, and was now fairly well-disposed to the Church; moreover, that she was privately reading some Catholic books and seemed willing to accept the truth if she were once convinced, no matter what obstacles might be put in her way by her family or what sacrifices she would have to make.

Late in August, Mr. Wentworth went to Cape May. He put up at the Ocean Spray Hotel, but as soon as he called on the Hoyts he was made to change his quarters and accept the hospitality of their cottage. On the second evening of his stay, Miss Murray and he were walking along the beach. The moon was waning and the sky was crossed with clouds. The boom of the breakers fell monotonously upon the shore. There were not many promenaders abroad, for the breeze was damp and chilly and the weather threatened rain. The two friends, brought so strangely together and now so closely bound by ties of friendship and religion, strolled along in the deepening twilight. They talked of many subjects, but the one that lay nearest their hearts — their future — that they avoided. But as it was precisely in order to speak of his own future that Mr. Wentworth had sought the interview, he at length picked up courage enough to blurt out:

"I have resigned my post as teacher on the Stella."

"You surprise me."

"I should have been surprised myself if any one had told me in June that I should be off the ship in September."

"You surely have had no trouble on board?"

"Oh, no, they are all my friends — officers, seamen and boys. No, I made up my mind at the end of my retreat, and while I was at Kittery I sent in my resignation."

"And what do you intend to do?"

The time had come for the saying of fateful words, and, God be thanked, the noble heart had the fortitude to utter them.

"Miss Murray," he answered, speaking very low and very slowly, "I owe you much and you have the first right of all my friends to be told what lies before me. I thank my God for the gift of your friendship. It has brought me the faith; it has made me a better man; it has lifted me up to higher ideals and to other purposes than would have been mine had I never met you."

The few stars that had been peering dimly through the clouds, disappeared from view, and the air grew colder.

"When I left home five years ago, I was engaged to be married to one of my childhood's playmates; on the day when I first saw you the news came to me that my betrothed had wed another."

Even now he was loyal to his faithless love — he would not blame her to another.

"The blow struck hard, and the wound was slow to heal, but the time came when I could thank God that he had not let my will be done. Why this was so, you will not ask me. When, later, you came within the orbit of my life, and He drew us so strangely toward Himself, I did hope — let me confess it reverently — that our ways might go together. You will forgive me if I presumed too far."

The clouds were darker now, and the moon was hidden behind them.

"But in the way that I traced out for myself I am not permitted to walk. During the retreat, in the solitude of my soul with its Creator, when, as at the hour of death, one measures life at its true value and sees one's proper course with clear vision, and hears the still voice of God distinctly, I was called to serve Him at the altar as His priest. For the gift of faith that I have received I must give back to Him my whole self; and to save my own soul I must help to save many souls. There is something better than happiness, as men know happiness, and that is duty, and duty is noblest when it calls for self-sacrifice and labor for others for the love of God."

She was weeping now, and the little hand that rested in his arm was trembling pitifully. Her grief distressed him, and his voice faltered as he said:

"You would not call me back from His service, O my sister? You will bid me go in the way of the cross that He has pointed out to me as mine? You will pray for me and give me courage, will you not?"

She did not answer for a full minute that seemed a long time to both of them. The wind was blowing in fiercely from the ocean, and the noise of the breakers was louder than before. The darkness was gathering around her, but interiorly, in her mind and heart, the light was breaking. All the worth of the man beside her was revealed to her — his singleness of purpose, his appreciation of the gift of faith, his loyalty to duty, his affection for herself; and at the same time she saw the extent of her fondness for him. She loved him. Yes, she loved him, but not with an ignoble passion, not selfishly; she loved him for his high character, his amiable disposition, his fidelity to principle. And *cor ad cor loquitur* — her own soul was as magnanimous as his. She, too, was grateful for the faith; she, too, had felt the attraction of the higher life; she, too, could offer sacrifice to God. The light that was illuminating her soul shone brighter and brighter. Yes, she loved him, but she loved God more, and her heart exulted that God would stand first in their affections. She lifted up her head. She was no longer in tears, and her voice was firm, as she said:

"The will of God be done. He knows best. He has honored you. I give you joy, my brother."

She had accepted the relationship offered to her in that hour of anguish. Heart had spoken to heart, and in the furnace of pain they had both been purified.

He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

"May God our Father give us grace to do our duty," he said. "I thank you, little sister, for your good wishes. You will add to them your prayers and I will pray for you."

A rift in the clouds let the moon shine down upon them, and its light fell as a benediction along their path.

"And you," he asked, "what will you do?"

"My way is not clear yet," she replied; "but He who has brought me thus far, will lead me on. The work that I have I shall do with all my might. The future I trust to him."

"Perhaps," he said, "He wants you, too, for his very own. I do believe it. I have thought so at times, and the conviction is strong upon me to-night that you, too, are called to the counsels."

"If I hear His voice," she answered, "my heart will not be hardened. But, now, let us go in."

When they entered the cottage, Grace was poring over a volume of Father Ryan's poems. She noticed the agitation of her guests. She surmised that a proposal of marriage had been made and she expected to have to tender congratulations to Kate as soon as ever they should be alone. In order, however, to divert her mother's attention and to enable the "lovers" to regain their composure, she said to Mr. Wentworth:

"Professor, will you kindly read us this poem — Their Story Runneth Thus? I have been told that it is beautiful, and I should prefer to hear it, if you please, rather than to read it to myself."

Mr. Wentworth had never before seen the poem. He grew interested in it as he went along, and when he came to the lines:

> He sent me here — he said the word last night
> In my own garden; this the word he said —
> Oh! had you heard him whisper: "Ethel, dear,
> Your heart was born with veil of virgin on;
> I hear it rustle every time we meet,
> In all your words and smiles; and when you weep
> I hear it rustle more. Go, wear your veil,
> And outward be what inwardly thou art,
> And hast been from the first. And, Ethel, list:
> My heart was born with priestly vestments on,
> And at dream-altars I have ofttimes stood
> And said such sweet dream-Masses in my sleep,
> And when I lifted up a white dream-Host,
> A silver dream-bell rang and Angels knelt —
> Or seemed to kneel — in worship. Ethel! say:—
> Thou wouldst not take the vestments from my heart
> No more than I would tear the veil from thine?
> My vested and thy veiled heart part to-night
> To climb our Calvary and to meet in God.
> And this, fair Ethel, is Gethsemane;
> And he is here who in that other bled;
> And they are here who came to comfort Him —
> His angels and our own; and His great prayer,
> Ethel, is ours to-night — let's say it, then:
> Father, thy will be done! Go, find your veil,
> And I, my vestments"—

he stopped for an instant, looked furtively at Kate, and hurried on to the end of the pathetic verses.

CHAPTER VII.

TWELVE years have elapsed since David Wentworth entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Frederick City, in Maryland— twelve years of trials and triumphs, of joys and woes, of labors and of rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt are both dead. Their remains are interred in the Congregational Cemetery, near New London, Connecticut.

Raymond is a member of the State legislature. He has made his mark both in the Assembly and in the Senate, and now is nourishing Congressional aspirations. He has no time, so he says, to bother with religion.

Grace is Mrs. John Hawser, wife of Captain Hawser, now of the United States Navy. She resides in Washington. Both she and her husband are members of St. Aloysius' congregation in that city. Their two boys, Raymond and David, are fine little fellows of eight and six, respectively; and

their daughter, Grace, is a four-year old fairy, who is in danger of being idolized by her bluff and rugged father.

Frank Marr is first mate of a steamer that plies between Baltimore and Boston. Good fortune still follows him, and he is still called the Mascot.

Miss Katharine Murray became Sister Mary Ruth, and for nearly ten years she was a useful member of St. Joseph's community of Sisters of Charity, in Emmitsburg, Maryland. Three years ago she entered the sleep of peace:

> And softly as a cloud —
> A golden cloud upon a summer's day —
> Floats from the heart of land out o'er the sea;
> So her sweet life gave place to welcome death.

The "Professor" is now the Rev. David Wentworth, S. J., Rector of Holyrood College. It is five years since he was ordained. Daily he goes to the holy mountain of God. Often he thinks of the lovely woman, whose life was so strangely linked with his and who so deviously helped to lead him out of the City of Confusion and into the tabernacles of the Lord; and for her he prays:

Requiem æternam dona ea, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat ea.

L. M. RILEY.

The Sick Room Temperature.

PHYSICIANS tell us the proper temperature of a sick room should be from 65° to 70° Fah., and the heat should not go much below or much above these points. Abundance of fresh air and sunshine is the rule in all cases, except where the order of the physician prohibits the light. There is far more danger of the patient becoming enervated by close, foul air, than there is from ventilation. English physicians insist that an open fire is a necessity to the proper ventilation of a sick room, and an eminent authority on this subject says: "I do not consider any room suitable for a patient to occupy during a prolonged illness where there is not an open fire burning on the hearth, in order to secure proper ventilation." A tight stove or a furnace register will not serve any such purpose. On the contrary, the stove throws out a dry heat which can only be partly counteracted by keeping boiling water on the stove. It does not solve in any way the problem of ventilation. The furnace register too often brings up a current of foul air from the cellar or the kitchen, into which the cold air box opens. Unfortunately it is quite the exception to have the cold air box open outdoors, as it should. Even where it so opens, the furnace register does not assist materially in ventilating the room. One of the best methods of removing odors is to take a shovel of burning coals, sprinkle it with coffee and pass it around the room. Where there is infectious disease a deodorizing solution should be obtained from the physician and used in the water in which the utensils of the room, the bedding, and clothing of the patient are washed.

"GIVE me," exclaims St. Teresa, "a soul which daily makes a quarter of an hour's meditation, and I will answer for the salvation of that soul." A quarter of an hour each day to gain heaven! Who could refuse to practice so easy a means?

If the Know-Nothings Keep On.

1. Every score of years within the past century has beheld an outbreak of Know-Nothingism in the United States, and the regular period for a revival of the anti-Catholic agitation is almost within sight. The attack on the old cathedral in New York, the burning of the convent in Charlestown, the tarring and feathering of the Jesuit Father Bapst, the riots in Philadelphia, the Mount Hope troubles in Baltimore, and the disorders in Virginia that called forth the gallant services of Governor Wise — these were only parts of a series of dark-lantern operations that had its beginning in detestation of the Church and that has not yet had its end.

2. Indications are daily coming to the surface that show that the underground organizations are at work. These signs are, for instance, the spread of so-called "patriotic" societies such as the P. O. S. A., the A. O. U. W., the Jr. O. U. A. M; the American Protective Association and the Loyal League; the movement to raise the national flag on school-houses; the educational conflicts in Boston, Columbus, Wisconsin and Illinois; the appearance of such publications as America, in Chicago; and the British American, in Boston; and the demand made on political parties that no Catholics shall be nominated for public office.

The old cry of the Know-Nothings is finding echoes once more in the pulpits of irresponsible preachers and in the organs of the least Christian of the sects — "America for Americans! The public school system must and shall be preserved! Down with Catholics! No power for the Pope!"

3. These "patriots" accuse us in vague terms of plotting to undermine the republic; but they will not furnish a bill of particulars. They cannot explain how twelve million persons can conquer fifty-two million. They do not state what good we expect to get by the destruction of this government under which we are prosperous, contented, and free. They refuse to tell what we intend to erect on the ruins of this democracy. Still they are positive that we are aiming to destroy the free institutions of America.

They put out of their sight the services that Catholics have rendered to this country. They blot out of their remembrance that, but for the Catholics in Washington's army and for the aid given to him by Catholic France and Catholic Spain, the colonies could not have achieved their independence; that in the war of 1812, the Catholic citizens of the United States did their full duty; that in the Civil War, if the Catholic soldiers in the Federal armies had not taken up arms, the Confederate troops would have outnumbered and have vanquished the forces that fought for the Union. And in times of peace, no citizens are more faithful than the Catholics to their duties to the state, more loyal in their respect for authority, more devoted to law and order.

The Catholic Congress held in Baltimore in November, 1890, astonished the Know-Nothings by reason of the numbers, the prominence, the intelligence, and the wealth of the members who took part in it. They were amazed at the array of lawyers, doctors, public men, journalists, and merchants who attended its deliberations. But this exhibition of the Catholic strength in representative citizens — an exhibition that was not so intended and was only infinitesimal in that respect — only embittered the malignant

leaders of proscription. They have consequently doubled their activity in forming branches of the anti-Catholic propaganda; they have put forth new efforts to enlist men in their organizations; they have multiplied their misrepresentations of our religion. They now insist that the next great conflict on this continent will be a religious war, in which all sects of Protestantism will unite to put down the adherents of the Church of Rome.

4. Suppose that these Know-Nothings keep on, what will happen? They may divide the inhabitants of this country for and against their principles. In that event, creed differences will temporarily take the place of political questions as issues for campaigns; religious animosities will be carried into party-politics; the fierce spirit of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will be injected into the twentieth; instead of the religious peace that now prevails, turbulence, rancor, and heated polemics will obtain. Freedom of conscience will no longer be one of the fundamental principles of the Republic, and its most precious liberty will have been abolished to make way for oppression, for persecution, and for penal laws.

Then, by force of circumstances, the twelve millions of Catholics here will be compelled against their will, slowly, as a matter of self-respect and in defence of their sacred rights, to band together as Catholics. They will have been solidified by their enemies. Like a stone-wall their millions will stand. Like one man their voters will vote. Party affiliations will give way for a time to the vindication of the supreme right of Christian freemen — the right to worship God in accordance with the dictates of conscience.

This struggle that is being forced upon us, is most repugnant to us. If the day must come when there will be the "Catholic vote," we shall call upon our fellow-citizens to recognize that we were not the aggressors. We shall ask them to bear witness that we shall be only defending our rights. We shall go into the trouble with reluctance, but we will leave it with exultation, for while we shall be in it, we shall be there with all our strength and to stay until the right shall triumph.

Already an organization for the defence of Catholic interests has been outlined in Pittsburgh, and it will be the nucleus of a national aggregation of societies, if the dire need shall come to us to get together.

5. In this contest for religious liberty, Catholics will not be alone. They will have the sympathy and co-operation of every citizen who deserves to enjoy the blessings of freedom of conscience, and who is willing to grant to others what he demands for himself; of every voter who is opposed to the introduction of sectarian religious altercations into party politics; of every politician who has read history and dreads the fate of the supporters of ephemeral policies that are essentially unjust; of every American who is true to the Republic's cardinal principle of religious liberty.

Besides, the ramifications of friendship, of business, and of the ties of blood and marriage will bring recruits to the ranks of the defenders of freedom.

A large majority of our Protestant, Hebrew and Agnostic fellow-citizens will be on the right side, and their numbers, added to ours, will give us an easy victory.

6. The end may be predicted. The certain result will be the collapse of the Know-Nothing movement. There will be no war. The clash will

be intellectual, not physical; it will be waged with words not bombs; it will be decided not by bullets but by ballots. At the polls the people will speak and the *vox populi* will be for religious liberty. The Gospel of Hate will no more be preached. Bogus "patriots" will be smoked out of their holes, and will want to deny that they ever were engaged in a conspiracy to violate the Constitution and to abridge the liberties of any body of their fellow-citizens. The rank and file of the plotters will readily accept the will of the majority. Then the Catholics, who first in the New World proclaimed religious liberty, will themselves, also, enjoy that boon unmolested. Freedom of conscience will continue. Peace will return. People will agree to differ. Catholic and Protestant will live side by side, good neighbors, good friends, good citizens, each vying with the other in loyalty to the institutions of the country, and in fidelity to obligations of that higher citizenship that they expect to be theirs in the City Beautiful.

The sooner this Know-Nothing agitation culminates, the better for all concerned. The sooner the "patriots" ask the judgment of their fellow-citizens on these principles of proscription, the sooner they will be taught that they are propagating treason to the Constitution, and the sooner they will learn that the people of the United States are unalterably opposed to religious persecution. Let them come out into the open, and their history will forthwith approach its closing chapter. L. W. REILLY.

The Question of Seats in Cars.

THE question of relinquishing seats to women in the public conveyances, says the New York Times, is, like the poor, always with us. Said a man recently discussing it: "There is just this point which I have come to realize, either I must make up my mind never to have a seat in a car, or I must decide never to give it up. I go and come to my place of business at the hours when almost everybody else does; the cars are invariably crowded, and there are always women standing to whom it is possible to offer my place, if I get one. Such being the case it is also possible for me to stand the year through. I cannot see that this sacrifice is demanded by the conditions. I am ready to give up my seat at any time to any person, woman or man, whose manner or appearance indicates less ability to stand than I possess, but I am not willing to resign it every time I find a woman standing. We are fellow-travellers in a conveyance in which the supply of seats will never, until the millennium, equal the demand; to-day I am unfortunate, to-morrow she will be, and I think most women prefer to accept this proportion of success rather than to have seats continually resigned to them. At least my womankind have so expressed themselves to me on the subject."

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, referring in a recent lecture to the so-called "dark ages," said: "It was in those days that Christian architecture achieved its most glorious triumphs; the art of illumination attained its highest perfection; the rude languages of Europe were moulded into shape, and the Muses lent to the notes their sweetest inspiration to poetry and romance."

Behring Sea Dispute.

England's Grip is Always Hard to Loose.

The persistence of England, in clinging to fancied rights in the Seal fisheries of Behring's Sea, recalls the sullen reluctance with which she abandoned a faint claim to Oregon territory. Our country had gradually unloosed the grasp of France and Spain from invaluable tracts of land in the south and south-west and expected to be as successful with England in the north-west; but in this, expectations were not realized and our government may be said to have been worsted in the contest. The treaty of Ghent, 1783, by which our national independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, settled the boundary line between Canada and the Union only so far west as the Lake of the Woods, and as it is at present, and less than the acknowledged division between England and France previous to 1762. The vast expanse of country stretching westward was an unexplored wilderness. To the region west of the Stony or Rocky mountains, and north of the Spanish province of California, the name of Oregon was applied, and in those times Columbia river was known as Oregon river. The adjustment of the line, from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific ocean, ran through many years, verged often upon war, and was only finally settled in 1846. The continued interest in the Behring Sea dispute suggests an outline of the events which connect Spain, Russia, England, and the United States with the north-west coast of America.

Spain holds the place of honor. Early in the sixteenth century Fernando Cortez discovered Mexico and sent out from there many exploring expeditions. A small squadron under Francisco de Ullo left Acapulco, July 8, 1539, and having explored the shores of the Gulf of California, rounded Cape San Lucas and reached, January, 1540, 28° of latitude. Another noteworthy exploration was by two Spanish vessels under the command of Cabrillo and Ferrelo, which reached, according to a solar observation, 44°. Juan de Fuca, a Greek navigator in the employ of Spain, went as far north, 1592, as 48° and sailed through the strait which bears his name. In 1603 Sebastian Viscaino surveyed the port of San Diego, but no settlement was then made. Until the year 1769 little was known of the north-west coast of America beyond 43°. About this time the Spanish began to establish settlements on the coast of California. The new marine province of San Blas was established with Gaspar de Portola as governor. He founded San Diego, July, 1769; and Monterey, April, 1770. These are the first two Spanish settlements in California. Franciscan priests under Friar Junipera Serra, who had been laboring in Texas, accompanied these expeditions. Between 1774 and 1779, three exploring parties were sent out from San Blas. The third under Ignacio Arteaga, which left San Blas, February 6, 1779, went as high as Mt. St. Elias. Spanish vessels, in 1775, examined the coast from Monterey near 37° to beyond 48° of latitude, and determined the general direction of the coasts of the adjacent islands. This is of importance, as previous to 1774 no definite information had been secured respecting any point on the Pacific coast between Cape Mendocino near 40° and Mt. San Jacinto 56°. The

above are the principal facts in support of the claims of Spain to the north-west coast of America. Until 1790 her claim had not become a subject of dispute; but the acquisition of Canada by the English, and the strong belief in the existence of water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the latitude of Canada, influenced British vessels to go farther north than usual. The Russians on the extreme north were also beginning to come farther south, and soon the war of words was hot.

Russia's claim to portions of the north-west coast of America dates far back. Her possessions had been stretching their limits until near the beginning of the present century; they were marked in Russian maps as extending to San Francisco on the south and the Rocky mountains on the east. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the coasts of Asia on the Pacific ocean, north of 40° latitude, were as little known as the corresponding ones on the American side. In 1643, Martin Geritzin de Vries and Hendrick Schaep, two Dutch navigators, explored the seas near Japan as far north as 48° and probably entered the great gulf called Ochotsk. By 1711 the Russians had completely subjugated the whole of Northern Asia. At that time it was not known that the Arctic or Icy sea was connected with the Pacific ocean, making complete the separation of the Asiatic and American continents. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, had vessels built to be sent on an exploring expedition under Vitus Behring, a Dane, to ascertain the facts in the case. Peter died before their completion and his widow, Empress Catherine, sent forth the fleet, July 14th, 1728. Behring sailed from Kamchatka northward and traced the Asiatic coast to the latitude of 67° 18′. He passed through the strait which bears his name going and returning, but without knowing that he was within a few miles of the American shore, though amply satisfied that the continents of Asia and America were separated by water. On a subsequent voyage he discovered, July 18th, 1741, Mt. St. Elias on the American coast near 60° of latitude; and August 30, Alaska. In this manner the Russians became acquainted with our continent, and finding in the soil and climate a likeness in the far north to their own, settlements were made which were gradually extended southward and to some extent eastward.

Great Britain's claims to our north-west coast merits due consideration. The first navigator under the flag of Britain, who advanced to the north-west coast, was Sir Francis Drake, the greatest naval commander of his time. He sailed from Plymouth, December 13th, 1577, in the command of five vessels on his celebrated voyage around the world. The vessels were purchased and armed by himself and associates, ostensibly for a voyage to Egypt, but in reality for a predatory excursion upon Spanish ships and settlements. Passing through Magellan Straits, September, 1578, he lost two vessels, and soon afterwards a storm left him with only a schooner of one hundred tons burthen and sixty men. Though Spain and England were outwardly at peace, he plundered mercilessly the towns and vessels of the Spanish, and Queen Elizabeth connived at his illegal acts. He ascended the Pacific coast as high as 42°, according to some authorities; according to others only to 38°. In one of the harbors, answering to San Francisco, he received from the placated Indians a crown as their king, and to the country he gave the name of New Albion.

About this time an excitement arose among naval experts regarding water communication in the higher latitudes between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The navigators of England and Holland labored in vain for more than sixty years to prove the theory, and failing gave over the effort as useless. At a later period English seamen again took up the matter. A reward of fifty thousand pounds was offered by an act of parliament to any persons sailing in English ships who should discover a north-west passage. The same offer was renewed in 1776 to any English subjects who should sail through any passage in any direction north of 52° latitude between the two oceans. Captain James Cook, having returned from his second voyage around the world, sailed from Plymouth, July 12th, 1776, in his old ship, the Resolution, accompanied by Captain James Clark with the Discovery, in quest of the much-sought passage. He discovered the Sandwich Islands, January 18th, 1777, and soon afterward entered Nootka sound, 49½°. He traced the coast of Alaska north-eastward to the Arctic ocean as high as 70° 29′. He was murdered February 16th, 1779, on his return, by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Although Cook saw no parts of the coast not previously visited by the Spanish and Russian explorers, his observations were more accurately taken and are, therefore, of more value.

The spirit of "Young America" was never better illustrated than in impelling United States seamen to acquire for their country, at this early period, original rights on the north-west Pacific coast. The ship Columbia, two hundred tons burthen, in command of Captain John Kendrick, accompanied by the consort sloop Washington, Captain Robert Gray, sailed from Boston, September 30, 1787, in the interests of commerce. The fur trade and whale and seal fisheries had grown into great importance. Spain was exerting herself to counteract the influence of Russia and England and was not unfriendly to the American venture, so long as it looked to be a check upon others than herself. Captain Gray, of the Washington, discovered, August, 1788, the mouth of the Columbia river, and was grounded in an attempt to enter it. He explored, June, 1789, the whole coast of Queen Charlotte's Island. Afterwards, when in command of the Columbia, he succeeded in entering the mouth of the Columbia river and explored it inland fully fifty miles. It was supposed to be the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, being situated between 48° and 49° of latitude. An American was, therefore, the first to discover the existence of this famous river and to give it a name after his own ship, Columbia. The claim to original rights was strengthened by the no less wonderful feat of an overland American exploring party under Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Directly the treaty for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was signed, they set out, 1803, with a party of forty-four men, and by the middle of May, 1804, they were ascending the upper Missouri. They reached the mouth of the Columbia river, November 15, 1805.

It may now be in place to contrast and balance the claims of Spain, Russia, England, and the United States to portions of the north-west coast. The decline of Spain as a power in Europe, dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when she became inferior on sea and land to either France or England. At the time of the discovery of America, 1492, Spain and Portugal were probably the two greatest maritime powers in the world.

Rivalry on water having drawn them into a grave dispute as to their respective rights of discovery, the matter was referred, by mutual consent, to the arbitration of Pope Alexander VI. In virtue of his powers he issued the famous Bull of partition of the ocean, May 4, 1493, which was made the basis of a treaty between the two powers, signed at Terdessellas, June 7, 1494, whereby a meridian line, drawn three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape de Verde Islands, was made the division — the Portuguese keeping to the east, and the Spanish to the west. Within a century this treaty proved of no value to Spain.

Treaties were made by her with England, 1670, 1713, and 1790, for the protection of Spanish interests. The treaty of 1713 (Utrecht), caused much confusion by the use of the terms English West Indies and Spanish West Indies. The treaty of 1790 (Nootka) was never fulfilled. John Meares, a Lieutenant of the British navy on half pay, sailing from Macas, China, under the Portuguese flag, reported to the British government, that, as a British subject in a British vessel, he had bought land on Nootka Sound from Maquinna, a native king, and erected buildings thereon. Captain Colnet, commanding the Argonaut, was sent to erect a fort and raise the English flag. He was arrested by Captain Martinez, the Spanish commandant at Nootka, and his vessel seized on his arrival, 1789. The treaty of Nootka, October 28, 1790, required that the tracts of land and buildings belonging to the British subjects should be restored to them. Quadra, Spanish commissioner, and Captain George Van Couver, English commissioner, met at Nootka; but as there were no such tracts of lands and buildings, no restoration was made. A war between Spain and England arose in 1796 and ended in 1809. Whatever may have been the rights of England, through the Nootka treaty or convention, they were cancelled by this war. Lord Bathurst, 1815, in the negotiations between England and the United States, declared that "Great Britain knew no exception to the rule that all treaties are put an end to by a subsequent war between the same parties." The original rights of Spain could not, therefore, have been materially impaired.

Towards the beginning of the present century citizens of Russia, England, and the United States began to form settlements along the north-west coast for the purpose of trading. The Russians extended their posts eastward to Sitka and southward to within a few miles of San Francisco. Count Romanoff, 1810, minister of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg, in his declaration to the American minister, John Quincy Adams, maintained that "the Russian American company claimed the whole coast of America on the Pacific Ocean, and the adjacent islands from Behrings Strait southward to and beyond the Columbia river."

The United States by the Louisiana purchase, 1803, acquired any rights which France might have had on the north-west coast; and by the Florida treaty, 1819, the vast claims of Spain. England, however, "claimed everything," and from 1818 to 1846 war was impending. President Tyler in his message to Congress, 1843, declared, "after the most rigid, and, as far as possible, unbiassed examination of the subject, the United States have always contended that their rights appertain to the entire region lying on the Pacific coast, and embraced between latitudes 42° and 54°40′ (the

southern boundary of the Russian possessions). The convention which nominated James K. Polk, made it a part of their platform that "Texas was a part of the Louisiana purchase and that our title to the whole of Oregon up to 54°40′ north latitude was clear and indisputable." This would have excluded England entirely from the north-west coast. Nevertheless England succeeded in confining the United States to the 49th° of north latitude and securing to herself the interval to the 54°40′. When Alaska was purchased, 1867, by the United States her rights became justly preponderating. But England is insatiable. That she has finally allowed the dispute of the Behring Sea fisheries to go to arbitration is largely due to a fear of a revival of past history and another re-adjustment of lines. The intimate knowledge of the historical bearings of the case, as evidenced in Thirty Years in the United States Senate by our Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, was likely of the highest service in this emergency.

J. M. LUCEY.

Pine Bluff, Ark., December 1, 1891.

At His Tomb.

"No one will be ever found to plant a thistle on his grave." — *Father O'Callaghan's eulogy on Father Blenkinsop.*

GOD'S sacred silence and his resting-place!
Our dear dead father, to whose hallowed grave
The deepest tears within our eyes we gave;
Whose kindly ways, the radiance of whose face
We long shall miss, and with them all the grace
Which he possessed, and which they only have
Whose ken extends beyond the narrow grave,
And lengthens to infinity — our finite space: —

When spring's sweet blossoms round thy grave shall bloom,
When summer's splendor decks thy sleep, and fall
Brings its rich ripeness to adorn the spot
Wherein you dream, but are forgotten not,
Of all the tokens love shall hither call
No one will plant a thistle on thy tomb.

W. D. KELLY, in The Pilot.

FREDDY'S PRAYER.— Freddy is the little son of one of the best ministers in New England. One day, while he was out walking, he saw for the first time in his life an intoxicated man, reeling from one side of the pavement to the other. Freddy's nurse hurried him by, while the little boy gazed after the man with tears in his blue eyes, he was so shocked and distressed at the sad sight. He asked a great many questions about it, which his nurse answered as well as she was able; but after she told him that men who were otherwise very good sometimes drank too much liquor, he was silent. That night his mother, who knew nothing of what her little boy had seen on his afternoon walk, was greatly astonished when he added this petition to his usual evening prayer: "Dear Lord, please don't let papa ever get drunk!"

Youth's Companion.

A Dish for the Young and the Old.

THE new Governor of the Punjaub, Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, K.C.S.I., who succeeds Sir J. B. Lyall, is, as his name would imply, an Irishman, and his father, Dr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, of Baggot-street, Dublin, is still living at an advanced age. Mr. Fitzpatrick, as he then was, graduated at Trinity College in 1858, and passed into the Indian Civil Service. He has held the posts of Secretary to the Governor of India, Legislative Department, and of Resident at Hyderabad. Sir Denis has a brother a priest, and one of his sisters is a nun.

WEEKLY STORY PAPERS. — It is a strange fact that the papers which furnish the worst drivel and nonsense — the weekly story papers — are the best patronized class of journals in the country. Thousands of Catholics, who never spend a cent for Catholic literature, or even subscribe for a Catholic journal, waste their money on such papers. Next in importance to the Sunday school or parochial school is the support and maintenance of the Catholic press in the country; for without the newspapers the work of training schools is lost or neutralized by a thousand influences, but chiefly by the non-Catholic and infidel press of the time. Therefore it behooves Catholics to give generous support to their own journals to which they and the Church are under obligations for defence of Catholic truth which is constantly assailed. There ought to be as much activity and interest manifested in the support of the Catholic press as there is in Catholic education; and it is an easy matter to help the press along. Every Catholic can be a Catholic truth society, and see that his Catholic neighbor takes a Catholic paper, and assist in adding to subscription lists, and in other ways, says the Catholic Sentinel.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF OLD BOOTS AND SHOES. — The Journal of the Constantinople Chamber of Commerce describes the industrial uses of old boots and shoes which are thrown out into the streets or into ash pits. After being collected, they are ripped open, and the leather is subjected to a treatment which renders it a pliable mass, from which a kind of artistic leather is derived. This in appearance resembles the finest Cordova leather. In the United States patterns are stamped on this, while in France it is used to cover trunks and boxes. The old boots and shoes are also treated in another way, by which they are converted into new ones. The prisoners in Central France are employed in this way, the old shoes coming chiefly from Spain, They are taken to pieces as before, the nails being all removed, and the leather is soaked in water to soften it. The uppers for children's shoes are then cut from it. The soles are also used, for from the smaller pieces of the leather of the old soles the so-called Louis XV. heels for ladies' shoes are made, while the soles of children's shoes are made from the larger and thinner pieces. The old nails are also put to use, for by means of magnets the iron nails and the tacks and brads are separated and sold. The contractors of the military prison at Montpelier say that these nails alone pay for the old shoes. Nothing now remains but the scraps, and these have also their value for they are much sought after by certain specialists for agricultural purposes.

Mr. John Fitzgerald, ex-president of the Irish National League of America, recently recovered $465,000 from a railroad company for unpaid balance on a contract.

Remedy for Whooping Cough.— Common thyme, which was recommended in whooping cough three or four years ago by Dr. S. B. Johnson, is regarded by Dr. Neovius (The Lancet, May 9, 1891), as almost worthy the title of a specific, which, if given early and constantly, invariably cuts short the disease in a fortnight, the symptoms generally vanishing in two or three days. He gives from one ounce and a half to six ounces per diem, combined with a little marsh-mallow syrup. He never saw any undesirable effect produced, except slight diarrhœa. It is important that the drug should be used quite fresh.

Of Mr. Murphy, one of the counsel for the Times in the Parnell Commission, an amusing story is told. Mr. Murphy, who is a stout man, was once in the company of some younger men of the law, among them a slim barrister. The talk was of the barrister's fleetness of foot, and to the general surprise, Mr. Murphy maintained that he could race any man present if he got a yard start and was allowed to select the race course. When it was seen that this was no mere joke, the barrister smilingly accepted the challenge. Great was his humiliation, however, for Mr. Murphy chose as the scene of the race a certain narrow passage in the Law Courts where his competitor could not get past him.

Whiskey in a Whale.— A sperm whale forty feet long got over the bar at Ocean City, Md., during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life-saving station near by. They sounded like the heavy beating of the surf. After the leviathan was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there were found a number of empty bottles and a five-gallon demijohn, corked and sealed, of excellent rye whiskey. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States steamer Dispatch, which was wrecked some time ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it was floated out of the wreck.

A Novel Advertising Scheme. — In racking one's brain for some device to catch the shy and wary customer, the following may serve as a suggestion. It is the story told by the Sentinel, of Indianapolis, of a druggist of that city. He found a stray nickel on the floor of his store one morning, and resolved to post this notice on the window of his store: "A sum of money found on Tuesday last in this establishment. The owner will receive same within upon describing the money." The scheme worked like a charm. Hundreds of citizens came in daily for over a week while the notice was left on the window, describing their losses and bewailing their misfortune. Invariably every applicant for the lost money bought a cigar. Some were satisfied with five-cent straight whiffs; but the great majority, anxious to impress the drug man favorably toward their claims, invested in two for a quarter. So great was the rush that the fortunate druggist had to order a fresh consignment of choice brands. None of the applicants ever applied for the nickel.

CLEANLINESS THE KEY TO HEALTH. — It has been ascertained, by actual computation, that there are two thousand eight hundred holes or pores in every square inch of the human skin. The number of square inches of surface in a person of ordinary height and bulk is two thousand five hundred, the whole number of pores, therefore, is seven million. Each of these pores is the aperture or mouth of a little tube about a quarter of an inch long, called the perspiratory tube, and the amount of these for the entire body is forty-eight thousand yards or nearly twenty-eight miles. Twenty or thirty ounces of perspiration escape through their channels daily, and upon evaporating into the air leave upon the surface a residue of animal and saline matter, consisting of acids, alkalies, calcareous earth, etc. It is a curious fact, illustrating the necessity of cleanliness and of keeping the pores of the skin open, that if a coat of varnish, or other substance impervious to moisture, be applied to the exterior of the body, death will ensue in about six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. On the occasion of Pope Leo the Tenth's accession to the Papal chair, it was desired to have a living figure to represent the "Golden Age," and so a child was gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India-rubber, in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in a couple of hours.

ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. — The following anecdote of the late Cardinal Newman is told by a London paper. He was once travelling, before his elevation to the Cardinalate, from Edgbaston to some station along the line, seated in a third-class carriage. A poor Irishwoman sat opposite to him. Dr. Newman was not one who gave much thought to his personal appearance, and his black clothes may have had a threadbare and neglected look. His face, wan and thoughtful, evidently suggested poverty and pinching to the heart of the daughter of the Emerald Isle, for, as she was leaving the carriage, she slipped a small coin into his hand, saying, "Get yourself something to eat, me good man. You look tired and hungry." The great churchman prized that lowly gift more highly than many honors that were lavished upon him.

A HINT FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR MANAGERS — It is perhaps a sufficient reply to the persistent representations of the liquor interest that the shutting up of dram shops and gambling places has injured our city and the [Maine] State Fair, to point to the fact that the State Fair just closed, which has been held without the "aid" of these panderers to vice, has been the most successful ever held in this city, the receipts being more than double those of last year, with a profit of over twelve thousand dollars instead of a loss of five thousand dollars. And it may be well to remind those who think that the dramshops and gambling places are necessary to draw visitors to Maine, that the season just closed has been the most successful we have ever had. If the gamblers who gathered last year to the number of fifty or more, have kept away from us this year (which they have), and deprived a few men who have harbored and protected them of the gains which these fellows wrung from our community, we are sure it has left our city far richer and better!

The Picket Guard.

ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle ;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch fire gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves is softly creeping
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two, in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to her lips, when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling ;
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree ;
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle — "Ah, Mary, good-bye !"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night !
No sound save the rush of the river ;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty forever !

Thomas Davis: — A Sketch.

CARLYLE, in his Essay on Burns, has said, "The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary."

This remark can be applied with singular appropriateness to Thomas Davis; but that posthumous retribution which Carlyle regarded as an aggravation of the injustice has not come yet. Forty-three years have passed away since Thomas Davis died, and no biography of him has been given to the world. Great men have in all ages experienced ingratitude and neglect from their country, but eventually there came atonement, or "posthumous retribution," as Carlyle termed it, in the form of monuments, biographies, and such like stones, instead of bread; but why it has been delayed in Davis' case is not easy to determine. It is this absence of any form of biography that has induced the present writer to pen this sketch, which may fill the gap until a biography more worthy of the man is written.

Thomas Osborne Davis was born at Mallow, in the county of Cork, October 14, 1814. Davis is not an Irish name but Welsh; his father, James Thomas Davis, a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, and Acting Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals in the Peninsula, was the representative of a Buckinghamshire family, originally from Wales, and married a lady who inherited old Irish blood, both of the Norman and Celtic stock. This lady's family was a branch of the Atkins, of Firville, in the county of Cork, sharing also the blood of the O'Sullivans. His father died at Exeter, in 1814, the year in which his son Thomas was born at Mallow, whither the family had gone to reside.

The boyhood of Thomas Davis appears to have been marked by peculiarities which have distinguished the youth of nearly all poets and thinkers. He was shy, retiring, unready and self-absorbed; he was, in fact, a dull child. He could scarcely be taught his letters, and it is stated that when he had grown up, if you asked him the day of the month he could not tell you. He did not take part in the outdoor games common to boys of his age, and was sometimes seen sitting in a drawing-room as if he were in a dream, when other young people were enjoying themselves.

After preliminary schooling at home, he was sent up to Dublin and entered Trinity College. Here he was chiefly noted as a steady reader, and it was remarked afterwards with wonder how little impression he made on his fellow students, some of the most brilliant of them, it is said, entertaining a lively contempt for the silent devourer of books, who never competed for the social or rhetorical success so dear to Irishmen. But his friends of those early days state that his character and temper underwent a remarkable change after a year or two at college; from being cold and retiring he became frank and winning. His college career was solid and respectable rather than brilliant, though he won a silver medal for ethics in an unusually severe examination; mathematics and modern history were his favorite studies, and he graduated with distinction in 1835. About this time he made his first appearance as an author, with a pamphlet entitled The Reform of the House of Lords — By a Graduate of Dublin University, Dublin, 1837. This pamphlet, which advocated an elected Upper House, was written in a style

wholly wanting the color and animation which characterized his later writings. In 1838, being then four-and-twenty, he was called to the Bar; but his was not a nature fitted for forensic warfare, and Mitchel, in his Last Conquest, tells us that "he was a mere silent student till his twenty-fifth year." Daniel Owen Maddyn, who first met him in the College Historical Society after his call, was of opinion that up to this period he had not yet felt any sympathy with Irish Nationality. He described him as being more like a young Englishman than an Irishman. He was always at work, and was distinguished by broad, massive, and robust qualities, rather than the brighter and more brilliant characteristics of his nation.

In 1840 he was elected auditor of the College Historical Society, its highest executive office; but some of his associates of that time confessed afterwards, not without self-reproach, that even then he was not understood or appreciated. This society, which was founded by Edmund Burke nearly a century before, did not at this time meet within the college which gave it a name, but in Radley's Hotel, Dame street, and here a number of young men, who afterwards became distinguished in various departments of public life, were attracting audiences by their vehement eloquence. Isaac Butt, Thomas Wallis, and Thomas McNevin were amongst them. Maddyn says of Davis at this time: "He was as delightful a young man as it was possible to meet with in any country. He was much more joyous than when he became immersed in practical politics. His good spirits did not seem, however, so much the consequence of youth and health as of his moral nature. His cheerfulness was less the result of temperament than of his sanguine philosophy, and of his wholesome, happy views of life. The sources of enjoyment were abundant to a man of his large faculties, highly cultivated, possessing, withal, a body which supplied him with vigor and energy."

The Repeal Association, headed by O'Connell, was then holding sway in Ireland; but it was an exclusively Catholic body, and not until 1841, when Davis joined it, were there any Protestants amongst them. The accession of Davis caused other young men to join the Association, and it had the effect of conciliating the Protestants by divesting the agitation of a certain suspicion of sectarianism, which, though disavowed by O'Connell, was naturally connected with it.

This was practically the first step into public life taken by Davis, and his influence began to be felt in the Repeal Association; he plunged into politics with all the fervor of his disposition, and although he and his party, for he had come to have followers, were fully alive to the fact that the liberties of the country would have to be fought for, they loyally supported O'Connell. The need of a journal that could act as a guide to the country in the period through which it was passing became evident to these young men, and the Nation was projected.

The history of the founding of this paper has been often told, and, briefly, it is this: Davis and his friend, John Blake Dillon, had for some time in their minds the idea of a literary and political journal of the highest class, that would fill the want just mentioned; and Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy, being, then in Dublin, on business connected with a provincial newspaper of which he was editor in Belfast, was introduced, in the Hall of the Four Courts, by Dillon to Davis, and the three proceeded to take a

walk together. They strolled along the quays until they found themselves in the Phœnix park, and having conversed about the state and prospects of the country, the matter of the newspaper was discussed; they were seated on a rude bench, under an elm-tree, and facing Kilmainham.

Having decided on the character of the proposed paper, many names were suggested and rejected, Davis finally suggesting the name of The Nation. This name was regarded as both happy and significant,—they desired to make Ireland a nation, and the name would be a fitting prelude to the attempt. This was in July, 1842. No time was allowed to be lost, arrangements were immediately begun, a prospectus was drawn up (the one actually printed and circulated was drawn up by Davis in Belfast, in August, 1842), and, amid a flourish of trumpets, the first number appeared on the 15th of October, 1842. The muse of Clarence Mangan hailed its appearence in glowing verses, and Mitchel in his Last Conquest informs us that "for three years, it was, next to O'Connell, the strongest power in Ireland on the national side." "Whatever," he adds, "was done, throughout the whole movement, to win Protestant support, was the work of Davis. His genius, his perfect unselfishness, his accomplishments, his cordial manner, his high and chivalrous character, and the dash and impetus of his writings, soon brought around him a gifted circle of young Irishmen, who were afterwards christened 'Young Ireland:' their bond of union was their proud attachment to their friend. It is very safe to say, that to the personal influence of Davis, to the grandeur of his aims, to his noble tolerance, to his zeal, and the loving trust which all generous natures were constrained to place in him, they were indebted for their fate; pining captivity, long exile, death in mad-houses, or foreign graves. Yes, to them and hundreds more he was indeed a Fate; and there is not one amongst them still alive but blesses the memory of the friend who first filled their souls with the passion of a great ambition and a lofty purpose."

Of this paper, which wielded no small influence on the destinies of the country, Charles Gavan Duffy was, at the proposition of Davis and Dillon, installed editor. But the principal writing was done by Davis. Duffy is described by John Mitchel, in his Last Conquest, as having "good literary talent, great ambition, abundant vanity, but defective education. Dillon," he adds, "was a man of higher mark and greater acquirement; but both these were indolent; and, in fact, Davis took upon himself the burden of the labor." It was a herculean task he set himself, but he did not flinch; the amount of work he got through at this time is incalculable, and he would heap work on his friends, Pigot and Hudson, in a most surprising manner. Here is an extract from one of his letters to John Pigot: "Here are two fairy tales. Here is an air for you to criticise. By the way, as Hudson will be leaving town, I want you to read the music of the fourth and fifth numbers of the Spirit; and I want you to copy the Sean Bhean Vochd, Dalcais, Contented I Am, and the other airs needed for them, in your clearest MS. Will you also write out, with open lines for a bass, the Go no More a Roving, as I have a weakness for the words. Am I not imposing work enough on you?" But he met with stanch coöperation from his fellow-workers. The Library of Ireland; collections of the speeches of Irish orators (to which series he contributed Curran's Speeches, carefully

edited, with a very good memoir), and the Spirit and Voice of the Nation, were all his own ideas, and writing to his friend John Pigot, 17 of February, 1845, he says, "Madden's Grattan is out, and is the best specimen of printing ever seen in Dublin. Half of the Sheil is in type, and my Curran will be next; the intervals will be two months."

This will give some idea of the quantity of work he got through; all the labor connected with the getting out of the numerous volumes that appeared at this period, was his. "He was so busy," says Mitchel, in his Last Conquest, "supplying information and suggestions to his fellow-laborers that he had no leisure to apply himself to regular literary labor, and, as for his editorial articles, he often wrote them with a pencil, using for a desk, the top of his hat."

Those editorial articles were always short but pithy, going at once to the subject with which he was dealing, without any waste of words, or tricks of literary ornamentation. For writing for its own sake he cared nothing, and what he had to say — and he always had something to say in the shape of counsel, encouragement, or warning, — he said in the fewest possible words, which always struck home to the root of the question; his Essays are, of their kind, good, but as this kind of writing was nearly always done in a hurry, the printer's boy waiting for "copy," there is no masterpiece of literature left to which the reader can be referred; "but there is enough," says his friend Wallis, "to make men love him, and guess at him — and what more can the best of readers do with the supremest writer, though he lived to the age of Sophocles or Goethe. The true loss is of the oak's timber, not of its acorns, or of the flowers at its base. The loss of its immediate influence on the events of his time, and on the souls of his contemporaries by guidance and example — that is the true bereavement; one which possibly many generations to come will be suffering from and expiating, consciously or unconsciously." But his poems are the outcome of genius; the simple pouring out of a mind filled with the true poetic feeling, without any straining after effect, or obscuring of his meaning in mystic phraseology. Poetry with him was a passion, not a fashion. It was not till after the establishment of the Nation that he turned to poetry, and then only at the earnest request of his friends who felt sure that he had the gift, although he had written nothing of the kind, not even schoolboy verses; but *Pœta nascitur non fit,* the time called for some poet who could awake the people to enthusiasm and inflame them with a heroic love of country, and the Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neill appeared. Then came the Men of Tipperary, and the Vow of Tipperary, to both of which his friend William Elliot Hudson wrote music. His Fontenay is considered to be his finest poem; but of his pieces not exclusively national, nothing can exceed in sweetness and pathos My Grave, of which I cannot refrain from quoting the concluding verse:

"On an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn — but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees —
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair,
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through —

By my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
'He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind.'
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

In addition to his labors on the Nation, he also undertook to write a memoir of Wolfe Tone for the Library of Ireland; but beyond the gathering of materials for it, nothing was done about it; his multifarious labors delayed its preparation, and death cut short his task. In a letter to John Mitchel, dated 7th July, 1845, he says, referring to the memoir of Tone, "What between the Nation, and the bigots, and the quantity of exercise needed to keep me in health, there is small chance of my writing at all for the series, though I would greatly like to do so."

Again writing to Mitchel, he says:

BAGGOT-STREET, September 6, '45.

MY DEAR MITCHEL:—C. G. D. told me you had heard many particulars as to Wolfe Tone from the Rev. Mr. Thackeray, of Dundalk. Would you spare an hour to put them down, especially anything as to his manner and views of future events in Ireland? Mr. Thackeray kindly answered my note, but seems to distrust his memory.

Truly yours, THOMAS DAVIS.

P. S. The sooner I hear, the better.

The meaning of this postscript is clear,—ten days later Thomas Davis was dead.

It was towards the end of 1842, that Mitchel first met Davis, and a warm intimacy sprung up between them which death alone severed. Davis it was, who first encouraged Mitchel in his writings, and urged him to write that Life of Aodh O'Neill, which is one of the most admirable works that gifted author produced, and has a new charm for the reader on each perusal. Sometimes Mitchel would continue an article in the Nation, that Davis had left unfinished, and then Davis, with that perfect unselfishness and generosity which was such an endearing trait in his character, would regret that he had not left the writing of the whole article to Mitchel, and afterwards, when he collected those articles of his own, and republished them in the Voice of the Nation, over his own initials, he was careful to exclude Mitchel's portions, although a vain man would have left all in, and taken to himself the honor of the more brilliant writing of his colleague. Those articles always appeared signed T. D., and his poetic *nom-de-plume* was always "The Celt." His personal appearance is thus described by one who knew him intimately at the time: a man of middle stature, strongly, but not coarsely built, with a complexion to which habitual exercise, for he was a great walker, and habitual temperance, gave a healthy glow. A broad brow and strong jaw stamped his face with a character of power, but except when it was lighted by thought or feeling, it was plain and even rugged. His carriage was not good; a peculiar habit of leaning towards you when in familiar conversation, arising from the eagerness of his nature, gave the appearance of a stoop, and he dressed and walked as carelessly as a student is apt to do. His glance was frank and direct as a sunbeam, he had a cordial and winning laugh, the prevailing expression of his face was open and genial, and his voice had tones of sympathy, which went straight to the heart."

Mitchel says, in his Last Conquest:

"His figure was not tall, but compact and active. He walked fast, and with his head held slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and impulsive characters. But he was no mere

revolutionist. In the antiquarian re-unions at the academy, none was heard with more respect; in the gay drawing-rooms of Dublin, none was a more welcome guest. He laughed seldom, but heartily. He had not time to marry; but he loved passionately, as such men must, and over his early grave a fair woman shed tears."

Of this love episode in his life, but little is known, and only once in his letters to his friend, John Pigot, does he allude to it, and then in half jest. "I wish I was in love, but I cannot find any one glorious enough;" this is all he ever wrote or said about it that we can find. Some time in 1844 he became engaged to a lady whose remarkable beauty, great intellectual gifts, and noble character, had fascinated him. This lady was Miss Annie Hutton, daughter of an English gentleman then residing in Dublin; (her brother, Mr. Thomas Maxwell Hutton, J. P., is still living, a much respected citizen of Dublin). His acquaintance with, and introduction into this family was one of the happiest events in his life, and many pleasant hours did he spend in the society of this elegant lady whom he hoped to make his wife. Writing to John Pigot, in September, 1844, he says, "You have Hibernicized the Huttons so much that they have borrowed a lot of my collection of Irish Airs, and the lady whose name you wrote so flippantly sings the Bonny Cuckoo. Are you very vain for all this?" His admiration for this lady grew into love and he proposed for her; she returned his love, and they were to have been married; but death came with cruel suddenness, and carried him off, and this so affected her health, which had always been delicate, that she never recovered the shock, and she died, unmarried, on the 7th of June, 1853, at the early age of twenty-eight.

Sarah Curran will ever be remembered as the betrothed of Emmet; let history likewise ever treasure and preserve the name of Annie Hutton, the betrothed of Thomas Davis.

On the 27th of May, 1845, a violent scene occurred at the Repeal Association between O'Connell and Davis, which had the effect of alienating the Nation partly from O'Connell. "He (O'Connell) was very wrath," says Davis, writing to Pigot, "at the tone of the Nation of Saturday, where I treated him as an equal." The truth of the matter was that O'Connell had grown jealous of the growing power of the Nation, and the men who worked on it, and he began to fear that the sceptre which he had so long wielded was passing from him, and he thought that by picking a quarrel with them, he would be asserting his supremacy in the Association; but they did not want to usurp his authority, they only desired to see the Association working for the ends for which it had been established. The question of Catholic education was almost the only subject now discussed in Conciliation Hall. Repeal had taken a back seat from the time O'Connell was released from prison, and Davis saw too well that his dreams of years were to be dissipated, and though he never relaxed his exertions the disappointment preyed upon him. He still continued his labors at the Nation office, and towards the end of summer, 1845, was the only one left at the post, the others, including Duffy, had gone to take a well-earned holiday; and when Duffy, who was the first to return, wanted to relieve him at his post to enable him to take a rest, he would not hear of it, said he did not need holidays, whereas none stood more in need of thorough rest and relaxation. Shortly afterwards he sent a note to Duffy from his house in Baggot-street,

saying that he was "not very well, but that he would be all right in a few days;" the tone of the letter was so careless and unconcerned that Duffy attached no importance to it; but had he known that the writer of it was tossing on a bed of fever, he would have been filled with well-grounded alarm, for his constitution was in no condition to wrestle successfully with typhus fever, worn out as he was with over-work and disappointments. All too soon the end came, and on the morning of Tuesday, the 16th of September, 1845, he died in the arms of his faithful servant Neville, at the early age of thirty-one. Three years incessant labor and excitement, operating on an ardent temperament and unresting brain, had done their work; disappointment and despondency, too, had their share in wearing down his frame. He saw the powerful organization in which he had trusted gradually weakening, and lowering its tone; but it was happy for him that he passed away before the famine had desolated Ireland, before the exodus of her people to America, the splitting up of parties, and the imprisonment and scattering of his friends.

The genuine sorrow which pervaded the country when the news of his death became known cannot be described; it was no mere conventional sorrow, passing away before the subject of it is cold, but real grief for the loss of one who was the best liked and most generally admired and looked up to of the men of his day. It was at once resolved to give him a public funeral, and on the day his remains were laid in the family vault, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, the streets of Dublin presented an imposing spectacle; all the members of the Eighty-Two Club, the Corporation of Dublin, and the members of the Repeal Association took part in the funeral procession. The Royal Irish Academy, the Archæological Society, and the various other societies and public bodies sent deputations; and an eye-witness states that he never saw more strong men shedding tears. "Many a tear shall I shed in the memory of that noble youth," said O'Connell; "but how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity affects the country." Duffy, who almost idolized Davis, seemed for a time bewildered and stunned by the blow. Mac Nevin never recovered himself, but, drifting aimlessly about, eventually became hopelessly insane, and died in a lunatic asylum.

Such was the life and death of Thomas Davis, one of the truest, purest, and best Irishmen who ever breathed; and whose loss, it is not too much to say, can be seen and felt in Ireland even to-day. Speculating upon what might have been, is ever a fruitless task; but one cannot help thinking that had Thomas Davis lived, the destinies of Ireland might have been different. But the destinies of countries, as well as of men, are in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, so let us

"In His decisions rest
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best."

Charles Gavan Duffy, writing in July, 1866, says of Davis: "It never has been my good fortune to meet so noble a human creature; so variously gifted, so unaffectedly just, generous, and upright, so utterly without selfishness, and without vanity; and I never expect to meet such another."

The Warder, a Dublin newspaper, and a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote thus when he died: "With a scholarship in general literature, as well

as in history and in politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and the noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest, and guilelessly honest laborer in the cause of his choice; and in its service he lavished, with the unreserve of conscious genius, the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect. He was undebased by the scheming of ambition, untainted by the rancor of faction; and if we pass by the error of a wrongly-chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims upon their admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties, and in none had he an enemy."

I cannot more fittingly conclude this sketch than with the lines of John Fisher Murray to the memory of Davis.

"Heavy and quick my sorrows fall
For him who strove with might and main
To leave a lesson for us all,
How we might live — nor live in vain.
O'er thy grave,
Thy spirit dwelleth in the air;
Thy passionate love, thy purpose brave,
Thy hope assured, thy promise fair.
Generous and wise, farewell! — Forego
Tears for the glorious dead and gone;
His tears, if tears are *his*, still flow
For cowards and slaves living on."

Dublin, Ireland. P. A. LILLARD.

In Memoriam of the Late Cardinal Manning.

IT is related of Cardinal Manning that a few days before his last illness to a friend's inquiry regarding his health he answered, with his gentle smile, "I am quietly slowing into the station."

"Slowing quietly into the station;"— ah! traveller, the station is gained
The lights on thy glad eyes are flashing — the while ours are tear-dimmed and strained.
Safely slowed into the station, where nor mourner nor watcher may peer,
Listening the greeting seraphic that only the chosen may hear.
For us is the plaint of the hapless, for thee is the pean of bliss,
In the land thou hast gained is rejoicing, while the shadow of loss is on this.

Illustrious! They miss thee — the helpless — thy right hand was strong to sustain;
They miss thee — the stricken — thy solace was never withheld from their pain;
They miss thee — the seer and the simple — thou blending of "Serpent and Dove;"
We desolate millions — we miss thee — our Christ-like exponent of Love,
The tributes, ah me! how they thicken — in sermon, in speech, and in song;
Retold are the deeds that as incense made fragrant thy life path so long.

The white hand of Science hath crowned thee! The warm heart of Labor enshrined,
One revering the soul sympathetic; one honoring the triumph of mind.
And to-day while the roses of England droop votive and fair by thy bier,
There is place for the shamrocks of Erin, — the land "that in sorrow was dear."
Her saint — memories spake to thy sainthood — her wrongs to thy manhood appealed,
And when slanderous darts thickened 'round her, thy truths were as "buckler and shield."

"Safely slowed into the station," but ah! not forgetful, we know,
Of the wayfarers still in the struggle, of the toil and the travail below.
The heart of the victor will yearn, as the heart of the hero hath done,
Over those he led on to the battle, tho' their laurels as yet be unwon,
And the voice, that in wonderful pleading resounded till nations were stirred,
For a cli ntage wide as the world, shall arise in the courts of the Lord.

MRS. T. F. HALVEY, in New York Freeman's Journal.

Sayings of the Saints.

It is by the cross that we have been redeemed and delivered; it is by virtue of the cross that we are sanctified and glorified.

"Oh, if you knew the mystery of the cross!" said St. Andrew, in reply to the tyrant who bade him renounce Jesus Christ because He had been crucified like a common malefactor. "The cross is not only the instrument upon which Jesus Christ has suffered, it is a pulpit from which our divine Master gives to His disciples the most salutary lessons," says St. Augustine. "No matter what may be the temptation which assails you, if you meditate religiously upon your crucifix, you will be enlightened," says St. Thomas. St. Philip Beniti, being at the point of death, asked for his book. The assistants knew not which book he desired. One of his disciples, entering into his thoughts, brought him a crucifix. "This is my book," said the saint, and taking it in his hands, he kissed lovingly the wounds of Our Saviour, and expired. May this be our book! Let us read therein the great love which Jesus Christ has for us.

Jesus Christ was willing to suffer as much as He would have deserved to suffer had He been guilty of all the sins which have been committed in the world and of all those which will be committed. — *St. Bonaventure.*

St. Catharine, of Genoa, meditating upon the love of Jesus Christ which nailed Him to the cross to expiate our sins, cried: "O Love! O Love! no more sin, no more sin." Let us unite with her in the same language. St. Mary Magdalene, of Florence, continually offered herself as a holocaust to God; she offered to Him all her thoughts, all her words, all her actions, promising Him in future to do nothing but in His divine wounds. Raising her eyes often to heaven, she would exclaim: "Lord, Thou knowest that from my infancy to this moment I have desired ardently to please Thee."

Calvary is the mountain of Jesus Christ. Love that is not born of passion is weak. — *St. Francis of Sales.*

"Let us consider our divine Saviour extended upon the cross as on an altar of love, where He dies of love for us. Ah! why do we not embrace Him in spirit, and die upon the cross with Him Who would die for love of us?" says the same saint. St. Marcus and St. Marcellianus, having their hands and feet nailed, said to their tyrant: "We never before tasted such delights, since we are here for the love of Jesus Christ." Let the cross of Jesus live in our hearts, and the heaviest of crosses will appear light. St. Francis of Assisi, suffering greatly, said: "My God, I thank Thee for all Thou hast given me to suffer. Grant that I may suffer a hundred times as much, if it be Thy will. It is agreeable to me that Thou spare me not here below; the accomplishment of Thy will is for me a source of abundant consolations."

He who lives constantly united to God sees with the eyes of his soul Jesus dying on the cross. In the wounds of his Saviour he finds strength to suffer, not only with patience, but with joy. — *St. Bonaventure.*

St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, being condemned to be torn by wild beasts, wrote as follows to the Romans. His letter breathes an ardent desire for sufferings. "Suffer, my children," said he, "that I be ground by the beasts, that I may become the wheat of Jesus Christ. I seek nothing

but Him Who has died for me. The only object of my love is He Who was crucified for me, and the love I bear Him makes me desire to be crucified for Him." St. Gertrude said to Jesus Christ: "O my Saviour, Who hast loved me and hast suffered for me, I offer for Thy glory all that I have suffered, all that I suffer, and all that I shall suffer. Look upon the love which animates me; grant that it may be a pleasure to suffer because Thou hast willed that I should suffer, Thou Whom I love more than I love myself."

There is nothing that produces in the soul so universal a sanctification as meditating upon the Passion of Jesus Christ. — *St. Bonaventure.*

Father Balthazar Alvarez often repeated to those whom he directed: "Do not persuade yourself that you have made any progress in virtue until you have fixed in your heart Jesus crucified." It was through studying Jesus crucified that St. Francis became filled with so ardent love as to merit the title of Seraphic. So abundantly did he weep on meditating on the Passion of Our Saviour that he nearly lost the sight of his eyes. Shall we forget Jesus crucified? A servant of God, fixing his eyes on his crucifix, said: "To preserve yourself from sin, to animate your patience, to excite your love for Jesus Christ, behold your God upon the cross. Will you dare to sin? Behold your God upon the cross. Will you complain in your sufferings? Behold your God upon the cross. Is He not worthy of all love?"

A Little Brown Hand.

THE slave-dealers extend their activity even to the very doors of Biskra, and one of the most dramatic features of the ceremony of the consecration of the monks was when Cardinal Lavigerie led to the altar a little brown girl barely nine years old, who had succeeded in concealing herself, and in effecting her escape from a slave caravan passing through the desert a few miles to the south of Biskra. A sudden movement of the child caused her to drop something that she was holding concealed beneath the folds of her djebba. The venerable prelate bent down and raised it from the ground. It was a small, dusky hand, the hand of the little girl who stood beside him, and which, in sheer wanton cruelty, had been cut off by her captors. Holding it aloft, and pointing it southward toward the great Sahara, while with his own hand he raised the child's arm so that all present could see the mangled stump, the Cardinal exclaimed, in tones that seemed to ring forth as a clarion: "I would to God that all Europe could see this little hand! May it serve to direct your line of march. '*En avant,*' for God, for France, and for humanity!"

THE Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, speaking at the Donegal Federation Convention, referred to Lord Salisbury's recent speech, and as a representative Irishman and prelate of the Catholic Church, denied that the Celtic race, in their long ecclesiastical history, had tyrannized over Protestants.

GET your neighbor to subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The Lynch Family.

On the occasion of the return of Don Patricio Lynch from Lima to his native country (Chili) a most able and interesting article on the Lynches appeared in some of the Chilian papers, the author of which is not mentioned, but whose name, if we may judge from the vigorous and playful style, the affection for everything Irish, the pride in the ancient glories of Ireland, and the thorough knowledge of her history and sufferings it displays, is B. Vicuña MacKenna. At the very outset the writer quotes the authority of Canon Ulicke Burke to prove that the name Lynch is not Saxon, but Irish. "It is plain," says the author, "from books, from histories, and from local chronicles, that the original nest from which the widespread family of the Lynches flew forth like birds of passage, was the town of Galway, in the west of Ireland, and it is a curious circumstance that all the Lynches of Chili having shown a passion for a sea-faring life, the name itself should be derived from that element, Lynch or Loingseach, meaning in the Celtic language, sailor, or the captain of a vessel.

After referring to the Milesian origin of the Lynches, the writer says that it was under James Lynch, who flourished in Galway in the year 1493, that the "Lynch law," so popular in the United States, was first established. The writer then comes down to more modern times, and depicts with wonderful accuracy the struggles of the Irish in behalf of their religion, and their loyalty to the brutal and cowardly King James II., their defeat of William at Limerick, the final discomfiture of the Irish National Party at Aughrim, and the treaty broken as soon as made, and finally, how the Lynches, the McMahons, the O'Donnells, the McKennas, the O'Reillys, the O'Donoghues, the O'Carrolls, and many other noble Irish families left their country forever, and took service in the armies of France, Spain, and Austria. Several of the Lynches of Galway emigrated to the United States, and it was one of them, Thomas Lynch, who signed the article of the American Independence in 1776. Another branch of the Lynches remained in their native city of Galway, and only recently they were visited there by one of the oldest survivors of the family, Doña Luisa Lynch de Morla Vicuña, from Chili, who has gone to form acquaintance with the ancient stock of her family in the land of her ancestors. The original founder of the Lynch Family of Buenos Ayres, the Lynches of Chili, and those of Peru, was Don Estanislao Lynch. He was probably a descendant of one of the many Lynches who fought at Aughrim, and he married a beautiful lady of the surname Galein, in Spain. He was great-grandfather of Vice-Admiral Don Patricio Lynch, who has earned so many laurels as seaman, soldier, and diplomatist in the Chilino-Peruvian war.

D. Estanislao came to Buenos Ayres, and one of his sons, Don Justo Pastor Lynch, got married to Doña Ana de Roo, by whom he had two sons. One of these was D. Patricio, who died in Buenos Ayres a short time ago, leaving a large fortune, and the other was D. Estanislao Lynch, who, though he was rich in Buenos Ayres, Santiago, and Lima, died poor in Valparaiso. Colonel Lynch, who was assassinated by Rosas, was uncle of these two brothers. D. Estanislao was the intimate friend of O'Higgins, and crossed

the Andes with him and San Martin. He married in Santiago a renowned beauty, named Carmen Zaldivar, who is still alive and the mother of a large family. She called her first son Patrick, a name very common in Ireland and Spain. The bishop of South Carolina, who was present at the Œcumenical Council, and voted for Papal infallibility, is named Patrick Lynch, and so is a sturdy carpenter who works on the railway from Pisco to Ica. This latter "Paddy" was mistaken for the Vice-Admiral during the Peruvian war, and was ordered to be carried prisoner to Lima by Colonel Zamudio. There was also a family of the Lynches in Trujillo, in Peru, who were remarkable for their great wealth and great piety. D. Estanislao, though simply a merchant, was a man of great strength of mind and intelligence. In the year 1824, he, with his family, was enjoying himself in the palace of the Liberator in Peru, and Mrs. Lynch, the mother of the present Vice-Admiral, was then considered a star among the beautiful Limeñas.

It is rather a curious circumstance that the last conqueror of Peru should have visited that land while he was still in the cradle, and it is still stranger that in his early youth he should have resided in the palace of the Pizarros, where he was confined by Bulnes, who took this means of punishing him for having cut off the ear of a Peruvian officer on the field of Amaancaes. It is that same palace that the Vice-Admiral Lynch has just restored to the Peruvians, after having occupied it three years as Chilian dictator. The article from which we are culling, after comparing Vice-Admiral Lynch to the Black Prince and Prince Frederick Charles, concludes as follows: "The name of Lynch holds a prominent place in the history of the great achievements of Ireland and her chivalry. Can we not say the same of our history? Times, traditions, and men are known across the span of ages. The Lynches of Chili are the Lynches of Ireland. The Lynches of Chorrillos and Miraflores are the Lynches of the Boyne and of Aughrim, with this exception, that the latter died for their country, while the former conquered for theirs."

So far the article in the Chilian papers. We are informed, however, by an old Irish resident, that D. Estanislao, the father of the distinguished Vice-Admiral of Chili, was not a brother, but an uncle of D. Patricio, who died full of years and honors not very long ago. He had two brothers, Don Antonio and Don Manuel. The latter is still living. Don Patricio (of Buenos Ayres) had ten sons and two daughters. Only two sons are now living, and the daughters are now Mesdames Gainza and Frere. The Lynches of this country hold legitimate title deeds to valuable property in Galway, of which their ancestors were unjustly deprived by the English invaders. The Lynches of Chili are remarkable for their fair appearance as well as for other good qualities. D. Patricio Lynch's daughter, Doña Julia, is considered one of the handsomest women in Santiago — a city remarkable for fair women.

Southern Cross, Buenos Ayres.

A FINE of five hundred francs was inflicted on the proprietors of the Figaro newspaper, on account of their having solicited and received subscriptions for the payment of the fine imposed by the Appeal Court on the Archbishop of Aix. Those French Republicans have strange ideas of liberty.

St. Patrick's Day.

Dedicated to Rev. J. M. Kiely, rector of Transfiguration Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose learning, piety and patriotism eminently characterize the Irish priesthood.

TRUE as the needle 's to the pole, as this dull earth goes 'round,
And certain as the lightning's flash evokes a rumbling sound,
The Irish heart, where'er it beats, at home or far away,
Expands with joy as morning breaks to hail St. Patrick's Day.

Its advent truly chronicles the glory of the Gael,
Since the banner of the cross was raised in happy Innisfail;
Since the light of our enduring faith illumed her pagan sky,
When Erin, faithful Erin, knelt to worship God on high.

Behold her in the Springtime of a blooming, golden age!
The hope of nations, then unknown, writ in her virgin page;
Her mission sketched by Providence — in Christian robes array'd,
She preached with burning eloquence, the cross of her crusade.

And then, we see her seated on a throne of blazing light,
Resplendent in her mission, like the vernal moon at night;
A crown of learning on her brow, the crucifix her crest;
Her famous schools and colleges the glory of the West.

Her holy men and women sought new fields in every land,
Wherein to plant the tree of life to blossom and expand;
Spreading hope and consolation around them on their way;
Teaching liberty and progress where they went or came to stay.

What precious fruits were gather'd in the vineyards they had tilled!
What richly laden granaries with golden grain were filled!
While flocks redeem'd from slavery were nurtured in the fold,
By those faithful shepherds of the cross by whom they were consoled!

What a glorious mission, Erin, for ages, has been thine!
And still goes onward, Erin, with no semblance of decline;
Still preaching and professing; still dispensing, far and wide,
That charity and peace and love for which our Saviour died.

And in that sacred mission, Holy Island of the sea!
Thy children, scattered o'er the earth, preserve their faith in thee;
That faith, which knows no waning, seeks a home beyond the skies,
Where, when human thrones have crumbled, the immortal soul shall rise.

LAWRENCE G. GOULDING.

WHEN Christ appeared on earth the condition of woman was most deplorable and degraded. She was the slave of man and the victim of his unbridled passions. The wife had no right which the husband was bound to respect. But, thanks to the blessed influence of Christ's teachings, she is no longer the slave of man, but his peer and equal. She is no longer a tenant at will, but the mistress of her household. She is no longer like Agar, liable to be a castaway and a wanderer on the face of the earth, but the queen of the domestic kingdom.

New York Catholic Protectory.

THE annual report of the New York Catholic Protectory has just been presented to the Legislature, giving an elaborate review of the work of the institution during the past year, which rounds off the twenty-ninth year of its existence. The report is in the shape of a bound volume covering nearly seventy pages of interesting matter. A special feature of the book is the successful illustration of the work of the institution by means of photography. A striking example of this kind is given in the picture of two little friendless boys as they appeared when taken from the streets by the Children's Society and transferred to the care of the Protectory. The picture of the same two lads, recently taken, after five years' residence in the Protectory, reveals a wonderful transformation, showing the benefits of careful training and education in every line of their features.

The report shows that during the past year no less than 3,123 boys and girls were admitted to the institution. Of these 689 were utterly illiterate at the time of their reception. Nearly 450 were destitute orphans, bereft of both parents. Over 1,500 had only one parent living, while the big balance of nearly 1,200 had both parents living, and had been taken from their charge because of their poverty or for neglect or cruelty.

The children thus gathered together represented the cosmopolitan mixture of nationalities in the city's population. Two thousand six hundred and ninety-eight were born in this country, 173 in Italy, 111 in Ireland, 43 in Germany, 42 in England, 18 in France, 11 in Scotland and several in Hungary, Belgium, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, and some in Canada, Mexico and South America. Amongst the number also are four little children of Syrian birth and parentage.

The curriculum of training in the institution shows that besides the advantages of a good technical education the boys are taught such useful trades as printing, shoemaking, chair-making, and farming, and the girls stenography and typewriting, knitting, glove-making, and cooking. A kindergarten is also in operation, with over 90 little tots in attendance.

The financial affairs of the institution summarized in the report gives the total per capita allowance paid by the city as $232,306.24. The estimate of the expense of supporting the institution shows that during the past year it has exceeded the income, while some necessary additions of new buildings to the institution, and the construction of a House of Reception for the children in the city, have entailed a debt of nearly $80,000.

The proceeds of the labor of the children in the industrial branches, it is expected, will partially reduce this amount; but the chief reliance of the institution is on the charity and generosity of its private patrons, and Dr. Richard H. Clarke, the president, concludes the report with an urgent appeal for financial aid.

The officers for 1892 are: President, Richard H. Clarke, LL.D.; vice-presidents, Bryan Lawrence, Michael P. Breslin; treasurer, Eugene Kelly; secretary, William J. Fanning; executive committee, William H. Hurst, Francis Higgins, Bryan Lawrence, John J. Rodrigue, John Harlin; attorney, Stephen Philbin.

The House of Reception is at Nos. 415 and 417 Broome street, and

attending physician, M. F. Maloney, M. D.; actuary, John J. Rodrigue; salesman, shoe department, Charles Black; detailed police officer, John J. Nolan.

The Board of Managers of the year includes Eugene Kelly, John O'Brien, Bernard Amend, Bryan Lawrence, James R. Floyd, Richard H. Clarke, Stephen Philbin, Joseph F. Carrigan, George B. Robinson, Michael P. Breslin, John J. Rodrigue, Frederick W. Floyd, Francis Higgins, John Burke, Robert J. Hoguet, R. Duncan Harris, John Harlin, William J. Fanning, George D. Wagner, Augustin Daly, Martin B. Brown, Thomas C. Smith, Adrian Iselin, Jr., William H. J. Hurst, Charles V. Fornes, Peter Doelger. Ex officio, Hugh J. Grant, Mayor; Frederick Smyth, Recorder; Theodore W. Myers, Comptroller.

George Washington.

HIS APPRECIATION OF THE PATRIOTISM OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC CITIZENS.

AS our MAGAZINE appears before the Anniversary of Washington's birthday, we deem it appropriate to present to our readers a document which proves the high esteem in which the Catholic citizens who helped to achieve American Independence were held by that supereminent patriot, statesman, and soldier, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Shortly after Washington's accession to the Presidency, the corporate bodies, civil societies, and other organizations of a similar character, presented the first American President with addresses of congratulation expressive of their admiration for his character as a citizen, a soldier, and a statesman.

Animated with the same spirit of devotion to the New Republic, the Catholic clergy and laity of that period presented George Washington with the following document which their co-religionists of this day may peruse with mingled feelings of pride and congratulation.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLICS OF AMERICA TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SIR, — We have been long impatient to testify our joy and unbounded confidence on your being called, by a unanimous vote, to the first station of a country in which that unanimity could not have been obtained without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue. Our congratulations have not reached you sooner, because our scattered situation prevented the communication and the collecting of those sentiments which warmed every breast. But the delay has furnished us with the opportunity, not merely of presaging the happiness to be expected under your administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience. It is your peculiar talent, in war and in peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace you establish public tranquillity by the justice and moderation, not less than by the vigor, of your government. By example, as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow citizens. You encourage

respect for religion, and inculcate, by words and actions, that principle on which the welfare of nations so much depends — that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world and watches over the conduct of men. Your exalted maxims and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of our country have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration, America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature; she improves agriculture, extends her commerce, and acquires with foreign nations a dignity unknown to her before. From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive additional pleasure by recollecting that you, sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation. This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account; because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence, under your auspicious conduct — rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships. When we pray for the preservation of them where they have been granted, and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those states which still restrict them, when we solicit the protection of Heaven over our common country, we neither admit, nor can omit, recommending your preservation to the singular care of divine Providence, because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States as the prolongation of your health and life, in which are included the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsels, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtues.

In behalf of the Roman Catholic clergy.

✠ J. CARROLL.

In behalf of the Roman Catholic laity,

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.
DANIEL CARROLL,
THOMAS FITZSIMMONS,
DOMINICK LYNCH.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S REPLY TO THE CATHOLICS OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN: While I now receive with much satisfaction your congratulations on my being called by a unanimous vote to the first station of my country, I cannot but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government, you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity enhances the pleasure which I would otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation than could reasonably have been expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance in a great degree resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow-citizens of all denominations.

The prospect of national prosperity now before us is truly animating, and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure the happiness of their country in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of a divine Providence, the protection of a good government, and the cultivation of manners, morals, and piety, cannot fail of attaining an uncommon degree of eminence in literature, commerce, agriculture, improvements at home, and respectability abroad.

As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and my health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct; and may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity. G. WASHINGTON.

Catholic Literature.

"WHEREFORE since custom has made newspapers a necessity, Catholic writers for them should labor principally to apply *to the salvation of society and the defence of the Church* that which is used by the enemy for the destruction both of the one and the other."—*Pope Leo XIII. to the representatives of the Catholic Press, February* 23, 1879.

"Unfortunately there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point out some slight error which can easily be remedied. . . . The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling, and is of but little use in the battle of truth."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

"The importance of Catholic literature and the Catholic press must not be forgotten. They are schools, and schools not only for the days of youth, but for the entire time of life, and they deserve and should obtain our warmest encouragement."—*Archbishop Ireland.*

"The charge is made that the Catholic press is not free to express itself as its conductors desire. Let it be free, I say, to do its part for God and country. Men will make mistakes—the best among us will occasionally go beyond the exact bounds of judiciousness, but better, I say, liberty with mistakes than mistakes with slavery."—*Archbishop Ryan.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

SHOULD be in every family. The price is only $1.50 in small clubs. There are one hundred large pages a month. $2 a year for single subscribers, but get a new one, and each gets it for $1.50 a year.

Death of Mrs. James Conway, Boston.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sarah Agatha, wife of James Conway, and mother of Katherine E. Conway, assistant editor of The Pilot. She died at the family residence, 5 Atherton Place, Egleston square, Boston, early Sunday morning, January 17, of pneumonia, complicated with heart disease. Mrs. Conway was a woman of fine mind, strong character and stately and attractive presence. She had just completed her seventy-second year, but looked many years younger. She was a native of Ballina, Ireland, and was of an historic family, the Austrian Boyles or O'Boyles — so called from the fact that the founder of the family had sought and attained in Austria the career which the penal laws denied him in his own country. She was related to the late Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, Ireland.

Her married life was spent partly in Liverpool, Eng., but chiefly in Rochester, N. Y., where her husband was for many years a well-known railroad contractor. She was the mother of five sons and four daughters, of whom these survive her: Mary, directress of the Collegio Americano, Buenos Ayres, S. A.; Katherine Eleanor, Boston; James J., Bridgeport, Ala.; and Margaret. For the past six years the family have made their home in Boston, and those intimate in the household learned to love and admire the modest, gracious and intelligent woman who was the heart of the home.

A year ago last summer Mrs. Conway's health, heretofore unusually robust, began to fail. Heart disease developed; but her fine constitution carried her through some severe attacks, and it was hoped that the precious life might still be greatly prolonged. Her last illness was of but three days' duration. She bore it with characteristic patience, and most beautiful and pathetic self-suppression — speaking of the end which she felt to be near to but one, lest she might add in the least to the grief of her afflicted household. She was fortified in the first day of her illness with all the last Sacraments, and retained full consciousness till her latest breath. In childlike resignation to the Divine Will, she died as one falls asleep — no struggle, no agony.

The funeral took place from St Joseph's Church, on Wednesday morning, January, 20, with a Solemn Mass of Requiem. The celebrant was the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, P. R.; deacon, the Rev. A. T. Connolly; subdeacon, the Rev. William Fennessy. Other priests present were the Revs. A. J. Teeling, P. R., of Newburyport; Denis O'Callaghan, of South Boston; J. D. Colbert, of Roxbury; P. B. Murphy, of Natick; and W. H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton. The pall-bearers were Messrs. T. B. Fitz, James Jeffrey Roche, of The Pilot; William J. Quinn, C. P. Donahoe, Frederick E. Conway, and George Murphy. The interment was at Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Father Murphy officiating at the grave.

The Supreme Court at Leipsic has decided that, to publish statements stigmatizing the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves as humbug, is a punishable offence, inasmuch as the veneration of relics is part of the ritual of the Catholic Church.

The First Mass in America.

COLUMBUS, in his life, beautifully illustrates the faith he professed. Catholic not only in name, but in the fervor of his practice, he sought in every action the greater glory of God and the interest of religion. Having, at length, after years of disappointment and delay, obtained the sanction of the Spanish government to his undertaking, he hastened to procure the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff upon his voyage, and made heaven the object of his enterprise; and when it pleased a benign Providence to crown his efforts with success, his first thoughts were to return his grateful acknowledgments to Him who preserved him amid the innumerable dangers to which he had been exposed.

Among the companions of Columbus there were, doubtless, those who were actuated by motives of interest or fame; the high-spirited cavalier, bound on a romantic enterprise; the hardy navigator ambitious of winning new laurels in unknown seas; the roving adventurer seeking novelty and excitement,— but the Church, which had blessed the undertaking, sought in the enterprise a higher and nobler end. Beside the hardy and robust mariner stood the meek and zealous missionary, whose sole ambition was to extend the domain of religion, and to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of the regions that might be explored.

As the last act of the pious navigator before leaving the port of Palos, in Spain, was to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon his expedition, his first act on setting foot upon the New World was an offering of thanksgiving to God, Who had conducted his voyage to so happy an issue. Falling to the ground, which he had so long and so anxiously looked for, he kissed it with tears of joy, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, uttered that beautiful prayer, beginning, *Domine Deus æterne et omnipotens*, which was subsequently repeated by all Catholic discoverers. His example was followed by his companions, who, in the fervor of their hearts, thanked Heaven for their preservation, and moistened the earth with their tears. The august Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time on the shores of America by Father Juan Perez, who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to the New World. Selecting an elevated spot, an altar was erected beneath a rude canopy, and here, for the first time on the vast continent, the priest of the Most High repeated the mystic words of consecration and broke the Bread of Life. There, amidst the beauties of nature, was laid the foundation of Catholicity in the Western World. Around this solitary altar, and at this first Sacrifice, Columbus and his mariners knelt in humble adoration, and poured forth their most fervent prayers. At a distance, grouped upon the ground, the rude natives gazed upon the scene in mute astonishment. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the minister of God turned to impart a solemn benediction to the venerable Columbus and his companions, who knelt before him. How solemn must have been that hour! how pleasing to the heart of the great navigator, who sought in all his enterprises rather the conversion of the heathen, and the extension of religion, than honors or wealth! How would that pleasure have been increased could he have foreseen the vast empire in which, in after times, the Holy Sacrifice at which he had assisted would be offered, not on one, but on ten

thousand altars; when his hundred followers would be multiplied into millions of true adorers of Jesus Christ.

Columbus had the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in all the prominent places he discovered. At Havana, one of the original chapels still exists on the spot where the astonished natives witnessed the grand and imposing ceremony — where for the first time that Sacred Name, at which every knee should bend, was proclaimed. At Isabella, in Spain, the ruins of the first church still remain.

Death of a Distinguished Jesuit.

Rev. Father Anderledy, the successor, and at one time coadjutor, of the late Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, died in Rome on January 18. Father Anthony Anderledy was born in Switzerland, June 3, 1819, and entered the Society of Jesus, October 5, 1838. He made his classical studies partly in his native country, and partly in Rome. After his return from Rome he was professor in the College of Fribourg, and then studied philosophy and theology. When the Jesuits were driven from Switzerland he came to America and finished his studies in St. Louis, Mo. His first place as missionary was Green Bay, Wis. In 1851 he returned to Europe, and after having undergone the last probation in Troachiemes, Belgium, he was employed in giving missions in Germany, where he proved to be an excellent preacher. But, on account of his failing health, he was soon removed from missionary work and appointed rector of the College of Cologne and Paderborn. In 1859 he became Provincial of the German Province and remained in this office for six years. Then he was appointed professor of moral theology in the College of Maria-Laach, and in 1869 rector of that college, whence he was called to Rome to be assistant of the General for the province of Germany, Galicia, Austria, Belgium, and Holland, and the missions belonging to this province in North and South America, Asia, Africa and Australia. He was an able theologian and excellent linguist, and had great experience in the administration, to say nothing of the excellent qualities of his character. Hence he was in every respect the right man as successor of Père Beckx. Father Anderledy was one of the cleverest and most adroit superiors the Society has ever had. He was a man of polished manners and autocratic temper. Among his many accomplishments not the least was his knowledge of languages. He spoke with remarkable ease and fluency French, Italian, German, Spanish, and English. Father Anderledy was very prominent in the Ultramontane League agitation in 1847, and shortly after the league came to an untimely end he was appointed Superior of the Province of Prussia. His acquaintance with the political and religious situation in the German-speaking countries, which had before been extensive, rapidly increased, and he was promoted to the high post of "Assistant for Germany," with jurisdiction over Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia. There are only some half-dozen of these "assistants" to the Superior, and the appointment is always for life, although the General Assembly of the Society has power to dismiss them; a power most rarely used. Father Anderledy's long connection with Germany had an important influence upon negotiations between Berlin and the Vatican.

Numbers 3 and 4.

BISMARCK'S lucky number is three. A correspondent sends along a paragraph which shows that the number four has been curiously associated with the life of the late French President Grévy. It seems that M. Grévy died after four days' illness, four years after his removal from the Presidency, at the age of eighty-four. He lived under four sovereigns in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and four governments then succeeded each other before he was elected President. Lastly, he died under the fourth President of the present Republic.

Furthermore, M. Grévy seems to have drawn four times more money in his lifetime than any one man should hold in those days of financial tightness, for while in office he received a salary, with emoluments, of seventy-two thousand pounds yearly, besides an allowance of twelve thousand pounds for expenses of the household, and twelve thousand pounds more for receptions. He contrived to save thirty thousand pounds a year, and has left a large fortune. While in practice at the Bar, M. Grévy received the largest fee ever paid counsel during this century. He held the lucky brief for his friend, M. Dreyfus, in the great Guano lawsuit and was paid altogether, forty thousand pounds. Not even the aggregate fees paid Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) in the Tichborne trial approached this splendid fee.

Bismarck's number, three, occurs in all religious writings with striking frequency. For instance, God is triune. Some persons find a trinity throughout nature, as St. Patrick did in the shamrock. The triune plan of creation is seen on the earth, sea, and air; the sun, moon, and stars; the fish, birds, and beasts; in the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms; in future, past, and present time.

Then again there have been three dispensations of truth — the patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian. Adam and Noah had three sons. There were three great patriarchs — Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Commandments were delivered on the third day. The length of Solomon's temple was three times its breadth. Elijah stretched himself three times upon the widow's child before bringing him to life. David bowed three times before Jonathan. Jonah was in the whale's interior three days.

Lastly, we find that three wise men came from the East to adore the infant Saviour, bringing with them three offerings. The Child was found after three days in the temple. Three apostles were with the Saviour at the transfiguration and three in the Garden of Olives. Peter was asked three times, "Lovest Thou Me?" and denied his Master three times. Our Lord found the disciples sleeping three times in the garden. He was nailed to the cross with three nails, hung on the cross three hours, and rose again on the third day. The ancients attached great importance to certain numbers, three and seven receiving the most attention. In these days most persons prefer to look out for Number One.

THE Paulists of New York city now number twenty-four priests, with eighteen novices and students. One half of these are converted Protestants.

Death of William E. Robinson.

Ex-Congressman William E. Robinson died, at an early hour on Saturday, January 23, at his residence, 92 Second place, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was born in the north of Ireland, came to this country when a young man, and subsequently studied and graduated at Yale College, in New Haven, Conn. Having decided to attach himself to the newspaper press as a profession, Mr. Robinson applied to the late Horace Greeley, by whom he was employed as special correspondent of the New York Tribune. His letters, written over the signature of "Richelieu," speedily attracted attention, insomuch that as soon as his personality came to be identified with his newspaper work, he was dubbed "Richelieu Robinson," a soubriquet by which he was known to the end of his life. In the early portion of his career, he was the Washington correspondent of the Tribune. These were the anti-telegraph days, when the daily newspapers had to depend on pony, and mail-coach, and pigeon expresses for their "early intelligence," which, usually, was several days old before it saw the light in print.

There was, at the time, an important measure before congress, in Washington, which had been referred to a special committee, the report of which, it was understood, would decide the fate of the bill when it came before the house, and was, therefore, withheld till the last moment. Through his acquaintance with one of the committee, Robinson obtained an "advance copy" of the report, which he at once dispatched to the Tribune, with the intimation that it was to be presented to the house on the following Monday. The Tribune, depending on its correspondent, printed the report as having already been made to the house; but, unfortunately, by some legislative complication, the committee had been unable to make any report at all; and the first view the members had of the measure was the printed exhibit given in the Tribune, when that paper reached Washington. The opponents of the measure at once made a row about what they characterized as an audacious breach of privilege, and "Richelieu" was summoned to the bar to answer for his infraction of the rules, and reveal how he had obtained the report. He refused to obey the speaker's order, or reveal the name of his informant; and, as a result, a resolution excluding him from the precincts of the house, during the term of that congress, was passed and recorded. That terminated his usefulness as a correspondent, for the time being; and he returned to New York. But Horace Greeley, feeling that he had been sacrificed for his endeavor to put the Tribune ahead of its contemporaries, stood by him loyally; and when Millard Fillmore, on the death of General Taylor, became President, Robinson was appointed to a lucrative position in the New York custom house.

In the last Whig campaign, in 1852, he stumped New Hampshire and Vermont in the interest of General Scott, the Whig nominee for President; but his success was very meagre, as he had nothing but the old Whig pabulum to offer to the Irish-American voters to whom he was expected to appeal: and when his positions were attacked by such veteran Democratic debaters as the late Col. Michael Doheny and others, he had to retire from the field, defeated, as his party was in the subsequent hard-fought election.

President Lincoln, later on, appointed him commissioner of internal revenue, in Brooklyn; and he held that office until he was ousted under the administration of Andrew Johnson. Then he went over to the Democrats, and was elected to congress from the South Brooklyn District, in which he lived; thus going back as a member with power to the house from which he had once been expelled. He served three terms in congress.

Mr. Robinson was once a very popular lecturer on Irish subjects. He was a fine elocutionist, his forte being the recitation of Irish poetry and historical quotations. He married, early in life, the oldest daughter of the late Mr. P. Dougherty, of Newark, N. J., who some years ago preceded him to the grave, leaving several children, with whom he has since resided in Brooklyn. Mr. Robinson was an intimate friend of Archbishop Hughes, and also of the late Bishop of Brooklyn.

St. Brendan.

ST. BRENDAN'S discovery of America is the subject of an interesting reference in Lippincott's Magazine, and, at this time of research, ought to specially arouse the attention of antiquarians. The writer in Lippincott's thus alludes to this almost forgotten hero: "Among pre-Columbian discoverers of America the claims of the Norsemen, or, properly speaking, the Icelanders, who, by their low stature and features, are somewhat different from the characteristic Swedes and Norwegians, and of the Welshmen under Prince Madoc are fairly well known; but those in favor of an Irishman, St. Brendan, Bishop of Clonfert, in Kerry, are not so familiar to us, although they are to the French. According to eleven different Latin manuscripts in the National Library, Paris, one of which dates from the eleventh century, St. Brendan left Tralee Bay about A. D. 550, on a mission to the undiscovered country which he believed to exist beyond the Atlantic. The vessel he embarked in with his companions and provisions, including five pigs, was caught in a current, and, after a voyage of many weeks, he landed in a strange country, where he taught the natives the truths of Christianity. After seven years he returned to Ireland; and subsequently tried a second voyage to the same country, as he had promised to revisit it, but was baffled by the wind and tide. He died in the odor of sanctity in 578, aged ninety-four years. The curious thing is, that when Cortez invaded Mexico he found the natives in possession of some of the doctrines of Christianity, which they said had been taught them by a stranger clad in a long robe, who came to them from the Holy Island beyond the sea in a 'boat with wings' many centuries before and promised to return to them. The advent of Cortez was, in fact, hailed as a fulfilment of this tradition."

SAID Mr. Samuel, before the Engineers' Club, Philadelphia: The best pavement for city traffic is one with an eighteen-inch concrete foundation, overlaid with a two-inch plank flooring, thoroughly covered with asphalt on both sides, and, on top of these, cedar blocks set on end, with half-inch joints filled with beach pebbles and asphalt. It gives a sure footing for horses, is comparatively noiseless and easily kept clean, and can be repaired in places without interrupting traffic or breaking up the rest of the street.

Patrick Sarsfield and Robert Emmet.

LONDON UNIVERSE: Statues to two distinguished and patriotic Irishmen are to be erected in Ireland — the one very soon, and the other at, it is to be hoped, no distant date.

Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, well deserves to be commemorated by all who honor bravery, combined with the most devoted fidelity to a sinking cause. In all history, ancient or modern, there has never appeared a nobler hero than Sarsfield. At the memorable Battle of the Boyne he fought against the Dutch invader with indomitable courage. At Aughrim he would have won the day were it not for the vanity of the gallant St. Ruth, who was killed without having communicated to Sarsfield the plan of action. At Limerick, which historic city will ever be identified with his fame, he gained immortal laurels, and proved that, even in defeat, a brave and honorable soldier may be a great man. His daring exploits in the glorious defence of Limerick are among the brightest chapters in the military history of Ireland, while his refusal to take advantage of the arrival of the French auxiliaries after he had signed the (too soon violated) treaty is a splendid memento of his stainless honor. It will soon be two centuries since Limerick fell, after a noble struggle, and it is more than full time that the statue of the chief of her brave defenders should be raised by the nation for whose liberty he fought. His last recorded words prove how deeply he loved his native country, for, though some seem to doubt that he uttered, when mortally wounded on Landen's plain, the memorable words, "Oh, that this blood was shed for Ireland!" there is no reason to doubt their authenticity. It is admitted that he died in a few days at an adjoining village, of fever caused by the wound. It is well that the Irish people should honor the memory of one who shares with Brian and Owen Roe O'Neill so much of Ireland's military fame.

"Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
Hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all."

Robert Emmet, too, is about to be similarly honored. It was seventy-six years lately since on the 20th September, 1803, that enthusiastic patriot gave up his young life for Ireland. He expressed the hope that honors should not be paid to him till better times arrived. Better, far better, times have come. Creed now makes no man the serf of another. There is no disobedience to Emmet's last injunctions in now paying homage to those virtues which have extorted the admiration even of the enemies of the land for which Emmet died. No man ever more closely attracted the love of those around him than the young martyr of 1803. "Were I," says Moore (who knew Emmet well), "to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, amongst the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." This is high praise, but it is not more than, by universal testimony, was well deserved.

Emmet was not wise — that is, of course, admitted — but Ireland will honor him as one who loved her and died for her freedom.

"The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our soul."

The First Echo of Home Rule's Victory.

THE first really great battle of Home Rule in England has been fought and won by the Home Rulers. We say the first, for though there have been many by-elections since the Liberals were turned out of power, and in most cases they have been carried by Gladstone's candidates, in no instance was the issue so squarely met as at Rosendale. The vacancy occurred by the elevation of the Marquis of Hartington to the peerage as the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Hartington had previously carried the district, as Unionist leader, by a majority of fourteen hundred and fifty. In the contest, Sir Thomas Brooks, the Unionist candidate, who had the personal support of Hartington, or Devonshire, as he must now be called, was beaten by an ordinary manufacturer, named Maden, by a majority of twelve hundred and twenty-five. Prior to the polling, an animated controversy had ensued between Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Devonshire, in which the latter exhibited a very bitter spirit towards his old leader, especially as to his "mischievous Irish policy," and the Duke's friends did not hesitate to invoke the epithets "liar" and "hypocrite" in their arguments. Mr. Gladstone in his letter charged: 1. That Lord Hartington carried this constituency in 1886, "promising the introduction into Irish local government of the representative principle, and a fundamental reform in the system of administration known and hated by Ireland under the name of Dublin Castle." 2. That "Ireland has for the first time been placed under a law of perpetual coercion." 3. That the "credit of the Exchequer has been pledged to the extent of a hundred millions sterling for the purchase of Irish estates." 4. That the present government "founds its chief claim to favor on its having done more than any other Tory government to alienate the Irish from the British people, and to dishonor the names of law and order by making them a pretext for trampling on liberty, for promoting the interest of the landed class, and for undermining the Union, while professing to maintain it." These points were decided by the Rosendale constituency, which speaks for all Lancashire, as having been very well taken by Mr. Gladstone, whose arguments were strongly backed by the efforts of Mr. Michael Davitt, whose family made that particular locality their home after their eviction in Ireland. At the hustings Sir Thomas Brooks opposed the idea of an Irish Parliament, while Mr. Maden went squarely on record, and made his defeat or success dependent upon the endorsement of his belief that a Parliament in Dublin was necessary to the peace of Ireland and security of the Empire. Figuring upon the significance of this victory, the calculators put it down for a certainty that Gladstone will return to power this year with sixty majority.

BISHOP O'DYER, of Limerick, Ireland, drives the nail squarely home on the head when he says: "Is it not a foolish thing for any man or body of men to complain that they had not enough of money when they squandered what they had? It was a vain and foolish thing for men to complain that their hours of work were too long, when they did not give the time they were expected to work, but spent it in drunkenness. The workingman was himself the principal and primal cause of his own poverty. With temperance would come prosperity."

Death of the Earl of Charlemont.

THE death of the Earl of Charlemont, at Biarritz, recently, removes the possessor of an old and honored Irish title. The deceased was only a few days ill, but the present is a fatal time for invalids who have reached an advanced age, and Lord Charlemont succumbed to what was at first thought only a passing malady. Lord Charlemont, who had reached the ripe age of seventy-one years, never took any prominent part in public life. He represented Armagh in the House of Commons, from 1847 to 1857, and that would seem to be the sum of his public work, apart from the position which his inheritance brought him. He succeeded to the title in 1863, on the death of his uncle, and has since remained a silent member of the House of Lords. The family dates back to the reign of Elizabeth, when one Sir Toby Caulfield, hailing from Great Milton, near Oxford, came over to do the Queen's business against the formidable enemy of English domination, the great O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. Like so many others with a like mission, this Caulfield came to stay, and his residence was encouraged by the honors and considerable estates he acquired under the "plantation" schemes of Elizabeth and James I. In due course, the family became "more Irish than the Irish," blossoming out into that fine specimen of an Irish nobleman, James, the first Earl of Charlemont, who became the unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the historic Ulster Volunteers, a force which numbered twenty-five thousand fully armed men. As we are reminded in the publication recently issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, it was this descendant of Elizabeth's anti-Irish soldier who declared that "the emancipation of Ireland from the control of the Parliament of England had from his early days been the dearest wish of his heart." And he it was, too, who boasted that his having "contributed towards that object by the introduction of Henry Grattan into Parliament as representative of his borough of Charlemont was the happiness and honor of his life." The title, with the extensive Ulster estates, descends to Colonel Caulfield, D. L., of Drumcairne, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, and at present comptroller of the Household to the Lord Lieutenant.

TYPESETTING BY TELEPHONE.— The management of the London Times has utilized the telephone in a unique way. Telephone wires have been laid in the underground railway tunnel between the composing-room in Printing House Square and the Parlimentary reporter's gallery in the House of Commons. A copy reader placed at the telephone reads the stenographic "turns" from the note book as fast as it is possible for the compositors to take them on their typesetting machines in the Times building, a mile and a half away. At first the reporters did not take kindly to the innovation, but when they found that they could dictate their notes direct to the composing-room without the trouble of transcribing them, they began to look at the arrangement in an entirely different light. Proofs, of course, are sent to them for correction. Each machine can produce from five to six columns of solid minion a night. The Times is able to print in time for the 5 A. M. newspaper trains going to all points of the United Kingdom the whole of the debates, which are often continued until after 3 A. M.

Tribute of a Jew to the Late Cardinal Manning.

We need not have been surprised at the admiration expressed by the clergy of different Christian denominations, for the great qualities of heart, soul, and intellect possessed by this lately lost light of the church; but when the Hebrew even lauds his virtues and speaks of him in such a Christian spirit, our estimate of the man, the prelate, and the saint, must be greatly enhanced; and to think that such a man joined our Faith is one of the best evidences of the stability and truth of that creed. The N. Y. Catholic Review says: On the last Jewish Sabbath at the Temple Adereth Israel, East Eighty-Second street, after the regular service, the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. Callman, addressed his congregation as follows: "Before proceeding to the usual benediction it becomes my duty, and I esteem it a privilege, to pay a deserved tribute to the departed dead. Two days ago a man — a man in the broadest, noblest, sense of the word — departed this life; a man whose loss should be felt in every Jewish heart, and which should be sincerely mourned. In mourning for him our sorrow is not for one of our race or creed — a Catholic priest was he, but a priest of God, — a Catholic priest true to Catholicism, and still a priest of humanity. Cardinal Manning, head of the Catholic Church in England, prince of the Church, and prince of humanity. Aside from the fact that our faith and the Talmud teaches us to honor, love, and respect all noble and righteous men, whatsoever their faith may be, where is the Jew or Jewess who does not honor and revere the name of our friend, the friend of our race and our people, Cardinal Manning? When the persecutions of our people in Russia were inaugurated by the ascent to the throne of that fiend who to-day represents all that is hateful and shameful in government, a delegation of our brethren in London waited on the immortal Cardinal Manning to enlist his sympathy and solicit his aid against Russian tyranny and in behalf of the suffering Jews. Never to be forgotten are the words of this superb genius, the great wisdom and holy love of mankind displayed by this grand old man in his answer: 'I am more than gratified, I am honored, by this living proof that my efforts are appreciated in behalf of suffering humanity. You ask protection, my sympathy, my help. Has not your God and my God protected His people from the time of deliverance from Egypt up to the present day, and delivered them from evil? He will rescue them from the claws of Russian tyranny. As a priest of God I will contend for you. All my strength is enlisted in your behalf.' This my devout auditors, was said not by a Jew, but by a Catholic high priest, a man full of genius and love. Have we not then every cause to add to the name of Cardinal Manning, at every mention, of the expression which we use after the death of any of our heroes: 'Remember his name as a blessing.' He truly followed the precepts of his Master: 'Even as you do it unto the least of these, my brethren, you do it unto Me.' He fulfilled the spirit of the prophecy; the righteous are a blessing and live forever, even after their death, in the example they have left us. Peace to his ashes and honor, and love to his memory in the bosom of every true Jew. May he reap the reward of his good deeds in his everlasting home. Amen."

Notes on Current Topics.

THE Pope is sorely afflicted by the death of Cardinal Manning, whom he was wont to term "the father of the modern church."

AUGUST, of the present year, is regarded with some degree of certainty as the month in which the general election will be held in Great Britain and Ireland. Parliament will probably be dissolved some time earlier than the prorogation usually takes place.

A COMPLETE list of the ladies decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor has just been published in France. Out of fifty who received decorations since 1852, there were twenty-six religeuses, twenty-two of whom were awarded the Cross under the Republic. Surely inconsistency could not be better personified than in the persons of the statesmen who direct the destinies of the French nation. They bear the highest possible testimony to the heroic conduct of the nuns in attending to the suffering and the dying, and they expel them from the hospitals!

THE prominent (?) Catholic, who boasted at the press convention, "I don't read a Catholic paper because this has not yet been put on me as a penance by my Father Confessor," must have a very judicious and sensible spiritual director. He evidently appreciates the mental calibre of his penitent as a "prominent" Catholic by the length of his ears.

A CABLE dispatch from Rome announces the selection of Rev. Dr. Henry Gabriels as the successor of Rt. Rev. Bishop Wadham, of the See of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Dr. Gabriels was born in Belgium, about fifty-five years ago, and was educated for the priesthood in that country. He came to this country in 1864, when St. Joseph's Seminary was established at Troy. In 1871 he was made president of the seminary, which place he still holds. In addition to being president, he was professor of ecclesiastical history and Hebrew.

SIXTY thousand devout Mexican Indians assembled around the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe on December 12; and as a memento of the annual pilgrimage, each carried home a bottle of blessed water from Chapel Spring. The spirit of devotion is very strong among these native Mexicans and the years increase it.

AN important addition will soon be made to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. The recent generous donation of Rev. Father McMahon, of New York, will be used to erect a hall of philosophy, which will be named "The McMahon Hall of Philosophy," and the corner-stone of which will in all probability be laid in April. The building, the second of the six that are to make the university circle, will be two hundred and fifty feet in length, and will contain accommodations for the biological department, the schools of law and social science, rational philosophy, art and literature. A statue of the Redeemer, the "Light of the World," will surmount the central portion of the building.

MR. JOHN B. PIET of Baltimore, well-known throughout the country as one of the leading publishers of Catholic books, and formerly manager of

the Baltimore Publishing Co., has opened an agency in that city for supplying Catholic subscription books, periodicals, etc.; and he promises careful and prompt attention to all orders that may be entrusted to him. Collectors will be interested to know that Mr. Piet also deals in second-hand and rare Catholic books. He can furnish DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to new subscribers.

IN proof of the happy saying that converts coming to the Catholic Church are simply returning to the faith of their fathers, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop writes: "The Lathrop family is old Yankee stock, and has produced many Protestant ministers. The Rev. John Lathrop was a Separatist from the Church of England, and became the Puritan pastor of a church at Scituate, Mass. But his ancestors and mine, the Lowthorpes of Lowthorpe, Yorkshire, England, in the thirteenth century, were devout Catholics." This thought, — that they are going back into their Father's House, to the unity of the faith, ought to comfort those souls that have to go through the trying experience of changing their views for the Apostles' Creed.

REV. M. O'KEEFE, rector of St. Francis Church, at Towsontown, Md., celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood recently. An incident occurred in his career in 1869 which was recognized in the most substantial manner. A French frigate arrived in Hampton Roads from the Spanish Main with yellow fever on board. Father O'Keefe was sent for to attend the sick. He responded immediately and remained on board the frigate several days, only going ashore to bury the dead. He buried twenty-two or twenty-three of the officers and crew of the frigate at Sewell's Point, near Newport News. The dread of the fever was still in the town, and Father O'Keefe was forbidden to return to Norfolk, it being feared that he would bring the terrible disease with him. He took all proper precautions to prevent spreading the fever, and came to Baltimore where he remained two weeks, and then returned to his parish. In the meantime the admiral of the French fleet arrived in Hampton Roads, looking for the fever ship. He was informed of what Father O'Keefe had done, and when the priest returned there were two letters for him from the French admiral. One was a private note, in which the admiral expressed his personal thanks for what the priest had done; the other was an official letter, thanking him in the name of the Government for his services to its navy when in distress. In the following spring Father O'Keefe received, through Hon. Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State, a magnificent gold watch and chain from the Emperor Napoleon, with a letter expressing his gratitude for Father O'Keefe's services. The value of the watch and chain is not less than five hundred dollars. The watch is elaborately chased, bearing the imperial crown. On one side is engraved in bold relief this inscription: "Presented by the Imperial Government of France to Rev. M. O'Keefe, curé of Norfolk, Va., for services rendered the Imperial Marine, 1869."

LEO XIII. not only has the full loyalty of the Catholic world, but has won the respect and confidence of Christendom outside of it as well. The Evangelist (a sectarian paper) declares that though the Pope is growing old he gives no sign of the infirmities of age in the loss of mental capacity. He is still the wise counsellor and leader, and the astute diplomat in all

matters of civil and church polity. His recent encyclical to the Portuguese bishops, which has elicited much comment in clerical and political circles, gives clear evidence that so far as the civil or religious interests of his Church are concerned, he discerns very clearly the signs of the times. It shows that he has reached the point where he is prepared to support a policy, which is certain to bring the entire Church of Rome into accordance with the policy and practice which have been found necessary for its establishment and perpetuation in the United States.

"He was Good to the Poor."— The grandest eulogy that could be spoken of any man was uttered in the simple words that fell from one hundred thousand lips at the funeral of Cardinal Manning: "He was good to the poor." Nothing better could be said of any man.

Cardinal Manning's Last Message to Ireland.— One of the last recorded letters of Cardinal Manning is that addressed to Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., in which he wrote: "I hope to see the daybreak, and I hope you will see the noontide, when the people of Ireland will be re-admitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil; and shall be admitted, as far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the empire."

The interesting fact has become known that in the space of five years A. J. Drexel and other members of the family have given away over five million dollars for charitable purposes.

The Minister of Public Worship in France has stopped the salary of another prelate of that country, the Bishop of Carcasonne, because the latter lately went to Rome, without first obtaining the permission of that official. Perhaps the French government will order the bishops to ask leave to bless themselves! says the New York Catholic Review.

The death of Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, leaves Right Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, the bishop of Burlington, Vt., the sole survivor of the trio of priests who were promoted to the episcopate together by Cardinal Bedini, October 30, 1853, on which day occurred the first triple consecration ever witnessed in this country. Dr. Bayley, who was then consecrated the first bishop of Newark, but who was subsequently promoted to the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, was the first to go, fifteen years ago; and now Dr. Loughlin has been summoned to his reward, leaving the venerable Burlington prelate alone surviving of the trio.

The total Catholic population of Scotland is 352,749. The country is divided ecclesiastically into six dioceses, and has two archbishops, four bishops, 357 priests, 340 churches, and 324 parochial schools. The largest Catholic centre in Scotland is, of course, the great city of Glasgow, which has a Catholic population of 230,000.

Work and Wages.— The great Jesuit philosopher, Father Liberatore, writing on wages, says: "Virtually, therefore, work is to the workman, that which is necessary for the maintenance of himself and of his family. If, therefore, he works for his master, his master should repay to him the

equivalent, so as to preserve equality in the exchange, which means justice. *Justitia æquualitatem importat.* We may therefore lay down as a rule that the natural price of a man's labor is the price which, inclusive of the wife's earnings,—which cannot be much, because she has the care of the house,—will suffice to maintain him and her two or three little children, as an average number, considering how many die in their infancy. By such reckoning current wages ought to be regulated."

In a letter addressed to the editor of the London Trade Unionist, the late Cardinal Manning said: "Labor is distributed into such a multitude of forms, degrees, and interests, both skilled and unskilled, that there is danger of separation, and therefore of weakness. They can only be kept together by an intelligent consciousness of their mutual interdependence. This you will constantly enforce; and also that labor, capital, trade, and commerce are all subject to a supreme moral law. Political economy is subject to political morality. We remember when this was derided; but it is admitted now as an axiom in politics."

Happy would all Christian mothers be, if, at the end of their lives, they could say they were faithful to their children even to death. And unhappy must those mothers be who hand over their children to the influences of a false education, and when they are dying, know that they have left behind them children who will not even say a prayer for their souls. Their own hearts "a sword shall pierce;" but their sorrows shall never be crowned with joy, like Mary's, the Mother of God.

Cardinal Gibbons has given the weight of his great influence and high office to the movement to suppress the Louisiana Lottery. Writing to Gen. George D. Johnston he says: "I wish to express to you the hope, that the efforts of those who, like yourself, are opposing the renewal of the Louisiana Lottery Charter will result in the suppression of the evil that now rests on the fair state of Louisiana. The practical working of the company tends to enrich the few at the expense and misery of the many, to tempt the poor and those who can as little afford it to squander their earnings, the only support of dependent mothers, wives, and children, in the vain, delusive, Tantalus-like hope of one day becoming possessors of a winning number. Were the evil," he concludes, "confined solely to the state of Louisiana, I should refrain from giving expression to my sentiments; but since, like a giant tree, it has extended and spread its branches over the entire land, and embraced in the area of its operations Maryland and the District of Columbia, with which I am connected, I could not but raise my voice in protest and in prayer that our faithful people might help forward the good work of putting an end to its ravages."

Cardinal Gibbons was profoundly affected when informed of the death of Cardinal Manning. His Eminence at once imparted the sad news to the priests of his household, and was about to retire to his private apartments when another dispatch announced the death of Cardinal Simeoni. This totally unexpected announcement following so speedily upon the cablegram conveying the intelligence of the passing away of Cardinal Manning almost prostrated Cardinal Gibbons. Subsequently His Eminence gave the United

Press representative an interview, in which he said: "The death of Cardinal Manning is a great loss not only to the Catholic Church in England, but to the whole English-speaking Catholic world. Cardinal Manning was a seer, and scanned with almost prophetic eye the religious, social, and political horizon. Had he remained in the established church he would most probably have been elevated to the See of Canterbury. Had his lines been cast in other places, he would have been a chancellor of the exchequer as distinguished as Gladstone, as great a philanthropist as Wilberforce, an apostle of temperance as successful as Father Mathew, and had he been sent a missionary to foreign parts, he would have displayed a zeal reminding us of St. Francis Xavier. As a minister of state he would have been a worthy rival of Cardinal Ximenes."

GRIEVED as was the great Catholic heart, when the saddening news came of the deaths of Cardinals Manning and Simeoni on the same day, our sympathy wells up for our illustrious Father the Holy Pontiff Leo XIII. The shock must have been intense to the aged Pope. When the coincident deaths were reported to the Holy Father, he exclaimed, "I feel that my hour is fast approaching."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND: "By the death of Cardinal Manning the Catholic Church loses one of its most eminent prelates, and humanity is deprived of the services of one of its warmest friends," said Archbishop Ireland, who recently passed through Chicago on his way to Europe. "My chief idea, in making this trip to Europe was to meet Cardinal Manning, and enjoy a few days' visit at his home. Now that he is dead, I feel that the principal pleasure of my trip has been lost. He was indeed a truly great man, one who had few if any equals in the present age. His ability and character were of such high order that one can scarcely appreciate their loftiness. His whole life has been one incessant struggle for the betterment of mankind." Archbishop Ireland will visit Liege, Belgium, where he will attend the International Catholic Conference. He will be abroad four months and will visit Rome. The Archbishop's visit is also rumored to be in connection with the vacant cardinalship, and his appointment thereto is among the possibilities.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE IRISH QUESTION.—Cardinal Manning was at all times an outspoken friend of Home Rule, and among those who joined most heartily in paying respect to him on the occasion of his silver jubilee were the representatives of the Irish people. A deputation of fifty members of Parliament waited upon his Eminence at his residence, Westminster, and presented him with a magnificently illuminated address of congratulation. Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, introduced the deputation and read the address, which, he observed, was tendered by the unanimous resolution of the Irish party. The address, which was beautifully illuminated, stated that the Irish members welcomed an occasion in the life of his Eminence which was a cause of joy to the Christian world, and they reverently approached his Eminence to offer a tribute of gratitude to him on their own behalf and in the name of the Irish people. The document proceeded to allude to the great services rendered by the Cardinal in religion, in education, and in the social welfare of the people, special refer-

ence being made to his action on the occasion of the dock strike in London. The address concluded by warmly acknowledging the illustrious prelate's active sympathy with Ireland.

THE Alumni Association of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., held its annual reception banquet in the Parker House, Boston, on January 14. An excellent programme was rendered at the reception, after which the company sat down to dinner. Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., welcomed all to the annual banquet. At his right and left were seated the special guests of the evening, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Schmitz, D. D., rector of the Scandinavian College in Rome, Rev. M. A. O'Kane, rector of Holy Cross College; Rev. E. I. Devitt, S. J., rector of Boston College, and Patrick Donahoe of The Pilot, while dispersed along the table were many well-known representatives of the Catholic clergy and laity, and many of them alumni of the college. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Conaty, Dr. O'Kane, rector of the college, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Mgr. Schmitz, J. W. Corcoran, Richard Sullivan, William B. F. Whall, Rev. P. A. McKenna and Richard Mooney, and music and song were contributed by Rev. Father Buckley, S. J., and Frank Carr.

THE will of the late Rev. William A. Blenkinsop, the well-known priest of Boston who died a few weeks ago, has been filed in the Suffolk county probate office. In it are bequests of three hundred dollars each to SS. Peter and Paul's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, to Carney Hospital and to St. Mary's Infant Asylum. Then follows this statement: "It is my will, and I hereby direct, that all the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate shall be used for the benefit of SS. Peter and Paul's parish, especially on reducing the debt on its property." Joseph D. Fallon is appointed executor of the will.

THE Vatican is one of the most magnificent buildings in the world. It was occupied over one thousand years ago by the Emperor Charlemagne, and no one knows who began the building of it.

IN the recent debate on the Concordat in the French Chamber, the President, M. Floquet, abused his position by reviving the old calumny that Pius IX. was a Freemason, and calling to order those Catholics who protested against this insult to the memory of the late Pope. M. Paul de Cassagnac told the president plainly that he lied, and under the circumstances the rebuke was well justified. For this story about Pius IX. is not only an old calumny, but an exploded calumny. The story had its origin in the Italian Press some thirty years ago. A copy of the document was published which purported to be a "Masonic diploma," granted in 1839 by a lodge at Palermo to Giovanni Mastai Ferreti, afterwards Pius IX. There was also an alleged decision of the Grand Lodge of the Orient of Palermo, expelling Pius IX. from that order for having excommunicated his former brethren. There is another story that he had been received into the order by the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia while travelling as a Legate in North America. The fact that Pius IX., though he was once Legate to Chili, was never in North America in his life, did not prevent this legend from finding many people to believe in it. It is also tolerably certain that he was never in Palermo. But however this may be, the alleged documents were examined by a very competent authority, M. Caubet, at one time chief of the

Paris police, and also one of the leading officials of the Grand Orient of France. M. Caubet declared the documents to be clumsy fabrications, and further showed from facts and dates the impossibility of accepting the story which they were fabricated to uphold. M. Floquet can hardly be ignorant of these facts, so that M. de Cassagnac used the proper word when he described his insulting charge against the memory of Pius IX., simply as a lie.

THE National Democratic Committee, at a meeting held in the city of Washington, D. C., has appointed Tuesday, the 21st day of June, 1892, as the time, and has chosen the city of Chicago as the place, for holding the National Democratic Convention. Each state is entitled to a representation therein equal to double the number of the representation to which it is entitled in the next Electoral College: and each territory and the District of Columbia shall have two delegates. All Democratic conservative citizens of the United States, irrespective of past political associations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure, economical, and constitutional government, are cordially invited to join us in sending delegates to the convention.

BLESSED forever be the memory of Cardinal Manning for the saying: "I will not put one stone on another for a Cathedral for my diocese, until every Catholic child in London is attending a Catholic school!"

To those who may be willing to give ear to the tale of even *bona fide* "ex-priests," take the warning given by the Montreal Daily Witness, one of the bitterest foes the Catholic Church has, and remember that "ex-priests, until they are well known, are people to be very careful of, as it stands to reason that there must be a good many men who are ex-priests because they have fallen from *that standard of virtue that is required of a priest.*"

THE late Cardinal Manning was one of the most abstemious of men. He ate very little, and never touched wine. He said once, while speaking of intoxication: "It is the curse of mankind. It makes brutes of the English, and bacchanals of the Irish. Neither nation is improved by the use of alcohol, but it is easier to reform an Irish than an English drunkard."

MR. JOHN CASHEL HOEY died at his residence, 17 Camden Hill-road, London, recently. He was one of the "Young Ireland" party, being editor of the Nation for some time. In 1857 he left Dublin for London, where he was successful as a barrister, as a literary man, and as a worker in colonial affairs. He leaves a widow, but no children.

IN reply to the felicitations offered him at Christmas, the Pope delivered a brief address to the College of Cardinals. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to recur once more to the great question of labor, stating that while he had proposed in his recent Encyclical the true solution of the labor problem, he did not hold that his task was thereby finished. He regretted the action that had caused the discontinuance of the workingmen's pilgrimages; and, commenting on the jealousy of the Papacy manifested by many in connection with the Labor question, said that the same thing had occurred in connection with the abolition of slavery. Political passion and sectarian hatred repudiated the action of the Church as vain and useless.

"Nevertheless, in the midst of contradiction and opposition, the Papacy will pursue as ever its providential mission in the world — a mission of peace, of salvation, of redemption, even to the profit of those who war against it."

THE Pittsburg Catholic has entered upon its forty-ninth birthday, as full of energy and life as in the early days of its youth. May our venerable friend live long to battle for Mother Church.

THE Prince of Wales writing to the Westminster Chapter says: "I had the pleasure of a close acquaintance with Cardinal Manning and found him a most loyal and steady friend and supporter of the royal family. I greatly regret his loss, and am deeply touched by the kind words he used about my son."

CARDINAL SIMEONI died in Rome on the 14th of January. The eminent deceased had been in feeble health for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was the prevailing influenza. Cardinal Simeoni was born at Paliano, in the diocese of Palestrina, in 1816. When ordained priest he was already conspicuous for learning and administrative ability; and after various ecclesiastical promotions, he was finally chosen a member of the Sacred College by Pius IX., in 1875. His office of Prefect of the Propaganda, which he filled since 1878, caused him to be known all over the world, and he was universally esteemed for his many Christian and sacerdotal virtues. He was especially distinguished for his devotion to the foreign missions and to the head of the Church.

THE death of the Earl of Charlemont on the 12th of February, recalls the memory of the Irish Volunteers of 1782. The Earl of Charlemont of these days, was the friend and supporter of Grattan, and commanded the Volunteers when the demand was made for Irish legislative independence. When Grattan rose up in the Irish parliament and swore before the God of Justice that the wrongs of the people should be redressed, Charlemont was outside with fifty thousand armed men, regularly enrolled and disciplined, to enforce the demand. The earl just deceased was an unostentatious gentleman, who is said to have cherished the patriotic traditions of his family, and was one of the very few Irish noblemen who maintained his residence in Dublin. His magnificent demesne on the shore of Dublin Bay, near Clontarf, is well known to all tourists of Ireland.

THANK Providence there is to be no war between the United States and Chili.

THE "Independent" (Parnellite), commenting upon the result of the Rosendale election, says: "Clearly Mr. Gladstone has the country at his back. It is the duty of Ireland to press him to take the country into his confidence, and disclose the particulars of his Home Rule scheme."

THE TREMENDOUS HOME RULE victory in Rosendale proves that the battle for Home Rule is virtually won. It can now only be a question of months. The recent by-elections have proved incontestably that the feeling of England is in favor of performing the act of justice for which Ireland has so long prayed and toiled. To the so-called Liberal-Unionists and the Conservatives this defeat comes as a veritable Sedan and Waterloo rolled into one. The ministers ought to see that the attempts to stave off the

inevitable must be useless, and that they had better surrender gracefully to the force of public opinion. Their obstinate retention of office, in the teeth of the repeated manifestations of the disapproval of their policy by the people, is not the action of patriotic statesmen. Mr. Gladstone acted very differently when seeing, from the result of casual elections, that the trend of public opinion was against him, he immediately dissolved Parliament. This Rosendale election ought to convince the Government of Lord Salisbury that their regime and their policy are not such as to command the confidence of the people. A general election would mean their defeat. Then would come Mr. Gladstone, and then Home Rule.

Bishop Fitzgerald's Jubilee. — The most important event in Catholic circles that has ever taken place in Arkansas, occurred at Little Rock, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Edward Fitzgerald, as bishop of the diocese of Little Rock. Among the distinguished visitors present were: Archbishop Janssen, of New Orleans; Bishop O'Sullivan, of Mobile, Ala; Bishop Durier, of Nachitoches; Bishop Brennan, of Dallas; Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport; Bishop Watterson, of Columbus; Bishop Chatard, of Indianapolis; Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville; Bishop Meerschaert, of the Indian Territory. Bishop Fitzgerald was consecrated bishop of the Little Rock diocese at Columbus, Ohio, in 1867. He is held in the highest esteem by the entire community.

In the great grief felt for the loss of Cardinal Manning, the many eminent services of Cardinal Simeoni should not be lost sight of. As Cardinal Secretary of State under the late Pius IX., and as Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda under his successor, this distinguished Italian prelate merited well of the Church that had so often honored him.

The Pope has given a practical proof that the Catholic Church practises what it preaches. Although stripped of all his territorial possessions, a prisoner in his own palace, and dependent upon the world's alms, he has, during the past year, out of his comparative poverty, given twenty-eight thousand pounds to poor families who have suffered from financial losses, fifteen thousand pounds to various charitable institutions, sixteen thousand pounds to hospitals, and to the poor, nearly ten thousand pounds. This is fulfilling, both in the letter and in the spirit, the Divine mandate — *Gratis accepistis, gratis date.*

Cardinal Newman. — The proposal to erect a statue to the late Cardinal Newman at Oxford is a singularly happy one, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal. The Duke of Norfolk's letter to the Oxford City Council shows that the movement has attracted the support of all shades of opinion in England. The matter has been under consideration for some time, and a number of subscriptions have already been received. Amongst the subscribers, besides the Duke of Norfolk, are the Lord Chief Justice of England, Earl Rosebery, Marquis of Bute, the new Dean of Christ Church, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Marquis of Ripon, Duke of Newcastle, Professor Bryce, Lord Selborne, and many others. It is intended to fix the site of the statue opposite the gate of Trinity, "the first and last college to which Cardinal

Newman belonged." The Oxford City Council are asked to give facilities for providing the site, and it is to be presumed that their assent will be readily given. Newman's fame is world-wide, and it is Oxford's unique honor that the name of the great Cardinal is so intimately associated with it.

SIR JAMES SPAIGHT, Knight, D. L., died on the 28th of January, at his residence in George street, Limerick. Sir James was seventy-six years of age.

THE Catholic Church, which has gathered into its wide fold every tribe, and people, and tongue, is making rapid progress in every land. We lately noticed its extension in Scotland. We have a similar cheering record of its steady advance in Norway. During the four years Mgr. Fallize, Prefect Apostolic of Norway, who has recently arrived in Rome to pay his visit *ad limina*, has been at Christiania, he has had the satisfaction of seeing the number of Catholics in his prefecture considerably augmented. It now counts ten Catholic stations, fourteen churches, five oratories, twelve elementary schools, and three orphanages, besides the three schools at Christiania. Two institutions have been established for preparing children for their First Communion, and five hospitals. Mgr. Fallize has the zealous assistance of twenty priests, six religious, one of whom is at Trompso, and another at Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, the land of the midnight sun, not far from the North Pole. There are besides fifty-three nuns, of whom thirteen are of St. Elizabeth, thirty of St. Joseph of Chambery, five Sacramentines from Paris, and five Sisters of Charity.

THE article in our last Magazine under the title of "The Saloon Habit," was credited to the Sacred Heart Review. The article was the production of the talented editor of the Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O., and should have been credited to that journal.

IT is announced that among the latest converts to the Catholic Church in England, is the Baroness Sherborne, widow of the third Baron Sherborne, and daughter and co-heiress of James Block, Esq., of Charlton, Wilts. She was recently received by the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne at the Oratory. Another notable convert is the Countess Somers, widow of the third Earl Somers, daughter of the late James Pattle, of the Bombay Civil Service. The Countess Somers has two daughters, both of them distinguished for their earnest and practical interest in charitable work, the eldest being Lady Henry Somerset, whose efforts in the cause of temperance are well-known, and the other, the present Duchess of Bedford, a lady who devotes practically all her time to benevolent undertakings of different kinds.

OWING to the incurable illness of Cardinal Howard, England now possesses no active cardinal. It is, therefore, practically certain that at the next Consistory the Pope will appoint one for England, and one for Ireland. In this case the English cardinal would doubtless be Mgr. Stonor, the priest of the Scotch College, while the beretta for Ireland would most likely devolve upon either Dr. Walsh or Dr. Logue.

GOOD Bishop Loughlin lived and died as he said every good priest should do, "without money, yet without debts." During the past week,

says the Catholic Review, his will was read, and all the sainted bishop had to leave was a gold watch. It is but a short time ago that he celebrated his golden jubilee, at which he was presented with gifts in money amounting to nearly fifty thousand dollars, yet before six months had passed away, this immense sum was donated to the different churches or other religious institutions of the diocese of Brooklyn. Surely this grand example ought to be followed by the great flock that this simple-hearted, generous man left behind.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Williams has appointed the Right Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, rector of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, to succeed the late lamented Rev. William A. Blenkinsop.

VERY REV. E. SORIN, of Notre Dame University, celebrated his 78th birthday February 6.

OBITUARY OF CLERGYMEN.—The Very Rev. M. Pyne, P. P., V. G., Nenagh, Ire., died at the parochial residence in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and forty-fourth of his sacred ministry.——January 5th, at Pallaskenry, county Limerick, Ire., Father John Bourke, one of the oldest priests in Ireland, passed to his reward. He was born at the beginning of the present century, and would have completed sixty years in the sacred ministry had he lived till the 12th July next. His life as a priest was one of extreme labor and burning zeal for the honor of God.——The South Australian Register of November 23d, 1891, contains the announcement of the death from an acute attack of influenza, of the Rev. Michael O'Brien, Morphell Vale. Father O'Brien had attained the fine old age of seventy-three years, and has spent almost half a century on missionary work in Australia, where his zeal and ability had made his name widely known. He was born at Clonmel, county Tipperary, in 1819, and was educated at Waterford College. He went out to South Australia with the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy (first Catholic Bishop of Adelaide) in 1844, and was stationed in the Mount Baker district. About fourteen years ago he was removed to St. Mary's Church at Morphell Vale. Father O'Brien was the oldest priest in the Archdiocese of Adelaide.

FROM appearances, they will be more parades on the coming festival of Ireland's Apostle, than for many years.

A BUST of John Boyle O'Reilly was presented to the National Catholic University at Washington, on February 4. It was the work of Samuel Kitson, the sculptor, who designed the Sheridan monument at Arlington. The bust is a fine monument of the dead poet. The head is turned slightly to the right and upward, and the eyes are gazing into space with the rapt look of the poet and thinker. Those who knew Mr. O'Reilly in life and have seen the bust, are warm in its praise as a true likeness of the man. The bust was a gift of a number of the late poet's Boston admirers, and a dozen of them were present at the ceremony of unveiling. The bust will be placed in a niche in the library, where it will remain until the new Hall of Philosophy is erected.

THE Morning Star and Catholic Messenger of New Orleans has given insertion to the interesting article, "Missionary Labor of Lazarist Priests in Arkansas," which appeared in the February number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Recent Publications.

MESSRS. BENZIGER BROS., New York, have issued a second edition of The Correct Thing for Catholics, price, 75 cents. The first edition of one thousand copies was sold in one week. The same house have printed a third edition of How to Get On, price, paper, 50 cts., cloth, $1.00. Two thousand copies have been disposed of in a very short time. These are two of the best books that have appeared in a long time.

HOFFMAN'S Catholic Directory, Almanac, and Clergy List Quarterly, for the year of our Lord 1892; containing complete reports of the dioceses in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, the Vicariate Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, to the Hierarchy in Germany. Consisting in all seven hundred pages. Price——This book should be in every Catholic family.

P. M. HAVERTY, New York, has published his Irish-American Illustrated Almanac for 1892. Price, 25 cents.

AMERICAN HISTORY LEAFLETS, is the title of a new series of brochures, to be published bi-monthly by Messrs. A. Lovell & Co. The first contains Columbus' letter to Luis di Sant Angel, announcing the discovery of the New World.

PAMPHLETS.

EDUCATION: To Whom does it Belong? A second edition, with rejoinder to critics. By the Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology in the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co.

STENOTYPY, or abbreviated type-writing; whereby 120 words per minute can be struck off by an *ordinary*, and two hundred words per minute, by an *expert* type-writer. A system, which from its numerous decided advantages over all known treatises on phono- and steno-graphy, will entirely dispense with the use of these systems in the office and counting room where type-writing machines have been in use. The principles of the system can be learned in two hours, and sufficient speed acquired in the time required to manipulate with speed an ordinary type-writing machine. By Rev. D. A. Quinn, author of Heroes and Heroines of Memphis, Ireland in '89, etc. Printed by E. L. Freeman & Son, Providence, R. I.

THE following music has been received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co. *Vocal:* "I Heard an Angel Voice Last Night," by Chas. E. Barry. "Bright Stars Above Me," by C. A. White. "Sing and be Happy," Medley Quartette, by same. "My Mother's Song," by same. "Zerita," by same. "Reuben and Rachel," words by Harry Birch, music by Wm. Gooch. "Come," by Louis Campbell Tipton. "Tokay Song," English words by M. J. Murphy, music by Felix Jaeger. "Come, Join the Dance," Mixed Quartette, by C. A. White. "Marguerite, Good-by," by same. *Piano:* "The Emperor's Review," by Richard Eilenberg. Also the same arranged for four hands. "On to Glory," Galop, by Paul Keller. "Dolores

Valse," by Theodore Moelling. "Miss Helyett Waltzes," by B. M. Davison. "Dick Turpin Polka," by C. A. White. "Zerita Waltz," by same. "Medley Hornpipe Polka," by same. "The Tyrolean Waltzes," by B. M. Davison.

The following music has been received from Louis H. Ross & Co., 3 West street, Boston. *Vocal:* "The Old Bureau Drawer," words by Chas. Warren, music by Dora Wiley. "Good-by, Sweet Day," words by Celia Thaxter, music by Kate Vannah. "Across the Still Lagoon," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Henri Loge. "Ave Maria," Tenor or Soprano solo, by Moses Carpenter. "Ave Maria," Alto or Baritone solo, by same. "Ave Maris Stella," Soprano solo, by same. *Instrumental:* "Temple Collection for Pipe Organ," by Geo. H. Ryder. "Twilight Whisper," by same. "Lulie Schottische," by C. O. Fosgate. "Gondoliera," by Carl Reineche. "Echoes from Scotland," by S. Frost. "Echoes from Ireland," by same. *Books:* "The Folio," for January, a new and improved number of this popular journal. "Glenwood's Self-Instructor for the Flute," by Walter Glenwood.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. William B. Parazina, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantel clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

AT the head of Cardinal Manning's grave, at Kensal Green Cemetery, is a large knot of violets with a small cross of lilies of the valley, sent by the Queen.

THE Rev. Michael J. Malone died at 12.10, January 30, at the pastoral residence of the Church of the Assumption, corner of Jay and York streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has been lying in a critical condition during the past five weeks. He had caught cold while answering sick calls during the night, and was attacked with the grip, which speedily developed into pneumonia. Father Malone was born in September, 1851, in St. Peter's parish, and was in the forty-first year of his age.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE has addressed a letter to Cardinal Desprez, announcing his adhesion to the recent declaration of the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris, Rheims, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rennes, and advising the Catholics, as the Pope has done, to take a firm stand on the constitutional ground to defend their menaced faith and labors. Cardinal Lavigerie strongly urges Catholics to support the Republic, remarking "not only have we no desire to oppose in any way the Republican form of Government in France, but we are under an obligation to respect it."

A RETURNED Irish-American named Owen Donaghy died in the police barrack, Dungannon, Ire., after being arrested for drunkenness. He had a deposit receipt for one thousand pounds, and forty-three pounds in his possession.

Juvenile Department.

TRYING TO GET EVEN DON'T PAY.

Some people's shoulders are loaded with chips,
They're looking for insults and slights,
And sometimes the day seems almost too short,
And then they lie awake nights
Thinking and planning what they will do,
And how they'll get even with those
Who thoughtlessly knock from their shoulders a chip,
Or carelessly step on their toes.
All of which leads me to say,
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief,
Trying to get even don't pay.

I know it is natural to hit people back,
And give them as good as they send;
And also I know that wrangling and strife
Must sometime come to an end.
It's better, by far, to put up with a grief
And appear to submit to a wrong,
Than to try to get even the way of the world,
And most of us go with the throng.
All of which leads me to say,
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief,
Trying to get even don't pay.

As the world is made up there's a very few saints,
And there's very few more to be born;
The average man looks out for himself
All day from the earliest morn.
Trying to get even is a natural trait
Since the time of old Adam's fall,
But experience shows, as every one knows,
That honey is cheaper than gall.
All of which leads me to say,
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief,
Trying to get even don't pay.

Portland Argus.

No Nonsense for Her.—Parental interference with school teachers in the progress of school work is not always wise. A school teacher near Dawson, Ga., having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note, thus worded, from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lula shall ingage in grammar as I prefer her to ingage in yussful studies, and can learn her now to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars, and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her to ingage in german and drawing and vokal music on the piano."

THE YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

A TALE OF THE POLISH PERSECUTION.

A GREAT pine forest, a band of forty armed soldiers; their leader, the centre of the group, a heavily-bearded, dark-browned man gazing fiercely at a little girl, standing quietly before him. She did not tremble at all, nor look about for help, nor seem to be in the least afraid. There was a bright spot, the result of excitement, in either cheek, and her eyes shone with an expression that was like joy, and her lips were parted with a bright smile.

"Speak!" the leader thundered; "will you tell me where the priest has flown?"

"Never, sir."

"Or where the Sacrament is hidden?"

"No, sir."

"Or the altar vessels?"

"No, sir."

"I will give you one more chance to obey me," he cried; "if you do not tell me this shall be your fate: We will bind your eyes and leave you here in the forest, and then the wolves shall come by night and the wild birds by day, and none shall be here to defend you."

She made no reply.

The soldiers gazed at her wonderingly. Would she falter? How small and frail she looked under those giant trees, and how fast the night was coming! Some of these men had little daughters at home who were just Marie's age; and they remembered them, and felt sorry for her in their inmost souls; but, then, they were soldiers, wild with the war excitement and the license of the camp. They were too wild to let pity plead for her at all.

They had come upon the quiet little Polish village in the morning, for they had heard that the church was a very lovely one, with rich adornings and vestments, and only one priest, and he an aged man, to guard it.

"No one knows his hiding-place, unless it be Marie," so said a rough and evil man, buying for himself an exemption from pillage by turning informer against a little girl. "She is always in the church," he said, "always praying, dusting, or sweeping. My word for it, she knows all about the treasure."

Marie did not deny his statement, but to entreaties, threats, and promises she would not make any reply except constant refusal to betray the trust imposed in her. So they bore her off with them into the gloomy forest, and put her to the final test, thinking she must surely yield.

"It is the last time," the leader said. "Not often, child, do I ask a thing twice, and I have waited long for you. Will you tell me what I ask of you?" More than those rough men waited for Marie's answer. Angels waited for her lips to open; waited to see the fight between good and evil fought out to its bitter end, that, by God's grace, might prove most sweet.

In the gathering twilight the soldiers could not see any sign of pallor on the face before them, and they heard no faltering word in the voice that sounded clearly over the evening breeze sighing through the pine trees:

"I cannot tell you, sir."

No more parleying and no more threats; actions now. They the bare arms tightly, and tied the small feet together with a stout, knotted cord. She looked straight forward at the setting sun, which was visible just at the horizon through the vista of forest trees. Would she ever see that sun again? She looked up at the blue sky, the verdant glade, and the swaying branches; one little squirrel she noted lovingly, darting up a gnarled and mossy trunk; and yet she felt no heartache. At the rude soldiers she did not glance at all.

They let her look as she pleased for one brief minute, then blinded her brave eyes closely, and suddenly she felt herself lifted and borne onward by stalwart arms.

"We will not leave her where she last saw the light," the leader said. "Onward, my men, onward!"

Where they went, Marie could only guess, but the sound of twigs crackling beneath their feet, and of the boughs pushed aside or broken, made her think that they were leaving the beaten track and going deeper into the wood. By and by she was let roughly down.

"A good spot," she heard one say. "It looks like the wolf's den, and no other. Well, she might have earned a better fate, had she chosen."

Did they dream that their words could make her fear or waver? If they did their dream was vain, and although one and another turned to look at her as they marched away into the gathering night, they only saw the face as calm, and sweet, and still as the evening star that hung in the darkening skies above the trees that were growing grim and ghostly in the twilight.

There were men who woke with a start and a scream in the lawless camp that night — woke from dreaming of a child in sore distress through sins of theirs. Years afterwards there were men who dreamed that dream sleeping and waking, and called on God to forget and forgive them the sin which they could not forget.

But that night of fear and remorse for them was bright with joy and peace for Marie, the beginning of many nights of joy and peace. Sometimes she had heard the good priest tell that when the martyrs suffered for our Blessed Lord it was not always suffering; that there had been cases known where the fierce fire had lost its sting, the sword had pierced and hurt not, and the rack had been as the bed of softest down. So it was with God's martyr child on that night.

If the falling dews were cold and damp, she did not feel them. If the boughs against which she laid were gnarled and rough, she did not heed it. If the wild bird screamed in the tree above her, and the snake hissed through the long grass at her feet, and the wolf howled in his haunt hard by, she heard them not at all. For this is what Marie saw, and it charmed all else away:

A cavern under ground, a gray-haired priest, an altar formed out of rude stones and clay; on that altar a holy shrine, where, safe in reverent keeping, the Sacred Heart was beating all that night, awake with hers.

But it was more than this that Marie saw. Forms radiant with a brightness and a beauty far beyond the glory of the setting sun her eyes

had looked on last; angel faces, harps of gold that rang with the sweetest music; in that music a chant of heavenly glory mingling, raising grand hosannas to the King of kings. And the door of the holy shrine stood open, and within she saw a child more fair, more sweet, more radiant to behold than any angel there.

He looked at her, he smiled at her, towards her He held His hands, where plainly she beheld the sacred wounds. That smile, that look, no pen can tell them, no pencil paint them. Watching them, all time was nothing, no one could think of time, or dream of fear, or know aught of pain and trouble while such bliss was present.

"Marie! Marie! Marie!"

She had not heard the step that came through the forest, crushing the twigs and boughs beneath it; she did not know that the night had passed away, and the morning sun was shining in her face. If beast, or bird, or creeping thing had touched her once in all that cold, drear night she could never tell, for the face of the Lord of all created things had been before her, and the sight had charmed all else away.

But Stanislaus, her only brother, and the only relative that Marie had, coming home from college for a brief holiday with his little sister, and choosing the shortest way through the tangled copse, and thickest wood, rather than the beaten track, in order that he might reach her the sooner — choosing it by his good angel's guidance — saw a sight that made him doubt at first that what he had seen could not be the truth. He had reached his little Marie even sooner than he had planned.

He had started long before the sun was up, so that he might find her in the church at early Mass, and kneel with her once more before the Lord they loved. Could this be she, this lonely, tightly-bound, death-like creature that lay there stirring not, nor sobbing, nor showing any sign of life whatever.

"Marie! Marie! Marie!"

He tore away the bandage from the dear eyes; slowly she opened them as one dazzled by some great light which she could not see. Her face turned towards him, stopped his eager questioning; suddenly they were indeed at church, hearing Mass, even as he had hoped and planned.

She showed no surprise, no suffering, no joy, on account of earthly pains that were past, or earthly joys that were present. He knelt down beside her, holding his breath in awe, not daring to speak again and break that holy silence. Presently she sighed, as if with mingled happiness and sorrow.

"I have watched all night with the Sacred Heart," she said, "is it time for the morning?"

. . . . . .

In an ancient convent dwelt for many years, from her very childhood to advanced old age, a nun who bore the name of Sister Marie of the Blessed Sacrament. No one ever saw her smile, but always upon that placid face there was a look that spoke of joys more deep than smiles could tell; a look that her sister nuns affirmed was sweeter than any smile they ever saw.

Humble and meek as the meekest child, she dwelt among them; but it was before and with the Blessed Sacrament that her real life was spent. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night she spent with it. It was, in very truth, ever alone her sole hope, her whole confidence, her riches, her delight, her joy, her jubilation, her quiet and tranquillity, her peace, her sweetness, her fragrance, her deliciousness, her food, her reflection, her refuge, her help, her wisdom, her portion, her possession, her treasure-house, wherein, ever fixed and firm and immovably rooted, her mind and heart ever remained.

Early one morning when she had spent a whole night there, in a saintly vigil whose heavenly rapture none had dared to disturb, the priest said Mass as usual in the quiet chapel, just as the day was breaking. Sister Marie of the Blessed Sacrament did not come back to her place, as did the other nuns after they had received the Blessed Food, and when they ventured to touch, to speak to her, it was even as when, long years ago, in another morning twilight, a boy's voice had cried, "Marie!" "Marie!" and she was now the happy one to whom they spoke, and who lay there with the kiss of the Lord upon her lips, was dead.

When they made her body ready for its burial, they found upon her wrists and ankles deep scarred furrows, as if cords had been tied there freshly the night before. They touched and kissed them reverently as one touches the relics of the Saints. Long years ago their happy sister had risked her life for love of the Sacred Heart. But then she had sighed and said, "Is it time for morning?" when day brought her back to earth and earthly things, away from the vision of the Lord she loved. Now she would never have to sigh again, she for whom the endless day of bliss had broken, bringing with it the face of the Lord forever.

ON THE GRINDSTONE.

A HUNDRED years ago or more it was customary, in some parts of New England, for men and boys to wear trousers made of leather. The historian of the town of Wells, Me., remarks that such garments were not altogether satisfactory, for the rather curious reason that they lasted too long. We remembered hearing a matron of the olden time telling a story of the two boys of one of her neighbors. They had begged of their mother that they might lay aside their leather trousers, and have a pair made of domestic cloth; but all their entreaties were in vain. She would give them no other encouragement than to promise that when the leather was worn out they should have a pair of homespun. They endured for a long time the vexation of the unyielding garments, which promised to be as lasting as the raiment of the Israelites in the wilderness. Finally, all hope failed the boys, and their wits came to their aid. They took to the grindstone. One sat upon it while the other turned the crank. In imagination they saw themselves already clothed in the long-desired homespun. But alas! their hopes were suddenly blasted. All at once their father came round the corner of the barn, and discovered them thus employed. They had still to wear the leather — for how much longer the historian is unable to say.

A NIGHT AT THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

On we climbed, while Mr. Smith impelled our flagging footsteps by an explosive recitation of Longfellow's Excelsior, the scene of which is here. Around a sharp, rocky bend, up an ascent as steep as a house roof, past an overhanging precipice, I went, leaving the gentlemen behind me in the enthusiasm of the approach, and then the gray, solemn, friendly walls of the great Hospice, which had seemed to me as dim and distant as the moon's caverns, rose before me outlined upon the placid evening sky.

I stopped and listened eagerly as I approached its open door; no sound but the gurgle of a distant brook; no living object but two great St. Bernard dogs seated upon the broad, dark steps of stone.

A gentleman may be defined as a being always wisely and benignantly equal to the occasion. Such a character appeared upon the scene in the person of "Reverend Besse," the "Hospitable Father" and chief of the establishment.

Our party in committee of the whole (and no "minority report") voted him the most delightful man we ever saw. All that is French in manner, united to all that is English in sturdiness of character; all that is winning in Italian tones, united to a German's ideality; a Yankee's keenness of perception, a Scotchman's heartiness, and an Irishman's wit, — these qualities seem blended in our "nonesuch" of a host, and fused into harmony by the fire of a brother's love toward man and a saint's fidelity to God. Young, fair, blue-eyed, he stood among our chattering group like one who, from a region of perpetual calm, dispenses radiant smiles and overflowing bounty.

So quick was his discernment and so sagacious was his decision that almost without a question he assigned us, in detachments correctly arranged, to fitting domiciles, made each one feel that he or she had been especially expected and prepared for, and within five minutes had so won his way into the innermost recess of everybody's heart, that Mr. Jones expressed in his own idiomatic way the sense of fifty guests when he declared, "To such a man as that even the Little Corporal might well have doffed his old chapeau." Who shall do justice to the dinner at that L-shaped table, where the Father sat at the head and said grace, beaming upon his great cosmopolitan family with that young face, so honest, gentle, and brave?

Then came the long evening around the huge and glowing hearth-fire. How soon we felt "acquaint;" how fast we talked in French or German, minding little how the moods and tenses went askew so that we got and gave ideas.

The Father turned from side to side answering with solicitous attention every question that we asked, so that a mosaic of his chief replies would read something like this:

"Mademoiselle asks the indications of the thermometer this August evening? I learn the mercury stands already at forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and the boundary-line of Italy is but five minutes distant. Here, Brother Jean, please provide the beds of all our guests with warming pans."

"Yes, lady, our Hospice was founded nine hundred years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we still try to do, the many travellers who annually pass

through these mountains between Switzerland and Italy. About twenty thousand were cared for each year in olden times, without the smallest charge being made to rich or poor. Now we have not so many, the facilities for travel have so greatly improved. But a great number come over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' entertainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but cannot. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean.

"In winter travellers are obliged to wait at a place of refuge we have provided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass, until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep and the only guide the man has is the banner-tail of the dog waving through the storm.

"The monks always go out in the most dangerous weather, I lead them at such times. They are not obliged to go — we make it perfectly voluntary."

Here Kate broke in with an important question: "How do you occupy your time in summer?" — "Oh, mademoiselle, we study and teach; we had fifty students last season." — "What do you teach?" — "All that a priest ought to know, — theology, philosophy, the laws of the Church. We know contemporaneous events except politics (!) which we do not read." — "What is your age?" here chimed in the practical Jones. "Monsieur, I am thirty-one." ("But he does not look a day older than twenty-three," whispered practical Sophie, and we all nodded our energetic acquiescence in her figures.) "How long have you been here?" — "Eleven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high latitude — three of them left in a period of four years." — "Why are you here?" persisted Jones. The scene was worthy of a painter — that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and that graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, as, leaning in his easy chair and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with a slow, melodious emphasis. "Brother, it is my calling, that is all." So simple was his nature, that to have heard "a call" from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to have heard any call at all. At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the hospitable Father; and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened, as through the chapel door came the words of the *Te Deum*, consecrated by centuries of Christian song: "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

THERE was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream, and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink; and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift; for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a gift,

and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she, when she saw them. But, when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words, her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute.

TRAPPING A GORILLA.

About twenty days from the time we located the gorillas, we set our traps, one in each path.

The one on the path leading to the spring was within thirty feet of the water, and carefully concealed just below the surface. A couple of days later a party of ten of us set out, and when within a mile of the spring we had reasons to believe that one of the animals had put a foot in the trap. Yells, roars, and screams reached our ears, and at the distance of half a mile several small animals passed us in affright.

"We have got the big fellow!" whispered my head hunter to me, as we pressed forward. "We must be very careful now, for the sight of us will make him strong to break away, and he will want all our lives to pay for the insult."

The pow-wow grew louder as we neared the spot, and the cries and wails of the mother and offspring mingled with the snarls, growls, barks, and roars of the father. When we finally crept forward to a spot whence we could obtain a view, we found the "old man" fast in the trap by the right hind leg. The trap was a toothless one, with the faces of the jaws covered with felt, but it was strong enough almost to hold an elephant. We had to bend down the springs with levers, and it was a good load for two men to carry. The chain attached could not have been broken by a horse, and we had securely fastened it to a tree. It was well we had, and it was well that the beast had been caught by a hind leg.

I do not think he had been in the trap long when we first heard him, perhaps not over five minutes. He was doubtless surprised and frightened for a time; but by the time we had reached a point where we could see him, his terrible anger was fully aroused. His mate and offspring stood by, wailing and growling, and just as we got settled in our places, the female lifted up the trap and wrenched at it with all her strength. Then both seized the chain, and tugged and pulled, and growled, and roared, but it was no use. What I feared was that the old fellow might gnaw his leg off, as coons, or muskrats, or beavers will do when trapped, but he showed no intention of the sort. Indeed it would have resulted in his death, and he doubtless so figured. For a long hour he refused to give in biting, leaping, and tugging, and another such picture of ferocity would be hard to find. He frothed at the mouth, exhibited his great fangs, and his eyes glittered like diamonds. I should have been willing for the mate and her little one to go; but as they refused to leave the spot, and as the natives

said that the mother would not hesitate to attack us in her excitement, I pushed forward my rifle and gave her a bullet, which dropped her dead in her tracks. The young one immediately sprang to the father's shoulder, and was sitting there when we advanced. The natives cried out, as we went forward, to be cautious; but in their enthusiasm they brought about a tragedy

The resemblance of the big gorilla to a native was so striking, that I paused to wonder if a mistake had not been made. When he saw us he stood upright, arms hanging down by his sides, and he looked far more like a human being than some of the natives in my camp. He was so mad that he did not know what move to make first, and as he stood there clots of foam fell upon his breast and down to the earth. By and by he seized the young one and threw it away. Half a dozen of the men rushed to seize it, and as it scambled back, one of the natives pursued it too far. The gorilla uttered a terrible roar, made a savage spring, and the native was caught by the hair. I was not over twenty feet away, and I saw all that happened. He was flung down, and the gorilla stooped and gave him a blow on the chest which crushed it in. He then hit him right and left on the sides of the head, and the man was dead. This did not satisfy the monster. He lifted the body up and literally tore it to pieces, pulling off the arms as you would pull a stick of kindling wood out off a bundle. It then seized the young one by a hind leg, and slammed it on the earth and flung the body away, and then beat its breast and roared defiance at us.

By the advice of the natives I decided to let the old fellow alone for awhile and allow hunger and thirst to work on his temper. We made a temporary camp half a mile away, and did not go near him again for two days. During the first day he roared at intervals; but on the afternoon of the second he was very quiet. One of the men went to take a look at him, and reported the captive as sitting down on the trap and crying with pain. Next forenoon we went out with nets, ropes, nooses, and chains, and, after a long, hard fight, tangled him up and secured him. When we sprang the trap off his leg we had his hind feet shackled together, his fore feet, or arms, secured with a chain, two ropes around his body and a muzzle over his jaws. We then bound him to a litter, and carried him to the main camp, where a cage had been made. His leg was badly swollen, and he was pretty well beaten out, but three days after we got him into the cage he was all right, and as mad as ever. I sent him down the river and around to Zanzibar, and, after months he brought up in Constantinople, so ferocious and dangerous that the utmost precaution had to be taken by those who came near him. He was living during the Rosso-Turkish war, and one who saw him informed me that there was no hope of sweetening his temper or subduing his ferocity.

In a Paris restaurant a gentleman and a snob are seated at the same table. The snob is just finishing his dinner, the gentleman just beginning. The snob lights a cigar, and blows a cloud of smoke over his coffee. The gentleman rises and says, in the politest tone: "Excuse me, sir; will it annoy you if I eat while you are smoking?"

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

FEW have not one time or other heard the song, A Light in the Window. Unless I am mistaken it is founded upon a story told upon the little island of Sylt, but which might easily have its exact counterpart on almost any seashore, where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son and keeps its fond promise from night to night.

Among the simple fisher-folk on the island lived a woman and her son. He was her only child, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for the boy loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the incoming tide tumble its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar and steer a boat, than he joined the men in their fishing expeditions.

The mother, with all her fears, and the fate of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonor among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farmer. Whatever the dangers, they must be faced for the sake of family pride. Had not the boy's grandfather been a captain when he went away the last time? Had not his father sailed his own ship when he went down in a great storm? The child was the last of his race, but he must not dishonor it by tame and cowardly safety on shore. So the boy grew up, tall of his age, straight as a mast, nimble as the fleetest and handiest boat, blue-eyed, fair-haired, true-hearted, a real son of the sea. The fishermen taught him the tricks of his craft until he knew how to sail a boat, splice a rope, or do many little things which a sailor must know. Whenever a ship was in the offing he was soon aboard, learning the rigging and how work was performed upon her. He was a great favorite, and when at last his thirteenth year came round and he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea, he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting, and tears shed by the mother, while he looked forward into the great, wide world with all the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage, to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return.

The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors dropped into the village and told how she had been spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the cottage and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit it, and set it in the window to make a bright path up the sands. Again six months elapsed, and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but — and the people shook their heads, and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night, and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going or coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever any spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus

the light continued to glow out toward the sea at every gloaming and burned steadily through every night.

Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor lad had grown to be men and women, her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her and tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the home-coming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day, at eventide, there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher-folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage, they found that the mother's soul had gone to heaven.

PROPER FOOD FOR BREAKFAST.

APPETITES are apt to be capricious in the spring, especially as regards breakfasts. Don't force the family to eat, at this season, things which are not relished. It is not difficult to provide dishes which will be eaten with zest. Oatmeal should not be served at more than one breakfast in a week. Vary the fare by using hominy, cracked wheat, wheat germ, yellow corn-meal, etc. Eggs creamed, poached, boiled, and cooked in the form of omelets, should be used freely. Broiled fish, thin slices of ham, of breakfast bacon nicely broiled, broiled chops, and add occasionally a steak, salt fish in cream sauce, corned-beef hash, hashed meat on toast, fricassee of chicken or veal — here are seasonable dishes. Have potatoes cooked in simple, savory ways. Let the bread be light and well baked. Always have some kind of coarse bread, either hot or cold. Dry, water, and milk toasts, all are good for breakfast. Avoid fried food. When broiled meat or fish forms a part of the breakfast in spring, it is a good plan to have a dish of water-cresses or radishes on the table. Have fruit on the table when you can, and a few flowers if possible.

It takes thought and time to prepare those savory dishes which are so desirable at this season, but it pays to give the thought and time. To the worker — and we are almost all workers — it makes considerable difference all day long whether a right start is made in the morning. The man or woman who begins the day with a hot, well-cooked, simple breakfast will get through his or her work in a hundred per cent. better condition than he or she who has a poor meal. As the heaviest part of the daily work usually comes between breakfast and the mid-day meal, all housekeepers should do their part to make the battle of life easy by providing proper food for the morning meal.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a red-faced youth with a cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast-pocket. The editor, with much dignity, took the man's intellect in, and said: "An opening? Yes, sir. A kind and considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

THE combined energies of pastors, teachers, and parents are required to make our parochial schools successful; and if any one of these requirements is lacking, the school and the scholars will suffer in consequence.

CATHOLIC education is of a dual plan: it uses both the results of the latest investigations of science and the graces of God, for the advancement of children in knowledge. It combines that which is considered by modern educators the sole object of education, scientific exactness; and that which is beyond all science, the knowledge of the kingdom of God.

REPORTS from all sides of the country are our authority for stating that the opening of the parochial schools, this year, in the number of new pupils and in other respects, has never been surpassed. The dangers of the godless education in the public schools, and the consequent necessity of Christian education, have been put before Catholic parents in such a strong light by the pastors of souls that no other result could be expected.

WE suppose that our Protestant contemporaries will leave off saying that the Catholic Church in America is bent on the destruction of American free institutions, the godless public schools included, about the time they will cease informing ignorant Protestants that the Catholics buy indulgences to have their sins taken away, that the Catholic Church forbids the reading of the Bible, or that the Catholics worship the Blessed Virgin Mary in the same way they worship God.

AT the risk of repetition we present our readers with the laws of the Church in reference to Catholic education: "We not only exhort Catholic parents with paternal love, but we command them, with all the authority we possess, that they procure for their beloved offspring, given them by God, regenerated to Christ in baptism and destined to heaven, an education truly Christian and Catholic; and that during the whole period of infancy and childhood they defend and shield them all from the dangers of a mere secular education, and, therefore, they must send them to parochial schools, or to others truly Catholic, unless, perchance, in some particular case the Ordinary shall judge best to permit otherwise." The Ordinary is the bishop of the diocese in which Catholics live.

OUR parochial schools do not undertake to supply children with brains or to teach children what they should know, if their parents refuse them the opportunities of home study and steady attendance at school. Any dissatisfaction with our schools is always attributable to the causes we have just mentioned, and, we suspect that other schools have the same story to tell. But the parents of brainless children, or of children who are not given the opportunities of other children in home study and in school attendance, must understand that they are guilty of an injustice, and certainly of a sin, when they take their children from our schools for the reasons given, and give reasons of their own which are injurious to the schools and interfere with their success and progress.

Archbishop Williams and the Working-Girls' Home.

THE announcement of the very unusual event of a public address from Archbishop Williams crowded Boston College Hall last Sunday evening to its utmost capacity. The subject of the Archbishop's discourse was the projected new Home for Working-Girls.

Though the Archbishop is a zealous fosterer and a generous patron of every good work in his diocese, yet this youngest of them—concerned as it is with the well-being of unprotected young girlhood—seems particularly near to his heart. Ever since the Home made its modest beginnings on Dover Street, four years ago, the Grey Nuns, who have it in charge, have had unfailing aid and encouragement from the Archbishop; and finally, he secured for them the eligible site, corner of Union Park Street and Harrison Avenue, on which the much-needed new Home is to be built.

The Archbishop's address and the public meeting generally were for the purpose of presenting to the people the necessity of such an institution, and creating a public sentiment which will materialize in donations to the building fund.

Judge J. D. Fallon presided. Others on the platform were: Archbishop Williams, the Rev. E I. Devitt, S. J., rector of Boston College; the Rev. R.J.Barry, rector of St.Cecilia's Church, Back Bay, Boston; the Rev. M. J. Corduke, C. SS. R., of the Mission Church, Roxbury; T. B. Fitz, P. Donahoe, proprietor of THE PILOT, Joseph S. O'Gorman, Owen Nawn, Thomas Dwight, M. D., Dominick Toy and P. J. Flatley. Henry O'Meara, of the Boston Journal, was one of the prominent people among the audience. Hon. P. A. Collins was to have presided, but was detained in Washington by important business.

Judge Fallon, in introducing Archbishop Williams, said that this meeting is held in the interests of one of Boston's newest and greatest enterprises, the Working-Girls' Home. In advocating this great work we know that we are in harmony with what distinguished men of the Church have always advocated. No matter in what part of the known world the cry goes up of humanity in distress, the Catholic Church seeks to relieve that distress. It is in keeping with these traditions that our own venerated and venerable Archbishop is here tonight to address you.

Archbishop Williams' Address.

The Archbishop, who was enthusiastically received, spoke as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The ladies who have int rested themselves in this new work for the Working Girls' Home have asked me to say a few words in order to endorse their course, and also to let the people know that I approve thoroughly of this work. This, then, is why I am here tonight: in order to carry out their wishes, to encourage them in their work and to give all the endorsement I can to this new building. And the reason why I am so willing to do this is that I consider the work for the working-girls a work that is extremely useful in a city like this. I also consider it a practical work. As you know the many trials to which the working girls are exposed, it is not necessary to describe girls coming to the city to look for work. Take a girl who comes to the city without friends, or without money. Consider the position in which she is. She has to find a lodging place, and of course, as her purse is light, it must be a poor one. It is easier for those who are not looking for work to find it than for one who is hunting for it.

But suppose these girls find work, it must be at very low wages. How can they half pay their way and clothe themselves decently with the pay they receive? And when this pay is not enough, how are they to manage to pay their board? Then again they may fall sick, or their business may become slack, and they are idle for a few weeks; where are they to go? This is a cause which touches all our hearts. All this time there are temptations around them to seek means of living that are not honorable. And this is the reason I would consider this work so useful an aim. When I first spoke about a desire to have a house of this kind, in the presence of a gentleman in this city, without thinking of asking him for any aid, the next day he sent me a check for $1,000. I returned his check, as I was not then ready to begin such a house. I afterwards rented a house for this purpose and he sent me the check again. Upon consideration I found it necessary to have a permanent head for this house.

As matrons would be leaving for one reason or another, I determined to have a religious community take charge of it. The Grey Nuns had already two excellent houses of this kind in this diocese, in the cities of Lawrence and Salem; and seeing they had succeeded, I called them to assist and they came. They opened a house on Dover Street, and from that time have been successful. This house would hold some 40 or 50 girls. In the first year we received 35, and refused 10. The second year we received 168 and refused 18. The third year we received 283 and refused 705. The news of the house had been spread so much that this year we received 366 and refused 1 005 so that during the time of three years and nine months about 900 were received and over 1 700 refused, showing the nature of and success of the house. The cost has been about $14 000, or a yearly cost of about $3 500. This is without the rent. The rent alone for that time would be over $5 000. One Catholic lady provides for the rent It would cost less to provide for 200 in a home than to have a small house with only 50.

And now to come to the new house. We thought after this work that it was time to do something further, and the first thing was to find land, land that was central, and after waiting two years, I found plenty of it. We have over 22 000 feet of land, or nearly half an acre. That, in a city like Boston, is a good deal.

This new building is supposed to accommodate over 200 girls. Here they will be taught how to work to gain more wages, to get independent. They will have plenty of air, plenty of good ventilation, and what cannot be found anywhere except in their own homes, plenty of good advice. I come tonight to give it my hearty endorsement. This is the work before us. It must go on because it is necessary.

Good Words from Fathers Devitt and Barry.

Father Devitt was the next speaker. He said the working-girls came to the city from over the sea, or from the Provinces, or the suburbs of Boston, and for these there is the necessity of an institution where not alone their material but their higher necessities will be cared for. This Home will guard their purity and shield their virtue. They do not come as applicants. They ask for the means to help themselves, and we should be ready to help them.

Father Devitt in his remarks referred to the generosity of the working people, and especially to those who had helped Father McElroy build

the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and said the means were the same as have built all Catholic churches—the mite of the million.

Dr. Dwight then, after a brief address, read Aoe aide Procter s poem, "The Homeless Poor."

Father Barry is here to say a few words in his own happy and eloquent way, said Judge Fallon, introducing the last speaker. Said Father Barry: There is in the thought that has brought together this gathering tonight something ennobling. He said that everywhere, especially in great cities, there are untold miseries to be alleviated, but no demand appeals more urgently than that of providing a house for the weak, defenceless, homeless working-girls. Many of them have no parents, no friends. Without home, without employment, without money, whither are they to go? Stern reality has burst many a stout heart. I could tell you stories which would harrow your hearts. Is it strange, then, that so many go to ruin? The wonder is that so many persevere. A home is being built which will receive girls no matter how small their wages. This institution also will take the poor girl and instruct her. It is calculated to benefit needy and working girls. Go on and we will build it as we have built all the other institutions in this city. God grant that our Archbishop may live to see this and kindred institutions completed. May this institution rise; may the good work go on. When completed it will be like Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty—a monument by day, a beacon by night.

Father Barry in conclusion announced that a concert would be given for the benefit of the Home in the Hollis Street Theatre on Sunday evening, Feb. 21. The sanctuary choir rendered selections during the evening. Mlle. de la Motte was the accompanist.

Cardinal Manning's Funeral.

FULLY 50 000 people visited the Brompt L Oratory on Wednesday, the 20th, to look their last on the dead face of the beloved Cardinal Manning. The Office for the Dead was recited during the afternoon by 200 priests. The Oratory was superbly draped, and the scene was a most solemn one.

On the preceding days the remains lay in state in the chief apartment of the Archbishop's house at Westminster. This was the room in which the Cardinal always received deputations. In the centre, upon a raised bier, within a roped enclosure, surrounded with tall candlesticks, lay the Cardinal. The room was darkened by the exclusion of all daylight. A black cloth dotted with silver stars covered the walls, and the soft light of the candles fell upon a scarlet mattress and cushion, upon which the body was placed.

The cushion, which raised the shoulders and head, was edged with deep, gold fringe, as was also the scarlet mattress, while below, on the sides of the bier, scarlet velvet was looped up with scarlet cord from which hung long tassels. Upon the Cardinal's head was a white mitre, which caused the shrunken cheeks of the classic face to wear a darker hue than would otherwise be the case. The face was in beautiful repose, and there was no appearance of agony or sorrow.

The body was habited in a purple cassock, an alb terminating in a skirt of rich lace, a dark purple chasuble falling from the shoulders, and a white stole marked with the Cardinal's name.

Upon the hands, which were raised, the fingers touching, as if in the attitude of prayer, were purple gloves. On the third finger of the right hand was the Cardinal's ring. Upon the feet were purple shoes, while the Cardinal's hat, with long tassels, lay just below the knees.

Upon the wall behind the bier was a cross of silver gilt on the background of black cloth, and this reached from the floor to the ceiling.

There were three tall candlesticks on each side of the bier, bedded in ferns, while at the four corners were candelabra bearing many lighted candles.

The funeral took place from the Brompton Oratory on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 21. The Pontifical Mass of Requiem was sung by the Bishop of Clifton, and the eulogy preached by the Bishop of Newport. The body was placed in a shell lined with amber silk and the outer casket was of polished mahogany with phosphor bronze mountings. The breast plate bore the following inscription:—

HENRICUS EDUARDUS, CARDINALIS MANNING.

Archiepiscopus Westmonast, Secund

Natus. die. 15 Julii, 1808, archiepiscopus consecratus die 8 Junii. 1865, S. R. E. presbyter; Cardinalis creatus die 15 Martii, 1875.

Post vitam sanctam in terra et vitam æternam transivit die 14 Januarii, 1892. R. I. P.

On the above plate was the hat of the Cardinal and Cardinal's arms, surmounted by the crucifix.

The hearse was the one used at the funeral of Cardinal Wiseman. It is similar to those used in France. The open coffin was covered with a Roman pall of violet and amber silk, with a deep border of gold fringe, with tassels. The hearse was drawn by six horses, the leaders being ridden by postilions and there were sixty mourning coaches containing high ecclesiastics of the Church, each coach being drawn by a pair of horses.

Thousands of people stood for hours in the streets exposed to the raw fog, baring their heads for several minutes as the hearse passed them. Nothing could abate the determination of the multitude to do honor to the great prelate. At the cemetery, too, thousands risked their lives by standing for three or four hours in the rank grass and sticky clay, wrapped about by a cold mist. All stood bareheaded in presence of the dead, despite the warnings and appeals that had been published in the newspapers for days past, urging the people to take proper precautions for their health on the occasions of the two funeral demonstrations which have occupied the attention of Londoners this week.

The grave of Manning is close to that of his eminent contemporary, Cardinal Wiseman. An awning covers it temporarily, and after the ceremony was over and the priests and mourners departed, the public were allowed to file past the open vault. The crowd was much larger than had been expected, however, and instead of the cemetery being speedily cleared, as had been looked for, the procession past the grave was kept up for two hours, the custodians of the cemetery being unable to close the gates until long after the usual hour.

Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales were represented at the funeral; much to the disgust of the bigots. More significant, however, were the immense delegations from the ranks of the toiling poor; and the Cardinal's best eulogy was the word on every lip: "He was good to the poor."

Bishop Brady at SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston.

THE Rt. Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, has been appointed by Archbishop Williams rector of the Church of SS Peter and Paul, South Boston, in succession to the lamented Father William A. Blenkinsop.

MISSIONS: WHAT THEY ARE.

THE word mission is derived from the Latin *mittere*, to send. Before Our Blessed Lord ascended into heaven He said to His Apostles: "As the Father hath sent Me, so do I send you," thus empowering them to announce the Word of God to all men, to impart grace by the administration of the Sacraments and to direct those whom they converted in the way of salvation.

To the Church was entrusted the duty of carrying out the work begun by Christ. Today she sends her priests to all parts of the earth and this sending constitutes their mission.

But the word mission has a more common meaning. To arouse the piety of the faithful grown lukewarm by forgetfulness of God has always been a solicitous care of the Church. It is her duty not merely to bear the light of faith to the ends of the earth, but to foster holiness in the hearts of the faithful, to revive in tepid souls the love of devotion and to call sinners back from their erring ways. This she accomplishes at times in a special manner by what is popularly termed a mission.

It consists of a series of sermons, instructions and religious exercises, usually lasting at least a week and undertaken with the approbation of the bishop and at the request of the pastor. The course of sermons treats of the end of man, sin and its fatal consequences, the eternity of punishment, death and kindred subjects that excite contrition and dispose the soul to be reconciled with God. In the second stage of the mission the more consoling doctrine of God's love and mercy is developed and the repentant sinner takes heart at the thought that, despite his past sins, he may again be admitted to God's intimacy and love.

Meanwhile the principal truths of our holy religion are explained, converts are instructed and confessions are heard.

The mission usually closes with a renewal of baptismal vows and the Apostolic, or Papal, Benediction. The congregation is sometimes solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, practices for the preservation of fervor are prescribed, and a new spiritual life is visible on every side.

No one who has attended a mission can have failed to note its wonderful effects. Many a hardened sinner becomes contrite, the wavering are strengthened, ill-gotten wealth is restored, hatreds are appeased and peace and harmony return to families that have been disturbed by the enemy of domestic happiness, dissension.

Nor is the power of God manifested merely in the liberal distribution of His favors. It is sometimes revealed in the punishment of those who, slighting the call of grace, will not be converted. For some the mission is, as far as the human mind can judge, a last summons to repentance and, when it is disregarded, an impenitence that seems final falls on the obstinate soul.

THE body of barrels is now made in one piece cut from the tree, so that there is only one joint in the whole. The tree trunk is first sawn into lengths, which are boiled for three hours in a closed vessel, and thus softened. A current of electricity is also passed through the water while it is boiling. The log is then cut or pared down into a sheet, which is divided into lengths. Each length forms the body of the cask, and is fitted with proper top, bottom and hoops. Some fine veneers are produced in this way.

THE late Cardinal Manning was, in his early days, much interested in general athletics. He was captain of the Harrow cricket eleven in 1827, was a good rider, and a splendid oarsman.

The Selection of a Piano.

THE selection of a piano is often a difficult matter. Starting with, at best, a superficial knowledge of requirements of a first-class piano, the intending purchaser is largely influenced by the opinion of friends, which may be unprejudiced, or otherwise. There are good pianos of different makes; at the same time there are various methods of manufacture. By expensive advertising the names of certain manufacturers have become familiar. It does not prove that they make the *only* first-class instrument, but it is an undisputed fact that each and every customer is forced to pay a goodly share of the heavy advertising expenses, etc., and to pay unnecessarily high prices for such goods.

Following in the wake of the "Leaders" and the makers who "worked for" the aforesaid "Leaders" and whose instruments are "just as good as ," etc., etc. This class of makers buy their materials or parts from various sources, and of various degrees of value, and from them construct their pianos. The so-called "Stencil" pianos are made of the cheapest possible material, by unskilled labor, and a name, often closely approaching the appearance of some well-known maker's name is "stencilled" thereon, with the result of frequently leading the purchasers to believe that they have secured a *special bargain*. When the interior mechanism begins to show the result of atmospheric changes, etc., and the purchaser finds there is no such manufacturer, he realizes the doubtful value of his instrument. What, then, is the intending purchaser to do? Buy only from an established, responsible maker who has a reputation to sustain. The success of the New England Piano Company is prominent in the history of piano manufacture of this country. Their main factory building is 225 x 150 feet, seven floors, with action factory 70 x 70, four floors. Making over *six acres* of floor space, together with dry houses, lumber yards, etc. The New England Piano factories are supplied with all the latest improvements in the way of labor-saving machinery and appliances. All lumber is thoroughly seasoned and all classes of materials carefully selected by experts. Only the best and most suitable materials are used.

The workmen employed are among the most capable in their lines, among their number being men who have followed their particular branches of the business from twenty-five to forty-five years.

The upright is the popular piano of to-day, and the New England Piano Company manufacture the largest variety in the country, in various styles of finish, including rosewood finish, mahogany, burl walnut, American oak, quartered oak, circassian walnut, and other fancy woods. With the largest producing piano factories in the world, manufacturing the entire piano, purchasers pay *only our profit*. If you are thinking of buying or renting a piano it will pay you to examine the New England pianos. The warerooms of this company are at 157 Tremont street, and among the finest in the city, and intending purchasers are sure to receive full value for every dollar paid.

KRUPP, the cannon-king at Essen, employs 16,000 workmen. He produced 640,0.0,000 pounds of cast steel last year.

Business Department.

IT frequently happens that subscribers moving from former residences, forget (we hope not wilfully) to notify us of their removal. Many of them forget (we hope not wilfully) to pay what they owe. Now this is not fair. A debt for the MAGAZINE is as important to pay as any other honest debt. Before moving they should notify us. In future, those who neglect to pay what they owe, their names will be published in the MAGAZINE, in order that some one will tell us where they have moved to. Those who do not notify us will govern themselves accordingly.

Terms: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is published for $2 a year in advance. $1 for six months. Two copies for $3 a year, sent separately.

We often receive such notices as the following:

POST OFFICE AT BROOKLINE, MASS.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your MAGAZINE addressed to Mary A. Pope, 61 Harvard street, is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Gone. THOMAS N. HART, P. M.

POST OFFICE AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your MAGAZINE addressed to Jas. Downing, 139 Washburn street is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Not known, no such party here. HENRY M. PHILLIPS, P. M.

POST OFFICE AT WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your MAGAZINE, addressed to Mrs. Mary Murphy, Herbert street, Wakefield, Mass., is not not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Unclaimed. C. B. BOWMAN, P. M.

OUR PREMIUMS.

NEW ORLEANS, January 25, 1892.

MR. DONAHOE, *Dear Sir:* My little boy decided to form a club to receive a Swiss Watch; he has succeeded in getting four new subscribers with mine. By forwarding the watch as early as possible, you will greatly oblige, MRS. M. J. MCADAM.

OF INTEREST TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE following are the decisions of the United States Court on the subject of subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages, are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the Post Office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima-facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice at the end of the time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then orders it discontinued or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have postal cards sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.

Cardinal Manning Dead.

The Foremost Churchman in the English-Speaking World. — Bishop of the People and Champion of True Liberty.

Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, died at his residence in London, at 8 A. M., Thursday, Jan. 14. His death-sickness began with a slight cold on the 8th inst. Dr. Gasqueta, a relative of the Cardinal's, advised him on Saturday to remain in bed, if only by way of precaution. The Cardinal did so, but by Monday bronchitis had developed, and another physician, Sir Andrew Clark, was called in. On Tuesday, at the Cardinal's own request, the last Sacraments were administered to him by Father Dillon, of Bayswater, his secretary. Canon Johnson, Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, and the canons of his diocese of Westminster being present.

The Cardinal made his profession of faith with clearest consciousness and profound devotion.

Provost Gilbert, as the head of the Chapter, read the profession aloud. The Cardinal followed with his finger on another book, and now and then he would pause to say a word upon any point which he wished especially to emphasize. When the last word had been said, the Cardinal individually blessed the canons, accompanying each blessing with a kindly observation. Then the canons reverently kissed his hand, and he embraced each of them.

About half-past four on the morning of the 14th inst., it was evident that the end was near. A little later, the Bishop of Salford offered up the Mass for the dying Cardinal, who passed away while the Holy Sacrifice was being celebrated. His death was painless and peaceful—resembling rather a gentle settling to sleep.

His illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, had said, as death drew near, "I feel like a school-boy going home for the holidays." Cardinal Newman's last recorded words were: "I hear the music of Heaven—all is sunshine." But Cardinal Manning apparently passed away in silence.

As the news spread from his weeping household to the outer world grief was evident, everywhere. The contrast between public sentiment on the Cardinal's death and on the death of the Duke of Clarence, which took place an hour later the same morning, was marked. The expression of feeling on the latter event was formal and perfunctory. Except the Prince's immediate kindred and his betrothed, there was none to whom his early death mattered an iota. But in the death of the Cardinal, outside entirely of the Catholic body, there was not a wage-earner, not a poor, or sorrow-stricken creature in London, who did not feel that he had lost a friend and protector. No other death, except, indeed, that of Gladstone, would have so profoundly moved the whole English people.

Life-Sketch of the Cardinal.

Henry Edward Manning was born at Totteridge, Eng., July 15, 1808, the son of Mr. William Manning, Member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England. In 1830 he took his B. A. degree at Balliol College, Oxford. He entered the Colonial Office in 1831, and became a close student of Constitutional Law and Political History. Soon, however, he realized that religion and not statecraft was his life business. At Christmas, 1832, he took orders in the Anglican communion, and three years later accepted the rectories of Larington and Graffham, in Sussex.

He married a daughter of Wilberforce, the great anti-slavery agitator. A few months of unclouded happiness, and death bereaved him of his gifted, beautiful and beloved young wife. Sorrow had its Heaven-appointed way with him, and thenceforth religion was his all in all.

In 1840 he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, and select preacher to the University of Oxford in 1842.

He was now the hope of the Church of England and the heir apparent of her Primatial See of Canterbury. "Manning in the Church, Gladstone in the State," was the forecast of the Bishop of Exeter for England's glory. Manning restoring the True Church in England, Gladstone repairing England's wrongs to Ireland, have realized the prediction, though in a sense far other than that in which it was spoken.

Let Manning himself testify of the spirit in which he preached and wrote, while he was yet outside the visible communion of the Church: "In such words I endeavored for many years to say all that I know of truth to those who would then listen to me. I have had no other motive than a perpetual and ardent desire to give to others the truth as God has given it to me."

The Light had inevitably to find its way into so upright and earnest a soul. The famous Gorham decision of 1850, whereby a minister of the Anglican Church, though denying baptismal regeneration, was still permitted to hold his office, showed Manning the irreconcilable difference between the man made and the Christ made Church.

We quote briefly from John Oldcastle's "Cardinal Manning": "In March, 1850, Archdeacon Manning and his brother-in-law, the late Henry Wilberforce, conferring with Mr. Gladstone and other friends, drew up resolutions condemnatory of that decision. The document stated that 'to admit the lawfulness of holding an exposition of an Article of the Creed contradictory of the essential meaning of that Article, is in truth and in fact to abandon that Article'; and 'inasmuch as the faith is one, and rests upon one principle of authority, the conscious, deliberate, and willful abandonment of an Article destroys the divine foundation upon which alone the entire faith is propounded'; and that, 'any portion of the Church which does so abandon an Article forfeits not only the Catholic doctrine in that Article, but also the office and

authority to witness and teach as a member of the Universal Church.'"

Thirteen men signed that manifesto: H. E. Manning, R. I. Wilberforce, Thomas Thorp, W. H. Mill, E. B. Pusey, John Keble, W. Dodsworth, W. J. E. Bennett, Henry Wilberforce, J. C. Talbot, Richard Cavendish, Edward Badeley and James R. Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott).

But to what purpose? They looked for a "divine foundation" under the Establishment;—and they found—an Act of Parliament. The civil power could make articles of faith, or could set them aside. Anglicanism had no place for men who were looking within her borders for such things as doctrinal consistency, and divine office and authority.

Six of the signers became Catholics.

Manning Was Received into the Church

on the morning of Passion Sunday, 1851. He thus announced the event in a letter to his friend, T. W. Allies:—

14 QUEEN STREET, MAYFAIR,
Passion Sunday, 1851.

MY DEAR ALLIES:—Others, I fear, will have been before me in telling you of my intention, but I may be the first to tell you that this morning, by God's mercy, I entered the One True Fold.

I have felt your consideration towards my sister in not coming to see me; but now, and here, I shall be delighted to see you again.

Pray for me that I may be kept in the grace of God. Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

Wrote Frederic Lucas, in his London Tablet, of Manning's conversion:—

"Mr. Manning has really attempted to work the Establishment upon Catholic principles in a high and important official position. But even he, with all his great position and his important connections, his prudence, his eloquence, his remarkable aptitude for and acquaintance with affairs, his forbearance, his patience and his holiness, has at last felt he could do nothing; that the Church of England is Protestant, and Protestant it will remain; that it is not the Church of Augustine and Anselm, but of Cranmer and Burnet; that if men wish to be Catholics they must have recourse to the Chair of Peter, to the Roman Unity. But while we thus congratulate our readers on this important accession of one of the leading minds of the Anglican Establishment, we shall hardly have done our duty as journalists or as Catholics if we do not say something on the great, the heroic sacrifice this man has made for the sake of Catholic truth. He has given up all that is most dear to that lofty ambition which forms the peculiar temptation of minds of the noblest mould. A position exactly suited to his talents, of widely extended influence, and a splendid future; the favor of men, and the almost certainty (had he preferred it to his conscience) of ultimately carrying out his views as bishop; the devoted adherence of troops of friends; an abode as fair as any of those we see scattered over England and occupied by her ministers, fortunate in this world's goods; an abode amid calm streams and green woody hills, with that ancient village church, in its present state almost the creation of his genius and cultivated taste; all this, and far more, Mr. Manning has given up with a great heart, generous and liberal to Almighty God, Who has been so liberal of graces to him, counting all as nothing so he may fight in the Holy Catholic Church now that he has seen her star in the distance. He has not, like others, pointed the way to Bethlehem, and then refused to go thither himself."

But never was the hundred-fold which Christ promised even for this life, to those who forsake all things for His Name's sake, more promptly and visibly rendered than in Manning's case. Ordained in 1851, he spent several years in Rome in the enjoyment of the special favor of Pope Pius IX.; took his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1854; founded the Oblates of St. Charles, at Bayswater, Eng., in 1858; was made Provost of Westminster in the same year; Protonotary Apostolic in 1860; Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, and Cardinal in 1875.

The work which attracted these honors in his own Church, and restored to him the hearts that had been estranged by his conversion, was largely the severest pastoral labor among the London poor:—church-building, school-building, sick calls, temperance work, mission-giving, claimed the days and years, which still yielded as abundant harvest of controversial and devout literature as if their author were a scholarly recluse. Cardinal Manning's works since his conversion are published in twenty-three volumes, as follows: "The Grounds of Faith" (1852); "Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes" (three lectures, 1860); "The Last Glories of the Holy See Greater than the First" (three lectures 1861); "The Present Crisis of the Holy See Tested by Prophecy" (four lectures, 1861); "The Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ" (1862); "Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects, with an Introduction on the Relations of England to Christianity" (1863); "The Crown in Council on the 'Essays and Reviews'—a Letter to an Anglican Friend" (1864); "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost, or Reason and Revelation" (1865); "The Convocation and the Crown in Council; a Second Letter to an Anglican Friend" (1864); "The Reunion of Christendom; a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy" (1866); "The Temporal Power of the Pope, in its Political Aspect" (1866); "The Centenary of St. Peter and the General Council" (1867); "England and Christendom" (1867); "Ireland: a Letter to Earl Grey" (1868); "The Ecumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff; a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy" (1869); "The Vatican Council and its Definitions; a Pastoral Letter" (1870); "Petri Privilegium; Three Pastoral Letters to the Clergy of the Diocese of Westminster" (1871); "The Four Great Evils of the Day" (1871); "The Fourfold Sovereignty of God" (1871); "The Daemon of Socrates," "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism" (1874); "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost" (1875); "The True Story of the Vatican Council" (1877); "The Catholic Church and Modern Society" (1880); and "The Eternal Priesthood" (1883).

Besides these, the exterior work of his episcopate, he devoted his time and labors to (1) the training of some hundreds of additional priests for mission work in London and in the large towns; to (2) the building of over forty new churches and mission chapels; to (3) the opening of nearly fifty new departments in elementary schools, besides orphanages, poor law and workhouse schools; to (4) the institution of the Oblates of St. Charles, with their large number of students for the priesthood; as also to

the creation of St. Thomas' Seminary, built by the Cardinal at a cost of about $200 000; to (5) the institution of the League of the Cross, now established in every diocese of England.

His zeal for popular education made him institute the "Westminster Diocesan Education Fund" ten years ago. By means of it, 30 000 of the 36,000 Catholic children of London are now receiving a good secular education, with the supreme blessing of Christian training added.

Arthur F. Marshall on Cardinal Manning.

Arthur F. Marshall, himself a convert of the Tractarian movement, wrote thus to THE PILOT at the silver jubilee of Cardinal Manning's episcopate, in June, 1890, answering the question, "What has been the most prominent feature of the archiepiscopal career of the great English Churchman?"—

"The answer is, I think, that he has done more to lessen the prejudices of all classes of English Protestants against Catholicity than any Englishman since the time of the Reformation. Comparisons are invidious and in bad taste. Still, it may be permitted to suggest that, just as Cardinal Newman has proved to the English people that the highest intellect as well as the highest character are consistent with the most intense Catholic conviction, so Cardinal Manning has shown them that the social sympathies of Catholics, and what may be called their love of all the natural virtues, are at least as strong as those of the members of the Church of England.

"The next trait of the Cardinal—or the next most striking feature of his career—has been his championship of the rights of the working classes. His Eminence is not an 'academic Radical,' but an almost sternly practical friend of the poor. He says himself that nothing has given him so much pleasure, in the kindly congratulations on his jubilee, as the address from the workmen in the London Docks. They know that he was the only great ecclesiastic in England who stood by them in the hour of their bitterness. And so, too, the English working classes, of pretty nearly all grades, know that the Cardinal's writings on the 'Rights of Labor' have done them more good than a score of committees of the House of Commons, because they have taught the richer classes to look up to honest labor, instead of looking down upon it, as was the fashion. And, in the third place, it must be noticed, as a great achievement of this wise Cardinal, that he has been the first Catholic ecclesiastic who has succeeded in placing Catholic priests on the same public social level as Anglican clergymen. It was a thing unheard of, up to the year 1865, that the Catholic clergy should appear publicly, on platforms or in committee rooms, as the social and political equals of the Protestant hierarchy; while, as to His Eminence's own position, it is no exaggeration to affirm that he has enjoyed, and does enjoy, a greater public importance than does even the Archbishop of Canterbury.

. . . . . .

"Undoubtedly, the fact that Cardinal Manning is an Englishman, an Oxford man, and the son of a city magnate, has helped him in his winning of the public confidence. His illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, was hardly an Englishman, and had never been a member of the Established Church; but Cardinal Manning is British-born, a thorough man of the world, and an old trusted friend of the best Anglicans. Mr. Disraeli, in his romancing about Lord Bute, when that rich nobleman became a convert to the Church, could not resist the temptation of portraying Archbishop Manning as a type of an English Catholic ecclesiastic. A great friend of Mr. Disraeli, or of Lord Beaconsfield, as he was afterwards entitled, has said that, had Lord Beaconsfield lived ten years longer, he would have proposed that Cardinal Manning should be made a Peer. The fitness of things seemed to require that the leading Catholic ecclesiastic, who was also a Royal Commissioner on Education and on the Housing of the Poor in Protestant London, should take his place in that Upper House, which, in Disraelian philosophy, was the Olympus of intellect and merit. England is probably not yet prepared for that. But it is certain that no 'public man' in England is more highly esteemed for his broad sympathies, for his superiority to conventional cowardice, than the quondam Archdeacon, who was called 'the apostle to the genteels,' but who is now known chiefly as the 'workingman's friend.'"

Cardinal Manning the Friend of Ireland.

There is another aspect of Cardinal Manning's life of intense interest to men of Irish birth and blood the world over—it is his sympathy with the Irish cause—which antedated even his Catholicity. He was the lifelong, steadfast friend of Ireland, and one of the strongest influences which during lonely years was persistently shaping the English mind and clearing the way for the present-day English Liberal movement in favor of Irish Home Rule.

Cardinal Manning was two years older than Gladstone, and was his friend and fellow-student at Oxford. But the sunrise of life made plain to the future priest what only the westering sun revealed to the statesman—the iniquities of England to Ireland. "From my youth up, ever since I understood the history of Ireland," said Cardinal Manning, responding to the address which the Irish Home Rulers, then under the leadership of Isaac Butt, M. P., presented to him on his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1875, 'I have had the strongest sympathy with that country—a sympathy which has been greatly increased since I have had a flock of Irish blood and of Irish faith."

It is a cruel and pitiful anomaly that the worst enemies of Ireland's national aspirations, the bitterest defamers of the Irish character are found among English Catholics. The fact that they owe the restoration of their religious rights—which they as a class were too cowardly and compromising to fight for themselves—to Daniel O'Connell and the Irish, seems to inspire many of them with that hatred which a mean nature always feels for a benefactor. But with the great soul of Cardinal Manning it was not so. Accepting the Catholic faith, he accepted the Irish people as its best representatives. He found the Catholic Church in Ireland, as he himself expressed it in the words of Burke, more nearly conformed to the Apostolic Church than anywhere else on earth. "It has ever been absolutely independent of the world, its spiritual jurisdiction, its organization and liberty complete and undefiled, its faith ever immaculate, its fidelity to the Holy See proved by generations of martyrdom. It has lived in absolute poverty, and out of its poverty it had endowed itself. Its pastors and people have been united in bonds of charity and obedience which the world has never been able to sever." Thus he held up the Catholic Irish to the at first cold and contemptuous gaze of his Catholic countrymen; and if the multitude of English aristocrats who came into the Catholic Church on the high tide of the Tractarian movement looked to him for counsel, he bade them, through his sermons, lectures and devotional books, to learn of the Connemara peasant, of the Irish laborer in London, the true spirit of the faith.

The work of his priesthood and episcopate has been largely among the Irish poor in London. "Many a poor man's death-bed," writes an edified Protestant witness of his apostolic life, "has been blessed by the presence of the great Cardinal Archbishop, and many a poor family relieved by the same liberal hand that wrote the most powerful defence of the Vatican Decrees." Even his temperance reform work gives him arguments on the Irish side. "The Irishman," said Cardinal Manning, "drinks from joviality, the Englishman from brutality, and it is easier to reform an Irish than an English drunkard."

Because of his very patriotism—and since the days of Archbishop Langton of Magna Charta fame there has been no truer English patriot than Cardinal Manning—the sins of his own nation were heavy upon his heart,—most of all her apostasy from the faith 300 years ago, when Ireland stood unshaken, and her oppression of Ireland before and since. He loved not England less, but justice more. With the awful vision of merited national retribution before him, he would not prophesy smooth things in the modern Babylon. "I can never forget Ireland by our side," he wrote, speaking of her constancy to the faith: "Ireland, poor, outcast, despised, down-trodden, hunted from field to field, from river to river, from mountain to mountain." And elsewhere: "To this day, among the nations of the Christian world, there is not to be found a people so instinct with faith and so governed by Christian morality as the people of Ireland."

Holding this estimate of the Irish character, Cardinal Manning could not be less than the earnest Home Ruler he was. Ireland's cause has many friends among the English Catholic clergy and the more intelligent of the laity today. We need but mention Bishop Bagshawe, the Oblates of St. Charles, founded over thirty years ago by Cardinal Manning, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Ashburnham, Wilfrid Blunt, Wilfrid Meynell, to recall still other names as eminent in religion, statecraft and literature among the English Catholic friends of Ireland. Yet, little more than three decades ago the Irish cause was a by-word among English Catholics, with no advocate but Cardinal Manning and that eminent publicist, Frederic Lucas.

Cardinal Manning's rebuke of the English Tory Catholics' late attempt to destroy Irish nationalism through Rome may be fitly recalled here. Asked for his opinion of the religious and political condition of Ireland, he at once indicated the Irish bishops—model Churchmen and fervent Nationalists to a man—as the proper spokesmen for Ireland.

He was a devoted admirer of Daniel O'Connell, Father Mathew and other eminent Irish patriots.

Cardinal Manning on Daniel O'Connell.

At the commemoration of the O'Connell Centenary in Dublin, in 1875, the Cardinal wrote to Peter Paul McSwiney, then the Lord Mayor of that city:—

LONDON, July 28, 1875.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR:—I return you my very sincere thanks for your lordship's kindness in inviting me to take part in the centenary of Daniel O'Connell's birth, and I beg you to convey to all who are acting with you my regret that it will be impossible for me to be present. Had it been in my power to be with you, I should have expressed in no uncertain words the gratitude of Catholics in England to the man whose prudence, firmness, eloquence and devotion won for the Catholic Church in these realms its liberation from penal laws.

To him is due, under God, more than to any other, that Ireland is an united people, growing year by year in power and prosperity. I am old enough to remember O'Connell's first entrance into the Legislature, and how in him and by him the Catholics of these kingdoms became an integral part of the public opinion and of the Legislature of the Empire. But I believe it will be for posterity to appreciate fully the work which he accomplished from that day. The Catholic Church in our country has become a part of our national life, and our fellow-countrymen have seen its worship and heard its voice, and are beginning to regard it with respect and good-will as one of the most powerful and beneficent influences of our social order. Daily and intimate contact with Catholics has swept away old controversies. And in bringing about this pacific change Daniel O'Connell stands as the foremost man.

A Friend of Labor.

The workingmen of England are quick to resent patronage and mistrustful, not without reason, of any interference in their affairs by members of the more favored classes. But even their jealousy was disarmed by the great Cardinal in whom they saw, not the scion of wealth and representative of class, but the earnest Christian and true lover of his fellow-men. He won and held their confidence by fearlessly championing their rights and by never espousing their quarrel if it were not right. In all England but one creature has dared to say that Manning stood by the cause of the laboring men because "he was quick to see the rising power" and sought to use it for selfish ends. The disgrace of that utterance, however, does not rest on England. It comes from a denationalized American, G. W. Smalley, of the New York Tribune. Only a renegade could have been capable of ascribing such motives to the saintly man whom true English workingmen revered and loved.

Where the Cardinal Will Be Buried.

Our papers have reported that the Cardinal will be buried in Kensal Green, the famous cemetery beyond Paddington, and about four miles from Westminster. But this is hardly accurate. He will be laid in St. Mary's, which directly adjoins Kensal Green, but is distinct from it, being the Catholic ground consecrated years ago, and exquisitely kept ever since, in which Cardinal Wiseman, Canon Oakeley, and many other pioneers of revived English Catholicity now lie. All this sacred dust will not be under the open sky forever; but only until it may be gathered into a vault under the shadow of the Holy of Holies. For the great, active Archdiocese of Westminster has never had a Cathedral. Southwark, the neighboring See across the river, itself part of London, has a beautiful gothic Cathedral, St. George's, built by the elder Pugin; and Westminster has been able to depend upon the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, a most lovely church though illy situated. But although a vast area near the Victoria Station has long been bought and set apart as a site for the much-needed edifice, nothing has as yet been done towards laying the corner-stone. Cardinal Manning was urged again and again to build. "My successors must see to that," he would say. "The money I have belongs to the poor and the young. I must care for the children, and they shall be my Cathedral!" Now, indeed, the new spire must shoot towards heaven, and as a witness to this dear self-denying shepherd who has gone "where other rivers flow," the subscriptions will, in all likelihood, have the character of a Manning Memorial. If so, the result will be something very large and very general. There in Westminster again, after many years, the mortal remains of the two great Cardinals will rest in peace.

Two Glimpses of Cardinal Manning.

I SAW Cardinal Manning, writes a correspondent of THE PILOT, twice during 1890-1; once when he kept his jubilee and preached at the Sunday High Mass in the little Church of St. Edward, off Victoria Street, where Father Cyril Forster, himself an Oblate of St. Charles, is rector; once again, amid the mournful splendors of a Requiem for Cardinal Newman, at the Brompton Oratory. On this latter occasion he went up into the pulpit of that magnificent church, robed in full pontificals, and with a body-guard, as it were, of vested priests; and for the first time since he left the Anglican Communion, he read what he had to say; for his discourse was so tender, so heavy with love and thought and prophecy, that he knew well enough he could not have delivered it from memory without breaking down. The whole scene was most impressive: the purple pall in front of the altar, flanked with the surpliced clergy of "the second spring," the

dim large lights, the vast spaces draped in black and the aisles filled with the van-guard of intellectual London, where every man and woman, in the different English custom, were mourning for the beloved dead. The living Cardinal, the other great gift out of Oxford, was the first and last upon whom the eye rested; a delicate tense form, a leaf holding itself steady in a wind, while from his lips fell the light, sweet, clear syllables, "like snow," as of old, Newman himself had said. Nobody who was there will ever forget it.

But before that, in the little church near Westminster Abbey and near his own home, I had been closer to him and both seen and heard him better. He came in, in his bright scarlet, almost cherry-colored robe, with two gold-haired children bearing his train; and after a moment's prayer he spoke from the step of the communion-railing. It was less a sermon than a fatherly talk, with a little reference, too, to the joy he felt upon his own anniversary, and a great deal more about the need of seriousness and zeal in our daily religious life. "They call Catholicity exclusive, sometimes," he exclaimed in that wonderful soft voice of his. "Ah, there is nothing so exclusive as truth!" He stood quite upright, as was his habit, not even resting his hand upon the railing, from beginning to end. He spoke with the utmost ease and gentleness, with brief gestures, often with a slight smile. The red cap and cassock were exceedingly becoming to him, giving a touch of substantial color to his extreme thinness and pallor. His head was a grand dome, his eyes brightly blue; he was, altogether, a beautiful old man, as unlike Millais' cadaverous portrait as it was possible to be. He seemed, as he poured his heart out to the people in the little church he loved, to be all light and health and supernatural beauty.

THE Rev. Ignatius Koerling, lately of St. Mary's Church, Toledo, O., died at St. Vincent's Hospital, on Jan. 12. He was born Feb. 11, 1838, at Altenbeuren, Westphalia, Germany, entered the Society of Jesus, Oct. 30, 1855 and was ordained priest at Maria Lach, Sept. 14 1868, by Cardinal Melchers. Father Koerling was renowned for his love of study, was an authority in classics, and was well conversant in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian and English. He went to Toledo twelve years ago, and his first ministrations there were at St Mary's. Subsequently he spent some years in Buffalo and Cleveland, finally returning in 1888 to Toledo.

SISTER MARY CORNELIA, the venerable Superior of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal., died on the 11th inst. She was known in the world as Miss Marie Antoinette Caroline Neujean, and was born at St. Nicholas, Liege (Belgium), July 7, 1815. On Sept. 1 1834 she began her religious life, entering the Convent of Notre Dame at Namur, and two years later made her profession. In 1843, in company with five other Sisters, she went to Oregon, and finally to California. In 1851 the Nuns opened a boarding school in San Jose, with which Sister Mary became connected the following year.

THE Rev. Walter M. A. Fleming, of St. Aloysius' Church, Newark, N. J., died recently, aged forty-eight years. He was born in County Waterford, Ire., and was brought to Jersey City when only two years old. He was ordained by Bishop Corrigan on April 26 1876. He went first to Elizabeth as assistant to Father Thebaud, and from there was transferred to Mt. Hope, to Orange Valley and to Irvington. He added a wing to the Church of Our Lady of the Valley, while in Orange Valley, and built St. Leo's Church in Irvington. Later he was appointed to the charge of St. Aloysius' parish, which was created from that of St. James'. On June 20 1880, he laid the corner-stone of the present church, and a year later that of the parochial residence. Father Fleming was intensely patriotic and an active temperance advocate. He took great interest in the cause of workingmen and several times settled strikes.

Some of Our Advertisers.

DINE at Ober's.

NOTHING can surpass nor equal the Putnam Horse-Shoe Nail for safety or perfection.

MUSIC, Music, Music, of every description, at Messrs. Louis H. Ross & Co., 32 West street, Boston.

IT will pay you to get your clothes from Murray the Tailor, 974 to 976 Washington street, Boston.

BUY your hats, caps, and umbrellas of Wm. P. Hogg, Cambridge street, Boston, near the Revere House.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE cures burns, scalds, and everything in this particular line since the days of antiquity.

ALL our readers should visit the Fayal and Japanese Store, 4 Park street, Boston, for curiosities of every description.

MONUMENTAL ART WORKS can be bought very low of Messrs. John Lieben & Co., 17 and 19 Pynchon street, Boston, Mass., Roxbury Station.

THE only reliable and genuine Sarsaparilla is that prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists throughout the world.

THE Sleeper's Eye Cigar is the best ten-cent cigar in the market to-day. Every one who uses it speaks well of it. Our Editor says so, and so say all of us.

THE best place in Boston to buy wall papers is at the store of the Boston Wall Paper Co., 20 Summer street. Everything in the line can be found there.

THE Commonwealth Clothing House, corner of Washington and Kneeland streets, is the largest in Boston, and the best place to buy clothing of every description.

SAGES lived in days gone by; wise men did just the same. Take a friend's advice, and buy your furniture of the Hanover Furniture Co., 126 and 128 Hanover street, Boston.

THE Boston Orange Growers Co., M. D. Brooks, general agent, 34 School street, Boston, is offering great inducements to capitalists. Read their advertisement in another column of this MAGAZINE.

THE Emerson Pianos have the finest tone of any pianos manufactured in this country; made from the very best material. Just think of it, over fifty thousand of them in use up to the present time. Warerooms, 174 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Do you love the horse? If so, see that he has a good bed to lie upon. German peat moss is the best, cheapest, and healthiest ever used. It keeps the barn sweet, feet soft and healthy. It has been used for the past five years in the Boston city stables with great satisfaction, and veterinary surgeons recommend it to every one who owns a horse. Imported and sold by C. B. Barrett, 45 North Market street, Boston. Send for circular and price list.

EVERY family should have a New England Piano. They come within the reach of almost every householder. They are sold at moderate prices, and on moderate terms. Warerooms, 157 Tremont street, Boston, and 98 Fifth avenue, New York.

WE ARE SELLING

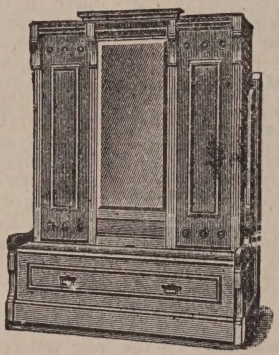
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

CASH OR CREDIT,

LESS THAN ACTUAL COST!

ANTIQUE ASH CHAMBER SUITS $15.00
PLUSH PARLOR SUITS 35.00
RANGE, with Ware Complete 12.00

BABY CARRIAGES
FROM
$4.00
TO
$50.00.



REFRIGERATORS
FROM
$2.00
TO
$50.00.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST LINE OF THESE GOODS TO SELECT FROM IN NEW ENGLAND.

HANOVER ✣ FURNITURE ✣ CO.,

126 and 128 Hanover Street,

BOSTON.

J. J. QUINN, Manager. Open Evenings.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1892. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—Most Rev. Dr. Ireland, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life.

Donahoe's Monthly has now for some years back been emphasizing, by its constant repetition at the head of its opening page, the significantly truthful utterance of the great Archbishop of St. Paul, that "The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." The wisdom of that saying will not be gainsaid by any one who really has the good name of his race at heart after a short study of the situation; and the fact of how great is the inclination to follow it was very forcibly impressed upon my mind recently, when, in a business way, it became my duty to analyze the huge vote of the American metropolis. Two things were very remarkably brought out in the course of my investigations; the first being the potency of the Irish element as a whole in the public affairs of New York, and of the Union in consequence, for New York is the pivotal constituency upon which the fate of presidential elections turn. The other thing was, as I have indicated, the growing ubiquity of this wonderful nationality of ours, with its peculiar trait of dominance, wherever a fair field offers for its exercise.

I doubt if any among the readers of Donahoe's Magazine, or any other publication for that matter, begins to realize the importance of the Irish element as a deciding factor in our national affairs. An old line Jacksonian Democrat myself, it was not until the facts were forced upon me that their true significance was brought home to me in a manner which caused them to command due recognition.

To begin with, New York and Brooklyn are very peculiar in this, that their foreign-born citizens largely outnumber the native born. In New York the naturalized voters outnumber the others by over fifty thousand, and in Brooklyn the similar excess is placed at twenty-eight thousand.

This huge suffrage is divided into about these proportions, two-thirds Irish, one-third German, Italians, etc. The preponderance of Irish-born voters is largely because of the readiness with which their nature assimilates with free institutions, and the corresponding backwardness of the Germans and others to take on the habits and ways of their new surroundings. While originally uttered in a disparaging way, the old "chestnut," that "three days after landing at Castle Garden, Pat is either a policeman or some

other factotum of the city government," the saying is really to the credit of the element upon whom it was intended to reflect, for it is an exaggerated illustration of the Irish desire to be a living entity in the concerns of the land which has been the ideal of Irish national aspirations, as well as the Mecca of individual Irish hopes.

And so we have it that the great centre of our financial, industrial, and intellectual life, "the nerve centre of the American nation," whose vim and force send life and action even to the most obscure hamlet in the land, is controlled in an almost absolute supremacy by Celtic brain, sinew, and bone. What is peculiarly creditable about this, too, is that it was not until the Irish element dominated in numbers through the enforced emigration which commenced to gain proportions a half-century ago, that New York took this pre-eminence over the other cities of the continent, much as our short-sighted anti-Irish fanatics would decry to the contrary. The bondman's chains dissolved the moment that the Irish emigrant touched our shore, and America, the new land of his love, felt the full benefit of his pent-up energies, the deprivation of which poor Ireland has good cause to mourn. The William R. Graces, whose ships throng every sea, whose enterprise has bound South America to us by ties of commerce stronger than the power of armies ; the Joseph J. O'Donahues, whose gigantic operations have emptied the coffee fields of Java, Ceylon, and Brazil into our laps, whose magnificent directing skill has bridged the surrounding rivers, and by floating ferry palaces united the outlying country with our island ; the Eugene Kellys, Thaddeus Moriartys, and Henry L. Hoguets, whose enterprise has reared mercantile temples that vie with the noble structures of ancient Greece ; the John D. Crimminses, whose engineering forces have transformed the face of the municipal territory, whose five thousand trained workmen accomplish more in a month than did the legions of Cæsar's sappars and miners in a year ; the Judge Bradys, Dalys, and Morgan O'Briens, whose judicial decisions are the models of the American bar ; these and thousands of other geniuses whose names would adorn your pages, but occupy more space than you could probably afford, have enriched this metropolis and made it the most perfect among cities, for I do not except Paris in the comparison, and had the blight of the stranger not robbed them of equal opportunities in their own land, they could have done for it what has been done here, and for one, I have no doubt but that they could have made a living reality of that beautiful vision of Percival Graves :

"Unnumbered flocks possess her hills,
And countless herds her valleys,
Amid the sheen of argent rills
The shade of emerald alleys ;
And commerce thronging with silver sails
Her every ocean portal,
Where stately cities of the Gaels
Stand, reared by art immortal."

The Dutch failed to make a great city of New York, and so did the English after them. The Irish have vindicated the staying quality of their nature by succeeding, for the city's growth has been commensurate with their accession to power in every direction. The statement may be considered too extravagant by those who have not examined into the develop-

ment of the metropolis in the past half century, but the deeper the student searches for the causes which have been the creative factors in this wonderful advance, the more will the credit redound to the Celtic infusion, that unconquerable blood which loves to battle with obstacles, which knows not defeat, and seeks no repose, except in victory.

The most curious fact that turned up in the course of my inquiries into the political side of New York life, which is, to a considerable extent, the barometer of its general activity, for of its healthy excitements are born those emulations which make for success in all the other avenues of trade, commerce, and professional pursuits, was this, that Irish predominance was confined to no one party or faction. In all they equally and proportionately lead. In Tammany Hall, for which there is a local regard hard to explain to an outsider, and which the majority of its supporters themselves would find it difficult to give a good reason, the bulk of the Irish element is concentrated, and the Hebrews, queerly enough, are about the only ones with whom the leadership is to any considerable extent shared, although the Germans and Italians vote largely under its flag. The lights of Tammany Hall are, with scarcely an exception, Celts.

Richard Croker, who originated in Bandon, is the acknowledged chief, and he shares his authority with the mayor, Hon. Hugh J. Grant, and Thomas F. Gilroy. I do not believe that there is one of the twenty-four assembly district leaders who is not either Irish born or of direct Irish descent, and the nine thousand sub-leaders who marshal the forces under them, are, with rare exceptions, of the same over-mastering nationality. Turning to the County Democracy, Tammany's great rival until recently, we find the man in command to be Judge Maurice J. Power, who, by the way, also hails from Cork, and first came into public notice through the successful organization of the Gallowglasses, a splendid representation of Irish brawn and prowess in the St. Patrick's day celebration of twenty-one years ago. Judge Power's advisers were Col. Michael C. Murphy, James S. Coleman, Richard C. Cunningham, Judge Ford, and Judge Fitzgerald.

In an evil moment, a certain know-nothing element, whose wealth swells into the millions, was allowed to come to the front and sway the councils. This element was composed of a triumvirate, related by marriage and business interests each to the other, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, and Nelson J. Waterbury. Their rule was short and disastrous, and they left the organization a mere skeleton of its former great self. Its rehabilitation will come again through Irish hands when the tradition of the narrow-minded ascendancy has passed from memory.

Turning to the Republican party, whose ranks will number one hundred thousand voters this presidental year, on past calculation, the greatest surprise awaits us. Who are its leaders, think you, and of what is this vast constituency formed? My own analysis would show that fully two-thirds of this army of voters is composed of citizens of Irish birth and their sons, while the nearest approach the organization has to-day to a leader, the Hon. Bernard Biglin, whose name indicates his origin, places the estimate at three-fifths. Take either figure and you have more than one-half on the Irish side of the line. In my examination, I found that in certain districts fully nine-tenths of the enrolled Republican voters last year were so classed.

All the southern districts are solidly formed and led by this element. For instance, in the first, the leaders are Maurice Healy, P. J. O'Brien, John Grimes, and Michael Murphy; in the second, Denis Shea, Maurice Hyland; in the third, Jerry Simpson; in the fourth, John and Patrick Collins, Thos. Gilroy, Wm. P. Feeney; in the fifth, John Dodd, Patrick Cunniam, Maurice Ahearn, and F. J. Mahoney; and so on all the way through, except in certain German and colored quarters and the neighborhood of the Union League Club. I spoke of Mr. Biglin as being the nearest approach to a leader the Republican party has. The fact is, there has been no one so recognized since the death of the late John O'Brien, two years ago, and now the contention is virtually between Mr. O'Brien's natural successor, Mr. Biglin, who, with Richard McCord, brought the organization to its greatest strength, and Col. John R. Nugent of Irish Brigade fame, and "Jake" Patterson, a German-American. The chances are two to one that an Irish-American will be the next leader, just as the last was. Mr. Biglin who will, in all probability, be that man, went on record recently in answer to the attacks of the irresponsible editor of the New York Mail and Express, the redoubtable "Col." Elliott F. Shepard in these significant words: "I desire to say to the gentlemen of the Republican party that the time has come for us to repudiate the right of Colonel Shepard or his paper to speak in any sense for this organization. By reviling the nationality and religion of the Irish-American element, which constitutes at least three-fifths of our number, and by far the most efficient portion of our organizers and workers, he and his sheet are doing incalculable damage in so far as they are supposed to voice Republican sentiments to any extent. It will not do for us to pass Colonel Shepard's utterances by as beneath our notice. It is this policy of indifference, I call it cowardice, which has kept Irish-American allies from us. They naturally belong in our party, and did we but force such would-be exponents as this Shepard out of the ranks, and utterly repudiate all such cranks and narrow-minded bigots, the control of the city of New York would be ours and the battle for supremacy in the Nation would not be near so hard as it is every four years. Speaking for my own district, we have already officially repudiated the pretensions of the Mail and Express to speak as an organ of Republican opinion, and in the next meeting of the general committee, that body will be asked to ratify this action of the eighteenth district. I am not speaking as an Irish-American, but as a veteran Republican leader who has no use for foulness or narrowness, no matter from what source it emanates."

In addition to the regular party men to whom Mr. Biglin particularly refers, there is a strictly independent body of men, who, on national issues like the tariff, vote with the Republicans, and to whom, I must say, that considerable credit is due for the status and respect which the Irish-Americans have gained from all parties. They vote on local issues largely with Tammany and their representatives may be said to be Patrick Ford, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, and Gen. Michael Kerwin, but pre-eminently the first-named who wields a towering influence through his paper, the Irish World. So much for affairs in New York, and this outline of them will serve to enable your readers to understand the political situation when the campaign intensifies later on in the year. What is true of New York is true also of

Brooklyn except that the destinies of the city are directed almost unquestioned by Hugh McLaughlin and his able lieutenants, John Courtney, John Delmar, Judge Kenna, and William Farey, on the Democratic side. The Republicans are led by Postmaster Collins, ex-Senator Eugene O'Connor, Denis Hurley, Patrick McGuire, and men of names similarly Milesian. So that, as far as New York is concerned, it may be taken for granted that Archbishop Ireland's advice has found an indigenous soil. Come what may in the turn of the wheel of political fortune, the Irish-American stands in a commanding position, with the power to give direction to public opinion; with capacity to quickly perceive and courage to enunciate beneficial principles; with resolution to urge their fullest expression and application, and with ability always to command respect for the race which has aptly been termed the "salt of the earth." HON. EDWIN ARLING.

The Way to be Happy.

IN a little village, situated among the mountains, lived an old man, who, all his life long, had had nothing but trouble; yet he never seemed to lose his serenity nor bewail his fate. This great courage, in spite of adversity, was to his friends a source of constant admiration. One of them asked him once what was the secret of living always so contentedly.

"I will tell you," said the old man; "my secret is very simple — I make good use of my eyes; that is all!"

The friend, piqued by curiosity, sought in vain the solution of the enigma, and begged the old man to explain himself further.

"With pleasure," said he, smiling. "Listen! In the first place wherever I am, I look up to heaven; this makes me remember that my principal business here below is to merit a place there. Then I look down to the earth, and I picture to myself the small space which will be reserved for me there. Then I look around the world, and I see many men who could justly consider themselves more unfortunate than I am. Thus I never forget heaven, the lasting place of consolation and true happiness; nor the grave which swallows up all anxieties, nor the folly that I should be guilty of did I abandon myself to sadness and complaining, whilst a multitude of my fellowmen endure ills more cruel than mine."

Profit by this lesson, and you will be at least as happy as one can be in this world!

ROYALTY IN ENGLAND. — Royalty has lost much of its flavor in England, and not a few think, that, on the death of Queen Victoria, a new order of things will be established. The Weekly Dispatch, of London, has been compiling from the newspapers a diary of the Prince of Wales' movements and occupations during the last twelve months. The record is almost entirely made up of various forms of pleasure and amusement, dinners, balls, shooting parties, racing and the theatre accounting for most of the days. Here and there, but at long intervals, we find the Prince the centre of some purely ceremonial functions. The English masses are beginning to inquire: What does the Prince of Wales do to earn the enormous salary he draws? and the result of that inquiry will not help the cause of royalty.

A Contrast.

It was a soft, mild day, when spring was merging fast into early summer, and New York was taking on the hot, dusty aspect, which makes its more wealthy denizens long after the country coolness and greenness. I had promised Father B——, our pastor, to visit a poor woman, who was, then, as he told me, in the last stages of decline, and who had expressed a great anxiety to see me, because she had been told that I was from the neighborhood of Enniskerry, her native place, and that I intended to revisit Ireland in the course of the summer.

So I found myself, that May afternoon, making my way up the dark stairway of a large and crowded tenement house. It was one of the poorer order. Squalor was its prevailing characteristic. Unpleasant odors of washing and cooking were intensified by the total want of ventilation. I was relieved when I found myself knocking at the back room of the fourth story, and a moment afterwards seated at the bedside of the woman I had come to seek.

There was a marked attempt at cleanliness in the room; but order there could be none, where work of all kinds had to be done, where the sleeping-room was the kitchen and laundry, where there was but one cupboard, and neither bureau nor other receptacle for clothing. The one window looked out upon the back of another tenement house, sickeningly near, upon fire-escapes, and clothes lines, full of motley garments drying in the May sun. But this I discovered only after I had been in the room long enough to grow accustomed to its darkness, and had obtained permission to open the shutters and the window itself.

"God give you the light of heaven, ma'am," said a feeble voice from the bed, as the May sunshine stole in and threw its beams across the faded counterpane, and over the countenance of the sick woman.

I looked at her with interest; the face had once been fair to look upon; but want, privation, and the air we were now breathing, had robbed it of its bloom, while consumption had furrowed the cheeks and hollowed the eyes. The faint smile had brightened it into something like beauty.

"They tell me, ma'am," said the plaintive voice, breaking silence again, while the eyes were fixed upon my face in earnest and wistful inquiry, "that you're from the ould place."

"Do you know where the Scalp is?" I asked in return.

"I know it well," she answered, nodding her head emphatically; "and it is not more than two Irish miles from Enniskerry."

"Well, it is about half way between the Scalp, and the town of Enniskerry, that I was born," said I.

"And if it's not making too bould, would you tell me your name," she asked. "I mane the name of your family."

I mentioned a name not unknown in that part of the country; but I was unprepared for the warm and cordial outburst of praise, with which it was met by this poor creature, dying here so far away in a foreign land.

After that she fell to talking of the old home.

"Shure a beautiful spot it was, and you wouldn't see the like of it the world over, of a mornin', when the grass was green, and the hedgerows in blossom, and the primroses and violets coverin' the lanes like a carpet."

"And the air from the mountains blowing down fresh and cool," I added.

"Aye, and the fresh breath of the clover and the honey-suckle, and the tunes that the girls sang, as they milked the *cushas*, and the chapel-bell, calling to early Mass. Oh, ma'am, it's my feet that used to step over the fields and meadows, as if it was upon air I was walkin'."

"Just now, the laburnum trees are full of their yellow blossoms," said I, for I knew that it was good for her, even in imagination, to dwell upon all those wholesome sights and sounds and smells, here in the midst of squalor. Besides my own fancy had taken fire, and I was drawing the contrast sharply.

"And the May-flowers scenting the air," said she, warming to the theme.

"And the old rooks wheeling and circling about in the trees."

"Aye," said she, "and their caw caw would be music to my ears, could I hear it now. Many a time, ma'am, some of us, the boys and girls, used to gather upon the bridge of an evenin', and we'd hear the rooks on the river banks, and we'd see the sun fallin' upon the water, just before it set. But the dusk was long in comin' there; it would be eight o'clock of a summer's afternoon, before the darkness closed in."

"I remember," said I, my eyes growing dim with a crowd of recollections.

"Oh, then, God be with them times," said the poor creature fervently. "Poor we all were, but we had air and sunlight at any rate, and cheerful hearts about us."

She looked pitifully around the dingy room, drear and comfortless, and out of the window.

"What made you think of coming to America?" I asked, though knowing very well, that it was the old, old story.

"Well, d'ye see, ma'am, John Moran had been out there, earnin' good wages, and he came home to see the ould people, and he took a likin' to me, for I wasn't to say ill lookin' that time."

A lurking smile of gratified vanity played about the mouth; but there was something so human in this emotion surviving the wreck of years, outliving hopes and illusions, that I felt it to be a touch of the great, common brotherhood. I furtively wiped away a tear, as the poor soul, with hasty apology added:

"It 's not to praise myself that I say it, for all that 's over and done with, this many a day. But I was just sayin' that John Moran came after me, and that the neighbors all had the good word for him, and I'll not say that he didn't deserve it, God rest his soul in glory. Well, ma'am, when he tould me of the fine place it was, across the say, and the lashin's and lavings that were there for everybody, I began to think it id be a grand thing to go with him. And there 's no mistake he was a fine boy, and he had a takin' way with him. So we went before the priest, and then came the lave takin', and my heart was as heavy as lead within me, when the time came to say good-bye to the ould place and to them that was in it. There was my mother, and my sister Kitty, and my brother Ned, still livin'. But the neighbors bade me keep up my heart and that mebbe John and I would come back some day and make our home there, with a power of money."

She stopped, overcome partly by her feelings, partly by weakness. I made no effort to interrupt her story, for I knew it was a relief to her to tell it, and its simple pathos touched me.

"When first I came here," she went on, "the very heart sickened within me, and my chest was that oppressed, I couldn't draw my breath. I tried to hide it from John; but where was the use? didn't he see it for himself?" Her eyes wandered about the apartment, as though those first impressions of life in a New York tenement house were crowding upon her now.

"Shure, John was the kind man, lookin' back on all that 's come and gone. Once, when he got a job of work on Staten Island, he brought me home a handful of wild flowers, and I was that sick at heart, ma'am, that I burst out with the cryin'. The poor senseless things seemed to speak to me, as if they had a livin' voice.

"'Poor, foolish crathure,' says John; but he never showed anger, no matter what came or went. Well, when the organs were playin' out on the street forenenst the door of a summer evenin', I did the like, again, I burst out with the cryin'.

"'What ails you, at all?' says John.

"'Oh,' says I, 'don't you hear it, John?'

"'Hear what?' says he.

"'The tune that Jim Lacy, the piper, used to play for us all to dance.'

"'What a memory you have,' says he; 'and shure enough that 's the tune, but it ought to cheer the heart within you, to listen to it, hereaways.'

"I suppose it was three months before he took to bed, for good and all, that he brought me, one time, from the counthry up beyant, where he had been working, a singing bird. He was low enough at the time, though he was still able to do a job here or there, for it was the lung trouble with him, too, and he says to me:

"'Mary,' says he, 'it's a mighty fine singer is that bird, and mebbe it'll sing for you, when I'm gone.'

"'Don't be talkin' that way,' says I, 'and the children to the fore.'

"But it wasn't long after till God took him home; and to make a long story short, little Patsey and Ally followed him, within the two years. Praise God for that same, for how could I go in pace myself and lave them behind me, in such a place. The bird didn't last long, either, and how could it? It was blithe and gay enough at first, and its song used to put the heart in me, bringing to mind the birds that sang long ago at Enniskerry. One morning I found it stiff and dead, the crathure, in the bottom of its cage. The cage is there, ma'am."

She pointed, with a melancholy smile, to an empty wooden cage, hanging disconsolately at the window. "So they're all gone, ma'am, and I'm going fast myself."

"'To the land of the leal,' Mary," I broke in, 'and there 's no sorrow there, nor pain, nor care, the days are always fair.'"

Of course Mary was quite ignorant of the quotation, but with the quick poetic sense of an Irish peasant, she was pleased with the picture I had conjured up. "It's thrue for you, ma'am," she said brightly, "and to think it's just the little trials, and worries, and griefs that's weaving for us a garment of glory up there."

In the silence that followed, the ticking of a clock, which stood upon a rude shelf at the wall, seemed to me an audible counting of the days, hours, minutes, that were left to this poor woman. How fast they seemed to melt away into eternity. The empty cage its meaning, too, I thought. It was a reminder of the dead husband, who had vainly tried to fit the soul of his bright young wife into the one place he had to offer her, as he and she, together, had tried to keep imprisoned the little feathered minstrel.

To me there was something indescribably touching in the efforts of that rough, hard-working man to cheer, with the offering of flowers or bird, the drooping spirit, bravely making the life-struggle beside him. He had done his best. He had neither neglected nor beaten his wife, as was so often recorded of those who dwelt around them. He had never taken to drink. There was Father Mathews' Medal, hanging rusty beside the bed to attest his sobriety. He had received it, perhaps, from the hands of the Apostle of Temperance, himself, some sunny morning long ago, and had taken pride in it as a badge of manhood.

Yet somehow, as far as this world was concerned, there had been failure, utter irredeemable failure. How glad I was to know from the utterances of the dying woman, beside whom I sat, that the hope of a better life had never deserted husband or wife. The hopeless misery of the unbelieving poor had never settled here. Presently Mary went on with her story, again.

"I used to earn a little as long as I was able, and when John was doing well, we were always planning between us, to take the children to the counthry for a day, or even up as far as the Park. But we never could manage it, the money went, somehow, faster than it came, and we couldn't spare the car-fare."

I saw the tears gathering in the quiet eyes, as if she were regretting the opportunity that never came, of giving the little ones pleasure.

"Not that I'm complainin'," added the poor soul, "for God is good, kind, and merciful; he ever was to me and mine. When I look around me and see the husbands that some women have, and the children, too, it makes me thankful."

"Yes, Mary," I assented, "in the light of that other world, which you are approaching, you have much to be grateful for. Your dear ones are all waiting for you, and it surely is a great thing to have kept yourselves in surroundings like these, unspotted from the world."

"Oh, ma'am, dear, don't say that, for in the sight of God, I'm a poor sinner, and no mistake. Yet the mercy of God is wonderful, as I was saying to Father McKenna this morning."

"Is it not wonderful, Mary, for though you have never had wealth, you can now thank God, for every day of poverty, and of trials patiently borne. You always have the promise before you, 'Blessed are the poor.'"

I mentally added, and "Blessed are the clean of heart." For in this poor woman, I saw a delicacy of sentiment, a poetry, above all, a spirituality, which is often the inheritance of the Catholic poor, and which is rare even among the cultured.

As I rose to go, thinking that my visit had been long enough for that time, Mary detained me :

"Father McKenna tells me, ma'am dear, that, plase God, you'll be going to Ireland with the summer. I used to be thinkin' that I'd go some time myself, but that's over and done with, long ago, but might I make so bould as to ask a favor of you?"

"Anything I can do for you, Mary," I said warmly; "but there's no need to talk of it now, for I'll see you often before I go."

She shook her head with the same half smile lighting up her face.

"I'll give you the message now, ma'am, if you'll let me," she said quietly; "who knows what may happen, and I'll make sure any way."

I sat down again; and she said, after a pause, during which she seemed to collect her thoughts.

"Its just to my old mother, Granny Monaghan, the neighbors call her, and any one of them 'ill show you her cabin, not a stone's throw from the bridge. She'll be eighty years, if she lives to midsummer, and I want you to tell her, ma'am, that as I'll never see her again, in this world, I'll be looking for her in the next. Sure it can't be long, plase God, she'll be after me, And I want to send her"—

The thin hand began to grope weakly about, among the pillows, but unable to find what she sought, I asked her if I could be of any assistance.

"It's just a trifle of money, ma'am, wrapped in a bit of paper."

After a little search, I found the tiny parcel:

"It's all I have in the world; about half a crown of the English money. Tell her, it's the last I ever earned. I put it aside, and never touched it, no matter how hard pressed I was, and oh, ma'am, dear, tell her if it wasn't for the thrials and disappointments, I'd have sent her many's the dollar before now. It wasn't that I forgot. Over and over, did John and me spake of it together, but we never could spare it, and we never sent a penny. It's proud and happy I am, to have this little now. So I'll ask you, if its not making too bould entirely, to put it into her own hands, with the message. P'raps it'll be just as well not to mention what the place was like, where I'm dying."

"It might only sadden her poor old heart," assented I.

"She could never consate such a place, at all, at all," said Mary, with a faint gleam of humor, "and I'm glad it is so. And now, I'll not detain you another minnit. Good-bye, ma'am, good-bye. You'll have my prayers now, and forever, and if you'll be so good, pray for my poor soul when I'm gone."

I promised, and this spiritual compact entered into between us, I passed out into the summer afternoon, fading softly into twilight, and I thought of many things. How our faith unites the poor and rich; putting aside envy on the one side, pride upon the other, the rich craving the prayers of the poor, as something infinitely precious in the sight of God, and the poor bestowing of their only treasure. I thought, too, of the camel passing through the eye of an needle, reflecting how easy it was for this poor woman to throw aside the world. Her few shillings to be sent to distant Ireland, and that was all. The little furniture remaining, was already bespoken by a neighbor, and its proceeds would bury her. That evening I sent down some wine and jelly, and a few fragrant flowers. I was absent from town, for a week or so after that, and on my return, I made my way once more to

Mary's squalid abode. It was hers no longer. The room was "to let," and was in process of being cleared out. The empty bird-cage lay with a heap of rubbish in the hall, the furniture had been removed, and, in fact, scarcely a memento was left, of the little family, over whose very memory, the ingulfing waves of a great city were soon to close.

Three months afterwards, I delivered my message to Granny Monaghan. Like a sturdy oak, the old woman had outlived all her descendants. She was sitting quietly at her door, in the warm sunshine, with a perpetual smile upon her withered old face. The neighbors told me that her mind was nearly gone, and that it was only at intervals that she realized what was going on about her. She was childishly delighted with the money, and mentally too feeble to feel any sense of her daughter's loss.

"Glory be to God; it must be a fine country where Mary is, and plenty of money in it. And Mary 's well, you say?"

With a momentary gleam of intelligence her eyes were fixed upon my face.

"She is well, I trust," I answered solemnly; "and she asked me to tell you that she'll be waiting for you there above."

"See that, now," she answered, evidently without any realization of my meaning. "She was ever and always a good child, only I thought mebbe she had forgotten me and the ould land itself."

"She had not forgotten," I said with emphasis; "and many a dollar she would have sent you, if things had gone as well as she hoped."

"Well, well, it's all for the best, dearie," said the old woman, jingling the bright silver coins in her hand; I had taken the precaution to have poor Mary's earnings changed into English money. Little did the poor old creature realize the toil and heart weariness by which they had been gathered together; though I was glad of the granny's unconsciousness, it somehow increased the pathos of that life history, which even here, where the bounding joyous youth had been passed, was unknown. Its trials, disappointments, cares, even its final ending, finding no echo even in her early home.

Never had I looked upon a fairer scene, than that which met my eyes from the bridge, as I prepared to drive away from Enniskerry. The mountains, just behind, were flushed with that soft mist of gold which a declining sun imparts; the river was flushed with a faint reflection from an empurpled sky; the little town lay nestled in its nook at the foot of the hills; the rooks were cawing in the tall trees, and over all there was peace, still and deep. The loveliness of the scene impressed me; but I was haunted still more on my homeward drive by the thought of that dismal tenement, its foul air, its darkness, its overcrowded life, and of the wasted figure dying there, like the bird in its homely cage. And I would have been oppressed with the sense of the futility of most human lives, but that flashing upon me like light from above, came the remembrance, that none need speak of failure where such lives as Mary's are concerned, for theirs is "the Kingdom of Heaven."

ANNA T. SADLIER.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, of London, offers five thousand dollars for the proof of any one case, either in the church or out of it, where drunkenness has been cured without total abstinence.

Convict Priests.

It was three Irish priests — banished from their native land in the dark and evil days of '98 — who first planted the faith on the Australian continent. Some very interesting particulars regarding these heroic Irish patriots and missionaries are furnished in an article in a recent issue of the Catholic magazine of Melbourne, Australia, from the pen of Rev. P. Power, of Cobar, New South Wales. The following is an extract:

Characteristically enough, it has been said the pioneer missionaries of the Catholic church of this country were the convict priests. Unfortunate, however, for the attempt, in which Fathers Harold, O'Neil and Dixon were convicted were all purely political, and it is now established beyond any doubt that all three were unjustly, and one at least of them illegally, convicted. Mr. J. F. Hogan is slightly inaccurate in assigning 1799 as the year in which the Catholic population of the infant settlement of Port Jackson were gratified for the first time "by the sight of three ordained clergymen in their church." Holt, in his memoirs, states that Father Harold, the first priest to set foot on Australian soil, did not reach Port Jackson till 1800 — the 10th of January of that year, per transport Minerva It was not till towards the end of the same year, or the beginning of 1801, that Father O'Neil arrived, per transport Annie. Father Dixon's arrival was slightly later still. Love of faith and country was their crime; but the law, or rather the Irish administration of the day, called their offence by some other name. Father Dixon was a priest of the diocese of Ferns, the principal theatre of the pitchcapping outrages that preceded and caused the rebellion. A brother of Father Dixon's was implicated in the rising — a sufficient reason why Father Dixon should be sent a convict to Botany Bay. Father Harold had been a parish priest of the diocese of Dublin. He was arrested and transported on the gratuitous supposition that (as some of his people had joined the rebellion) they must have done so with his cognizance and approval. Father O'Neil was parish priest of Ballymacoda (in the diocese of Cloyne, county Cork.)

The details of Father O'Neil's arrest for complicity in the murder of an informer named Murphy, an ex-soldier, are set forth, and particulars given of the flogging in Youghal. Transportation followed, Father O'Neil coming out to Sidney in the convict ship Annie.

From the time of Father O'Neil's arrest his friends in Cork had not ceased making representations to the proper authorities of the harshness of his treatment and the illegality of his conviction. It was not, however, until 1802 that the government could be brought to consider the representations, and then, animated probably as much by good humor over the passing of the act of the union as by a spirit of justice, they ordered the convict priest's release. Father O'Neil was away in Norfolk Island when the order for his release arrived, and consequently it was not till some considerable time after its reception by Governor King that its import was made known to him whom it most concerned. The governor, not wishing to part easily with Father O'Neil's services, went so far as to offer the good priest £200 a year to remain in the settlement. Father O'Neil declined the offer but promised to return at no distant date and to bring two more

priests with him. On the departure of Father O'Neil for Ireland, about April, 1808, Father Harold and Dixon assumed charge of the Catholic population of the Port Jackson settlement, while Father Harold exiled himself to Norfolk Island. Father O'Neil was on his return home restored to his old charge at Ballymacoda by Dr. William McKenna in the see of Cloyne. Moved thereto by the importunities of friends, Father Peter abandoned his intention of returning to Australia. He bore, up to the day of his death, the marks of the terrible scourging at Youghal. His sufferings notwithstanding, such was the energy of the man, that with extraordinary vigor and success he labored among his faithful people of Ballymacoda for fully thirty-five years after his return from his banishment, dying, 1835, at the patriarchial age of eighty-eight years. His nephew, the ill-fated young Fenian leader, Peter O'Neil Crowley, whose gallant career was cut short by a bullet from a British soldier's musket, sleeps his long sleep beside the pioneer missionary of Australia in the rustic graveyard of Ballymacoda. For many years after the death of the confessor-priest, his grave was regarded as an object of veneration by the peasantry.

The fate which attended those wretches who swore away the life of Father Sheehy seems to have fallen on those who had any part in the sacrilegious ill-treatment of Father Peter O'Neil. A man, so traditions assert, who held the reins of the priest's horse when the rider was being arrested, lost the use of his hand, which had to be amputated; the man who gave false information against him was hanged on a lamp post in Cork, and the officer who commanded the flogging party ended his life by suicide.

The First President.

THE opinion that Washington was our first president is a very prevalent one, and yet it is by no means the literal truth. Undeniably he was the first president under our present constitution, but he had fourteen predecessors under the revolutionary government and confederation. The first of those was Peyton Randolph of Virginia, who was chosen September 5, 1774, and died in office shortly afterward — October 22, 1774. He was succeeded by Henry Middleton of South Carolina, who remained in office until May 24, 1775, at which time John Hancock of Massachusetts was elected. The latter served until November 1, 1777, when Henry Laurens of South Carolina succeeded him. Next came John Gay of New York, who was appointed December 10, 1778. In 1779, September 28, Samuel Huntington entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office. His term continued until July 10, 1781, when Thomas Kean of Delaware was appointed. His successor was John Hanson of Maryland, who was chosen November 5, 1781. Next in order is Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, who was elected November 4, 1782. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania, was appointed November 3, 1783. Next came Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, November 30, 1784; Nathanial Gorman of Massachusetts, June 6, 1786; Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, February 2, 1787, and Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, January 22, 1788, who was succeeded by George Washington, first president under the Federal Constitution, April 30, 1789.

The Right Rev. John M. Farley, D. D., Vicar-General of the Diocese of New York.

As one stands in Dundálk, the county town of Louth, Ireland, and admires the bold range of mountains, springing from the ocean bed about two thousand feet above the surface of its waters, north of the harbor where the Castletown river meets the tide-water, as it comes gurgling from the bosom of Lough Carlingford, he beholds indeed a glorious sight.

West of Dundalk there is a road which passes through the Fews group of mountains. At five miles from the county town of Louth we leave the latter county and enter famous Armagh. Five miles more leaving Forkhill Creggan and Crossmaglen behind, and we enter Newtown-hamilton, romantically situated in what is called the Fews mountains.

In this little town, within view of Darigry, Deadman's Hill, and Armagh Brague, on the morning of April 20th, 1842, was born the Right Rev. John M. Farley, a private-chamberlain to Leo XIII., by virtue of which he is a monsignor, and now Vicar-General of the diocese of New York. It is appropriate to remark, that there is no such office as "vicar-general of an archdiocese." Each bishop, be he metropolitan or suffragan, has a vicar-general. Monsignor Farley received his preparatory education in the local schools, and in his early teens entered St. MacCartan's College, Monaghan, where he spent four years.

He came to the United States in 1864, and entered St. John's, Fordham. He was so far advanced in classical and theological studies that he only spent a year there when he went north to the Seminary at Troy, where he remained a few months. The late Archbishop of New York had noticed the medium-sized student, always book in hand and quite retiring in manner.

In 1866 Archbishop McCloskey had an interview with him, and soon afterwards he was on his way to the American College, *via Umilta*, Rome, where he remained four years, studying, of course, at the *Propaganda de fide*, but sleeping and boarding at the American College.

Fully equipped in the early summer of 1870 for his far-off vineyard he was ordained a priest at Rome on the 11th day of June of that year.

Returning to the United States in the autumn of the same year, having in the meantime made a visit to Newtown-hamilton among the mountains, he reported to the archbishop who sent him to the suburban parish of New Brighton, Staten Island.

Bishop McNeirney of Albany was the archbishop's secretary on January, 1, 1872; on the 1st day of May, of the same year, the Rev. John M. Farley, had taken his place, when the former had become the bishop of Albany.

The real work upon St. Patrick's Cathedral did not begin until about 1871. Then the mallets and chisels made music, and the pale walls of the glorious edifice began to climb to the stars. Soon as it was roofed the agile plasterer hung his scaffold in mid-air, and the busy carpenter, with rule and level, flitted from aisle to nave, and from tribune to vestibule, from morn till eve of many a sweltering and frosty day, until the balmy morning in the autumn of 1878, when it was opened for the Fair which stands unsurpassed in the annals of Catholic enterprise.

Glorious pile! How often have we heard its gothic grandeur praised; but few know who did the work to raise those albin steeples high in air. After the architect, the worker was the laborious bookkeeper who kept tally and track of each and every yard of plastering, cube of stone, and square of carpentry, that entered into the construction of the beautiful church from May, 1872, to May, 1878, when the artisans and laborers had almost finished their magnificent work.

THE RT. REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D. D., Vicar-General of the Diocese of New York.

This bookkeeper, and watchful tallyman of the great church, was no other than the industrious secretary of the late archbishop — in 1875 he became cardinal — McCloskey. His duties as secretary were numerous; his functions as a priest are well-known; but his labors as the chaplain of various institutions, coupled with his toil of keeping his eyes upon the contractors of the Cathedral work, and his books in order, referring to the same, was almost too much for a man not over one hundred and fifty pounds in weight. But he toiled on day after day, and often into the "dead and waste of the night."

Six years after the dedication of the beautiful fane, the Holy See, on the earnest recommendation and warm solicitation of Cardinal McCloskey, raised the modest but industrious priest to the august dignity of a private chamberlain to the Holy Father, which entitles him to the rank of a Roman Monsignor and to high privileges, when at Rome, January 1, 1884. This promotion was well-deserved, well-earned, and could not be bestowed upon a more accomplished scholar, devoted priest, kind neighbor, and true friend. Having labored about as hard as any priest ever did for fourteen years, he was, on the demise of the late Father Clowry, appointed pastor of St. Gabriel's, in East 37th street, June, 1884. Since then he has "done wonders," as the people say. He has had a beautiful memorial altar erected in memory of the founder of St. Gabriel's, crowned the handsome church with a towering spire, built a school-house and capacious school-hall, added another story to the pastoral residence, and placed his modest character and zeal in the hearts of his truly Catholic people and industrious congregation.

The little town in ancient Armagh, where he first saw the light, is justly proud of her son, as was Cork, Dublin, Tyrone, Tipperary, and Limerick, of theirs, when they heard of them outstripping their fellows in the great labor of the ministry of God.

"Far off beyond the wave," with deep and sincere regard, I wish our Vicar-General long years, health, and happiness, and the unvarying love of his people, which he has, and the high regard, which he earned long ago, of his ecclesiastical superiors!

"Redeas in Cœlum tardeas!"

New York, Decemb r, 1891. R. F. FARRELL.

Frequent the Sacraments.

IT is hard to find reasons why men should not be as devout as women. They have souls to save; they desire peace of conscience, and God is willing to console them if they come to Him. The commandment also obliges them to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays. Yet at the communion-rail many more women are found than men. It is not because women crowd men away from the confessional, though this may at times have some influence. Neither is it because men have less time for their labor; if they are patient and humble under it, it only helps to prepare them for the sacraments, and the time required for the immediate preparation is not long. It is true the greater responsibilities weighing on men's minds may prevent their attending to devotion, but even this springs from illusion. Nothing so stays the mind and heart of a man as the familiar habits of piety toward God. We must then conclude that if men frequent the sacraments less than women, it is either because they have some mistaken motive in their minds, or have become the victims of sluggish habits in religion. The Church recognizes no distinction in inviting all Christians to the sacraments. If a distinction is made in practice it is uuauthorized and harmful.

THE Christian Brothers are a power in the Catholic Church throughout the world.

Mary Magdalen.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

THE stately halls are gleaming
With gold and jewels rare,
And round the columns wreathed
Are festive garlands fair.

The guests in thronging numbers
Along the chambers crowd,
To sound of flutes and cymbals
The ceiling rings aloud.

Behold from out her chamber
Steps forth the radiant bride,
Earth ne'er saw one more fair than
That maiden in her pride.

How gracefully she glideth,
A queen in all but name!
Her silken robes displaying
Her symmetry of frame.

Pale is the sapphire's lustre
To that within her eyes;
Her hair, the amber glories
Of sunset in the skies.

Marie Magdalena!
Why dost thou glance around,
With look that slowly falleth
In sadness to the ground?

The loved one whom thou seekest,
To thee is henceforth dead:
The Saviour's well-beloved,
He things of earth hath fled.

2.

"There was one who loved me dearly,
He seemed so true and good:
That loved one hath deceived me,
Who was my heart's life-blood!"

"On earth was none more happy,
By friends caressed and prized:
But now of all the poorest,
Abandoned and despised!"

"Ah! couldst thou but have known it,
The love I bore to thee,
No, never couldst thou have wounded
My heart thus cruelly."

"What care I for thy Prophet,
So cold and so austere,
Unskilled to read His meaning,
For me He is no seer."

"Thus do I tear thee, traitor,
From my heart's inmost core,
Never while life endureth
To think upon thee more!"

3.

"Thou heart within my bosom,
Be still! — thou soon shalt be;
For ah! those tears they bring not
Thy lost one back to thee."

"O brother and O sister,
Ye too from me have turned,
But believe at least I have not
To weep as yet unlearned!"

"Full well I know they call me
A sinner — who's to blame?
And why should they lay the burden
On me of all the shame?"

"More potent than the sunlight
My beauty — so it seems,
Why then should weak eyes gaze on
The sunlight's dazzling beams?"

"Ah me! this very beauty
Is a yoke that galls me sore!
I would that all were over,
And rest forevermore."

"In dreams thy image, loved one,
Full often doth appear,
As in the past thou seemest,
So good, so mild, so dear!"

4.

"A ray of light hath fallen
Into my soul's dark night!
How suddenly I waken
In trembling pale affright!"

"A ray of light hath fallen,
My soul is bright as day,
No place on earth's wide bosom
Can hide my shame away!"

"O Master, Thou who soothest
All woes with heavenly art!
Hast thou no healing balsam
For a sin-corroded heart?"

"By night and day, O Master!
My food in tears I steep;
And I am grown so feeble
I can nought else but weep!"

"Thy feet, O let me bathe them
With tears like falling rain,
And with my golden tresses
I'll wipe them dry again!"—

Dost hear the words of comfort
That from the Saviour fall?
"Thou hast loved much, Maria,
Thy sins are cancelled all."

5.

"I greet thee as the sister
Of John, beloved of Me;
One thing alone is needful
For all eternity."

"No earthly love can bring thee
True peace and rest of heart:
Maria, thou hast chosen
What is the better part."

"And it from thee shall never
Be taken here below:
The grace bestowed upon thee
Is greater than thou canst know."

6.

As once before I see thee
In festal halls appear,
Arrayed in priest-like garments—
The solemn hour is near!

The Victim too is ready,
Without or spot or stain,
To worship at the Altar
The people crowd amain.

To dedicate the Victim,
This, Mary, is thy task;
Prepare Him for the burial,
Breaking the crystal flask.

Pour on his head the perfume,
The precious oil of nard,
The deed to Him is pleasing,
And shall receive reward;

Its memory shall not perish
For every future age,
While men shall read the story
Told in the sacred page.

7.

It was on Sunday morning,
The sun it blithely shone;
And Mary walks in the garden,
So sadly and alone.

There sees she Jesus standing,
And knows not that 'tis He.
He saith: "Whom art thou seeking,
What is it grieveth thee?"

She thinks it is the gardener,
Who there his calling plies:
Perchance he hath broke into
The place where Jesus lies:

"O sir, I pray thee tell me
Hast taken Him hence, and say
Where is it thou hast laid Him,
And I will take Him away?"

"Maria!" — that one word only
Speaks the newly-risen Lord;
Her heart's low cry was "Master!"
As kneeling she adored.

"Nay, touch me not," He warns her,
"My hour is not yet come
To dwell in the Father's bosom,
My everlasting home."

"But then, go tell the brethren
I go to Him above;
That henceforth and forever
Is the Testament of Love." J. C.

Life After Forty.

THE best half of life is in front of the man of forty, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a hay-stack; but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new and the future so fresh, as to him who has spent the early years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life, and who has made some headway towards comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves, and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as stainless in life and its duties he cannot understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and ncreasing power makes every year happier and more hopeful than the last.

Why Mixed Marriages Should be Avoided.

In our day, and especially in the United States, the above question is most practical. It is one that every Catholic young man, every Catholic young lady, should well and long consider, particularly those who contemplate entering this holy state, and whose intended, or whose circle of acquaintance is principally non-Catholic. Especially in our land, where business life and social pleasures bring the Catholic daily into close contact with people differing with him in religious creed, the danger of mixed marriage being contracted is ever great. Few, indeed, are the readers of these lines, who cannot recall to mind at least one acquaintance, who has entered into such a union. That such unions, marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, are generally fruitful in evil results and should be avoided, is a fact attested by Scripture, affirmed by the voice of ages, and confirmed by the dictates of reason. Opening the Bible, read the sixth chapter of Genesis. There the reader will find that mixed marriages, the marrying of the descendants of Seth and Enos with the ungodly race of Cain, so greatly displeased God, that He sent the deluge, thus destroying all mankind, save the faithful Noah and his family. When, as recorded in Deuteronomy (ch. vii. v. 1, et seq.), Moses was about to lead his people into the land of promise, God, after enumerating the peoples the Jews would meet and conquer, warned them thus, "Thou shalt make no league with them, neither shalt thou make marriages with them. Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor take his daughter for thy son. For she will turn away thy son from following Me, that he may rather serve strange gods." Then He adds, "and the wrath of God will be kindled and will quickly destroy thee." From this we see, that the Israelites are warned by God, lest they contract marriage with the Chanaanites, and other heathen nations. Why is such an exhortation given? Simply because an intimate union with such people would greatly endanger the religious tenets of the Israelites. The Chanaanites, and others here mentioned, worshipped many and "strange gods;" and God knew that marriage with such people was very apt to destroy the monotheistic belief of His chosen people. To preserve them from such a downfall, He forbids even intimate intercourse with these nations, promising that "the wrath of God will be kindled, and will quickly destroy" those who do not listen to His warning. Now, if the wrath of God "would be kindled" against those Israelites who contracted mixed marriages, surely Catholics cannot expect a better reward, if they enter into such unions. Solomon, "the beloved of his God," the wisest of men, like whom there was no other king, is a striking example of the displeasure mixed marriages give to God. (See III. Kings, ch. xi.) Solomon loved, besides the daughter of Pharoa, "women of Moab and of Ammon, and of Edom, and of Sidon, and of the Hethites," *i. e.*, women "of the nations with which, the Lord" forbid the Israelites to have intercourse. Now Solomon, "when he was old, was turned away by (these) women, to follow strange gods." He "worshipped Astarthe, the god of the Sidonians, and Moloch, the idol of the Ammonites. And the Lord was angry with Solomon because his mind was turned away from the Lord, the God of Israel. The Lord therefore said to Solomon, because thou hast done this, and hast not kept my covenant and

my precepts which I have commanded thee, I will divide and rend thy kingdom, and will give it to thy servant." Truly Solomon's example should be a warning to the Catholic contemplating a mixed marriage. Joshua (ch. xxiii. v. 12-13), after recalling the many favors God had bestowed on the Israelites, warns them not to mingle with the heathen nations they had conquered, not to "make marriages with them, for," he tells them, "know you for a certainty that the Lord your God will not destroy them before your face; but they shall be a pit and snare in your way, and a stumbling block at your side." There are many more places in the Old Testament in which the Israelites are warned against contracting matrimony with the uncircumcised, with those differing from them in their religious creed, but sufficient has been quoted to demonstrate the fact that God has shown by warnings and deed, the great displeasure the Israelites would give him by taking part in such marriages. Why did he speak thus to them? Simply because they were a "holy people to the Lord their God," — "His chosen nation;" but Catholics are more than the chosen people of God. Through Christ they have been made the adoptive children of God. They have been elevated to a position much nearer God, and if the Israelite would displease Him by entering into such unions, Catholics can be assured that He will be far from being pleased with those of that faith who marry outside their own creed.

The New Testament does not contain any direct condemnation of such marriages; but, in many places, implicit exhortations to avoid them are found. Thus St. Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, tells us to "bear no yoke with unbelievers. For what participation hath light with darkness, or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" The Catholic Church, as a faithful mother, ever anxious for the welfare of her children, has always exhorted them to avoid mixed marriages. Many of her learned doctors have written page after page, condemning such unions. Numbers of her popes, have at various times, expressed her abhorrence of such marriages, for they fully realized the evils such ties are ever apt to bring to the Church and her children. Thus Pope Gregory XVI., in an epistle to the Prussian bishops, says, "we need not tell you, acquainted as you are with the sacred sciences, that the Church has a dread of these unions (*i. e.*, mixed marriages), which present so many deformities and spiritual evils." Benedict XIV., in an answer to a question on this matter from the bishops of Holland, confirms "the antiquity of that discipline with which the Holy See has ever reprobated the marriages of Catholics with heretics." Even in our own time we have the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, telling the faithful of the United States that the Church has ever been averse to marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, on account of the evils that are apt to befall the Catholic party, as well as the children of such unions. Such marriages are strictly forbidden by the Church; and although she sometimes, on account of grave reasons, grants a dispensation, allowing them to be contracted, still, even then, she does not hesitate to show her displeasure. Thus she forbids the priest to assist at such marriages inside the Church. They must take place outside that sacred edifice; not being allowed to take place, even in the sacristy, and the priest is forbidden to use the surplice and stole; to use many of those impressive ceremonies that solemnize a marriage between Catholics.

Reason itself confirms the sentiments of the Church on this question, and warns the Catholic from contracting a union, which almost necessarily destroys that close community of life which ought to exist between the married parties, and greatly prevents them from giving to their children that education which the duty of the married state demands. Marriage is the closest of all unions. It is the union of two in one flesh. That happiness can well exist in that union it is necessary that harmony exist between the united parties; and is it not, to say the least, a most difficult thing, if not an impossibility, that such harmony exist between Catholics and non-Catholics thus united.

The Catholic party believes in many things in which the other disbelieves, *e. g.*, the consoling doctrine of purgatory, the remission of sin through the sacrament of penance, the necessity of good works. The Catholic devoutly reverences the crucifix, recites the rosary, makes use of various holy sacramentals, which the Protestant partly ridicules, laughs at, at least tolerates in silent contempt. The one, desirous to listen to the commands of the Church, keeps from servile work on feast days, abstains from flesh meat on Fridays and fast-days; the other must work, must have his beefsteak, for he laughs at feasts and fasts. If their conversations turn to religious matters, it is mingled with strife, for therein they always disagree. Nor can it be well said, let them refrain from speaking on such topics, from arguing on religious matters, etc., for unless they entertain no special love or esteem for the creeds they profess, unless they are devoid of care for their spiritual welfare, to refrain from such conversation is wellnigh impossible. It is natural for man to speak of the thing or person he loves, — thus the lover never tires speaking of his love, — the tradesman is ever ready to chat over the niceties of his trade, and so on through life.

Continued disagreement between the married parties seems to be a necessary consequence of a mixed marriage; and, of course, where disagreement prevails, harmony is wanting, happiness has no place. In business life, where the parties of a firm disagree, success is absent and failure is almost inevitable, unless the disagreeable member withdraws. Likewise in marriage, but with this difference, *viz.*, the marriage is an indissoluble union, it is no mere natural contract, — it is a contract sanctioned by God himself; and what God has put together it is in the power of no man to break asunder. As with the business firm, so with this marriage; it is almost sure to be a failure; yes, a failure that will tell not alone on the temporal happiness and spiritual welfare of the united parties, but on that of their children as well. The education of the child is a duty imposed by God on every married couple. They are bound to give, not only a secular, but also a religious education to the child, both in words and by example. But is the fulfilment of this duty by the parties of a mixed marriage possible? Certainly, it is possible, but highly improbable. Either both parties of a mixed marriage are very sincere in their religious convictions and practices, or one is indifferent, or both share this indifference. If both are sincere, how can the religious education of the child be attained? The Catholic party teaches the child one thing, tells him that the Catholic Church, the infallible guardian of truth, has defined such and such a doctrine to be an article of faith; has commanded, under pain of sin, the observance of this or that

precept. The Protestant denies the authority of that Church, and teaches the child doctrines often directly contrary to those it has already heard. What is the result? How is the duty, encumbent on the parents, of imparting a religious education accomplished? What will the child do?

He or she, as the case may be, knows not what to do. As the child grows older, not to offend the religious feelings of either parent, adopts the convictions of neither; and when years have given the power of personal thought, the unfortunate offspring of the mixed marriage is generally found leading a life of total indifferentism, a shipwreck in the sea of doubt, or perhaps a model of infidelity. If either or both of the parents be indifferent in things religious, the result will at least be the same, probably worse. The indifferentism of one will easily offset the good influence the other may exercise over the mind of the child; the indifferentism of both will bear manifold fruit in the offspring. The Catholic party, taking part in a mixed marriage not only endangers the spiritual welfare of the children that may accrue from such a union, but also exposes himself or herself to loss of the faith; at least there is great danger, that in the course of time, tepidity in faith will be the consequence of such close union, as marriage implies, with one essentially differing in matters of doctrine, if not of morals. God forbid mixed marriages to the Israelites, fearing that they might become idolaters. Solomon disobeyed this law and fell. The breach between the monotheistic doctrines of the Jews, and the idolatry of the Pagan was wide; but the step from Catholicity to some grades of Protestantism is not long, and is easily passed over by a tepid Catholic, led on by an enticing non-Catholic partner. Often the writer has heard it said that those who condemn mixed marriages, think not of the convenient occasion the probability such a marriage gives, for the conversion of the non-Catholic party. Such is indeed a beautiful consideration, but somewhat Utopian in its nature. Indeed it is possible that non-Catholics may be converted, but is it not also possible that the Catholic party will be perverted? "He who loves danger shall perish therein," is a scriptural saying containing much truth, and even though it may be a certainty that the Catholic party will not fall, it is in no way a fact that the non-Catholic will be converted; and with such uncertainty surrounding the question, it is most prudent not to risk the evil consequences that generally attend such unions.

There is one consideration in the question of mixed marriages, which frequently escapes the attention of those who enter them, or which, though realized, is smothered by the passion of love. This consideration is *viz.*, the wide breach existing between Catholics and most Protestants regarding the nature of the matrimonial bond. The Catholic must regard matrimony as a sacrament, an indissoluble union between one and one, which can never be broken, and hence he or she, must deny the validity of civil divorce. The Protestant, on the contrary, denying the indissolubility of this union, admits some causes, on account of which divorce can be given, which causes are generally sanctioned by the civil authority. Now, in the case of mixed marriages, unless both parties are cold, neglectful, indifferent as to their spiritual life, there is always an occasion for disagreement and religious contentions. Love may con uer and cover these differences for awhile, but under the continued influence of such strife, love is very apt to grow cold,

and what then follows? The non-Catholic party seeks freedom in the divorce court, obtains it, and acting in accordance with his religious convictions, may, and most probably will, try marriage once more; on the other hand, since in the Catholic Church marriage is dissolved only in death, the Catholic party must silently suffer the consequences. Undoubtedly, then, the grave would be a pleasure. EDW. P. J.

Hannibal's March over the Alps.

AFTER Hannibal took command of the Carthaginian forces in Spain, the Romans, being masters of that country, sustained several defeats, and the surrender of the strong and wealthy city of Saguutum appeared to be the end of Roman sway in Spain. Hannibal was quite young, but had already given proofs of the skill and determination which brought Rome to the verge of ruin. With a medley of several tribes, he boldly pushes forward and crosses, after many difficulties, the heretofore inaccessible Alps. The following lines were written eighteen years ago in St. Mary College, Ky., the author being one of the teachers in that venerable building where the late Archbishop Spalding was at first educated. They are now published for the first time.

HANNIBAL'S MARCH OVER THE ALPS.

Saguutum now is taken, her turrets quake amain,
No Roman foe durst trammel the noble hearts of Spain.
Young Hannibal's our champion from Carthage bold and free,
He scatters all marauders from centre to the sea—
The snow-capp'd Alps majestic, difficult to cross—
Hannibal surmounts them readily as a forse.
No dangers stay his progress, the Ebro's sweeping flood
Is chok'd with dying Romans, the fields dyed in blood;
Brisk goats and shaggy foxes skipping o'er the rocks,
Those denizens of Alpine, unused to thundering shocks.
Shrill, shrill, the trumpets sounding proclaim the early day,
The Spanish mules are nearing to climb the cliffy way.
Then Hannibal addressing his soldiers told them why
The Alps were only mountains and Italy close by,
Better perish on these mountains free'd the galling care,
Than shackl'd by the Romans be children of despair.
"My children be courageous, whet the gleaming lance,
The Scipios on 'tother side may hinder our advance;
With Italia's wine I'll pledge you the choicest and the best,
There's nothing half so glorious as helping the oppress'd.
Old Carthage in her ecstacy will bless you o'er and o'er,
Her merchantmen will aid us on the Adriatic shore;
The gates of Rome stand open I saw them in my dreams,
Her armies all defeated, her capital in flames.

W. J. N.

WEBER composed his first opera at the age of fourteen.

What is Electricity?

THE average man will be glad to know that such an authority as Prof. William Crookes, President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, England, is yet in doubt as to the various theories advanced to explain the electric phenomena. He says: "We know little as yet concerning the mighty agency of electricity." In his recent presidential address there is much of interest to the engineer; and we quote the following from the Railroad Gazette:

"We have happily outgrown the preposterous notion that research in any department of science is mere waste of time. It is now generally admitted that pure science, irrespective of practical applications, benefits both the investigator himself, and greatly enriches the community. 'It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' Between the frog's leg quivering on Galvani's work-table, and the successful telegraph or telephone there exists a direct affiliation. Without the one we could not have the other.

"We know little as yet concerning the mighty agency of electricity. 'Substantialists' tell us it is a kind of matter. Others view it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, reject both these views. Professor Lodge considers it 'a form, or rather a mode of manifestation of the ether.' Prof. Nikola Tesla demurs to the view of Professor Lodge, but thinks that 'nothing stands in the way of our calling electricity ether associated with matter, or bound ether.' High authorities cannot even yet agree whether we have one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty is to persevere in experiment and observation. If we never learn what electricity is; if, like life or like matter, it should remain an unknown quantity, we shall assuredly discover more about its attributes and its functions.

"Experimentalists are reducing the wave lengths of the electrical rays. With every diminution in size of the apparatus the wave lengths get shorter, and could we construct Leyden jars of molecular dimensions, the rays might fall within the narrow limits of visibility. We do not yet know how the molecule could be got to act as a Leyden jar, yet it is not improbable that the discontinuous phosphorescent light emitted from certain of the rare earths, when excited by a high tension current in a high vacuum, is really an artificial production of these electrical rays, sufficiently short to affect our organs of sight. If such a light could be produced more easily and more regularly, it would be far more economical than light from a flame or from the arc, as very little of the energy in play is expended in the form of heat rays. Of such production of light, nature supplies us with examples in the glowworms and the fire-flies. Their light, though sufficiently energetic to be seen at a considerable distance, is accompanied by no liberation of heat capable of detection by our most delicate instruments.

"Alternating currents have, at the best, a rather doubtful reputation; but it follows from Tesla's researches that as the rapidity of the alteration increases, they become not more dangerous, but less so. It further appears that a true flame can now be produced without chemical aid — a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material, and without any chemical process. To this end we require improved methods for producing

excessively frequent alternations and enormous potentials. Shall we be able to obtain these by tapping the ether? If so, we may view the prospective exhaustion of our coal fields with indifference. We shall at once solve the smoke question, and thus dissolve all possible coal rings. . . . Electricity seems destined to annex the whole field, not merely of optics, but probably also of thermotics. . . . Rays of light will not pass through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through a dense fog. But electrical rays of a foot or two wave length of which we have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which for them will be transparent."

Cardinal Manning on the Life of Ireland's Patron Saint.

On St. Patrick's Day, his Eminence the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in accordance with a custom which he followed for many years, preached in St. Patrick's Church, Soho, March 17, 1891. The building was densely crowded; the majority of the congregation wearing a sprig of the Irish national emblem. There were present a number of the Guards of the League of the Cross, under the direction of Captain Griffiths, acting as ushers. The music of the service was full orchestral, and was admirably rendered. The Mass was sung by his Lordship the Bishop of Amycla, in the presence of his Eminence; the clergy of the church, and many of the surrounding missions assisting. The sermon was preached by his Eminence from a dais raised within the sanctuary. His text was the words:

"But they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity." From Daniel, chap. xii.

These words, he said, show the promised reward and the glory of all those who have labored to instruct men in the word of God, to know Him and to serve Him. The learned meant here are not those learned in the sciences of this world, the men who know a great deal of the earth and the velocity of light and the laws of electricity. The world counts them to be the learned; not so the kingdom of God. They know, indeed, the laws of the lowest works of God, but they neither know man nor do they know God. But if we know not God, it matters not what we know; learned we are not, and learned we shall never be. The learned in his text meant those who know God in His perfection, in His glory, in His justice, in His wisdom, in His holiness, in His love, in His power. Those who are learned in the true science of God should give their knowledge to teach and instruct others in the light they themselves have, in the knowledge of the goodness and justice of God. They should bring men to a knowledge of the law of God and the will of God. If they do so there will be a glory and a beauty and a place laid by for them in the measure with which they have instructed others to salvation. If this was so of the saints and apostles of God, could it be more true of any than of the great patron saint of Ireland, who, in all the calendar of God's saints, was unsurpassed for his simplicity and humility? Patrick, the sinner, he called himself in the last of his days; and who more than he has instructed many to justice?—who has more children in the kingdom of God already, and a greater multitude all over the world? If that be so, then he shines now in the brightness of the firmament, and will shine as the stars to all eternity. On such a day it was inevitable that

he (his Eminence) should speak a few words on the life of St. Patrick, even though it was an oft-told tale to many who heard him, and a household word among them; nevertheless it was a household word, and they loved to hear it again and again, and the oftener they heard it the oftener they told it, and the deeper it sank in their hearts, and their love for it grew more and more; and, if they loved St. Patrick, and loved the faith he left them, assuredly their lives would be in his footsteps. St. Patrick himself tells us that in his youth he forgot God. That youth was spent in a foreign land, where he forgot God and His commandments. God brought down the weight of His anger upon him, and he was chastised and carried away into slavery. We know that at that time sea pirates invested and ravaged the coasts; and they landed where Patrick lived, and carried him away in his forgetfulness of God into a land of captivity. That land was Ireland, and St. Patrick says, that when he went there he was like a stone sunk in the mire; but God, in His great mercy, lifted him up. In his slavery he was humbled, for he was sent out into the fields to mind the herds and flocks, where he was in solitude. There was a chapel where he was, and he prayed so earnestly that God brought him to know him. He had forgotten God for a while, but God brought him to know him again. There, in the lonely mountains, St. Patrick came to God, and to know his own sins and to see himself in the light of God's presence. St. Patrick was six years in captivity, and then, in a providential manner, he escaped, and passed over again to his own home. We would think that when a man had escaped from captivity in early life, when he had all his life before him, when he was once more in his own home, with all his friends around him, who loved him so much, and whom he loved so much, his heart would cling to his early home, and that he would never seek to leave it. But it was not so with St. Patrick, for God had spoken to him, and, he tells us, that he always heard a voice over him, saying, "He that gave his life for you is now speaking to you." Again, he had a dream, in which he heard a voice coming from a wood in the Western Sea, saying to him, "Come, holy youth, and walk in the midst of us, as thou didst in old days." And that vision never departed from him. He was as yet untrained, unlettered, and he went and lived among learned men and holy priests, and he learned to know the truths of God. Yet between the time when he left Ireland and his return, some say twenty years passed. When he was instructed sufficiently, he did not venture to go to do the work of his Divine Master until he had first knelt at the feet of his Vicar upon earth, so he went to Rome and knelt at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, and received from him two things,—first, the right to go and preach the faith as an apostle; and, secondly, the benediction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He then set out, and was ordained and consecrated to be a bishop, and came to the northern shores of Ireland. He had been in bondage in Ireland, and yet the love of his heart made him go and offer himself as a living sacrifice for the salvation of the Irish people. He went for the love of souls to give himself as an oblation, as his Divine Master did before him, so that he might live and die for the salvation of the Irish people. Such was his manhood. What was his old age? Before he went to his rest, the faith had spread from north to south, and there was not a drop of blood shed. The Irish people received his message with light

and joy and gladness; from sea to sea the whole island became a Christian and a Catholic people. St. Patrick founded sees, churches, and schools for the training of young priests, as became a true pastor of the people, and he was the one sole true pastor of the Irish people; and that pastoral office has never ceased from that day to this. St. Patrick has instructed races and nations, for there is springing up new races and nations all over the world of the race and religion of the sons of St. Patrick. That these sons and daughters should preserve inviolate the faith given them by St. Patrick was the prayer that should come from the heart of every true son and daughter of Ireland. His Eminence concluded by exhorting his hearers to bring up their children to follow in the footsteps of the patron saint of Ireland, as they would then fulfil the precept laid down in his text.

Auxiliary Trade Schools.

We are now midway in the school year; and the minds of pastors, parents, and others interested in the cause of Catholic education are sorely puzzled to devise ways and means to enlarge their schools and increase their efficiency. The public school system, with its almost unlimited resources, is enabled to enter fields where we fain would lead, but from which we are compelled by our limited means to stand aside and allow others to take the initiative.

The systems of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and Auchmuty have been introduced into schools with good results. This utilitarian age is not content with simply teaching to read and write; it wishes, moreover, to put into their hands a way of gaining a livelihood. It wishes to make them useful members of society as well as intelligent citizens. Froebel was the father of the kindergarten, Pestalozzi of the manual labor, and Auchmuty of the trade-school system as we have in New York.

Froebel's system has been imitated all over the world, and kindergarten has become a household word even among our children. The Prussian, German, and other governments have formally adopted the Pestalozzian system, thus giving their approbation to his work.

The Auchmuty system is a sort of trade school, where both the theory and practice of the various trades are taught by competent teachers. To adopt this in our schools is both expensive and undesirable. It is expensive from its very nature, since the trade schools in New York were last year run at a loss of five thousand dollars to the promoter of the scheme; undesirable, because many of our parishioners and pew-holders are themselves trades' people, and would not like to be brought in open competition with their priests. But a modified plan of the Auchmuty system might be adopted in every parish.

Yearly there are graduated from our schools thousands of boys, their ages averaging from fourteen to sixteen. Their school-days have been passed with their books, of which we can justly say they have more than a casual acquaintance. Granted that they are good readers, Spencerian penmen, excellent mathematicians, what lever has been given them by which they may move the world? They are intelligent no doubt, far more intelligent than their fathers; but will they build the churches that their fathers

built; will they have the same reverence and respect for their priests that their fathers had; will they be as devoted to their religion? Will they be sober and industrious? Let us look at the facts. Do we educate them for this? Is a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic after all the sum total of a young man's secular education? The success of the Froebel, Pestalozzian, and Auchmuty systems controverts this. And the sooner we recognize this fact, and adapt our education to the requirements of the day, the sooner shall we lay a claim to the proud boast of being *the* educators of youth. No one will deny that our present parochial school system is excellent in theory, is good in practice, and frequently very painful in its results. These painful results happily are remediable. A child of poor parents ordinarily is not destined by them for one of the professions. They wish that he would have the benefits of a good common education and nothing more. What is the use of teaching that boy book-keeping, stenography, and type-writing? There are more book-keepers now in New York than flies in July. Stenographers are not so numerous, but are in sufficient numbers to make the supply far in excess of the demand; and type-writers, both male and female, are already very numerous, and are daily becoming back numbers, sitting on the benches of "Intelligence Agencies," waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up." We are the priests of the people and for the people, and we must educate the children to be intelligent, pious, and *industrious* members of society. To do this a few defects should be corrected.

We argue, and rightly, that the public school system is wrong, in as much as it educates the mind, and neglects entirely or in part the education of the heart. May we not also in the same manner argue that our parochial school system is defective, in as much as it educates the mind and the heart, but neglects the education of the hands and the feet? I will explain. We graduate our boys from the parochial schools at about the average age of sixteen years. They are mainly the sons of laborers, mechanics, or trades people. Their parents expect that when their education is finished they will be of some assistance to them, financially. Is this always the case? Do these young men answer the expectations of their parents? Do they acquire in school a taste, an inclination, for work of any kind? or is their education rather an enervating, demoralizing factor in their lives? They do not like to study, and are compelled to attend school when they ought to be at work. And when they graduate, this disinclination for study has developed into a chronic state of idleness and distaste for everything that must be acquired by labor either of the head or of the hand.

Boys of thirteen or fourteen are not usually of an idle turn. They are rather too frequent and ubiquitous, and their superfluous animal force finds vent in the numerous mischievous pranks for which the small boy the world over is famous. This activity should be utilized, should be diverted from the illegitimate to its legitimate and proper channels. The boy of this age is very inquisitive and apt to learn. Here is the place and the time to find out in what art, trade, or profession that child's natural inclinations or talents would find scope and proper room for play. This is what we propose for our parochial schools. Let the principal, or pastor, or some other competent person, examine the boys in the highest class during their last year

at school. Let the examiner find out what is the special trade or profession for which each child may have an aptitude. Let him make a note of this in his book; and after the boy has sung his last song, recited his last speech, and received his diploma, let the pastor take that child to one side, talk to him kindly, as an affectionate father and guide should, point out to him the dangers that beset his path, warn him against idleness and bad companions, beseech him not apprentice himself to a low occupation, and then say: "I have been observing you during the year; I have noticed your peculiarities and talents; I have seen the bent of your genius; I now advise you to at once devote yourself to this or that profession, to learn this or that trade, or enter upon a commercial career," as the case may be. But you will say how is this to be done? We have no means of acquiring this knowledge. Our schools do not include this observation within the scope of their curriculum? Precisely; and this is the fault which we wish to remedy. In every parish in New York city and other places, where there is a large parochial school, there are many members of the congregation, or friends of the pastor, or people who are receiving his patronage or looking for it, intelligent men who make a living by working at the various trades. Moreover there are hand-books published which convey in short, terse chapters much about the technical part of the various trades. Would it not be possible of a Saturday to get the boys together, to have this intelligent mechanic come, explain to them the uses of his various tools and appliances, show the now interested boys how to handle them, give them a practical exemplification of his meaning and methods, and then have each boy in his turn take the instrument, whether it be a brush or a chisel, and see how poorly or how well he would imitate his instructor? Here the principal, or pastor, or first-class teacher would take a very important part. With note-book in hand, he would write down the boy's name, age, height, strength, and especially the facility with which he handled the tool, and the aptitude and inclination which he evinced in wielding it. When school closed, he would thus be enabled to intelligently advise the boy about the proper trade that it would be useful for him to adopt and follow up for a livelihood. Thus, on successive Saturdays, a carpenter, painter, mason, blacksmith, paper-hanger, bricklayer, joiner, cabinet-maker, tailor, hatter, plasterer, plumber, would come, give a practical exhibition of his work, and thus afford instruction and recreation for our now neglected boys.

You will say, "this is all very well, but where are we going to assemble the boys on Saturdays for this work? Our schools are now overcrowded, and even if they were not, they are not adapted for becoming the work-rooms of carpenters or blacksmiths." Would it not be possible to get an old shed, or a deserted building, that could be used for this purpose? A vacant lot upon which a plain building could be erected, would answer the purpose admirably. Or, if none of these plans could be adopted, arrangements might be made to bring a class of gentlemanly boys to the workshops of the mechanics themselves. The intention is not to teach the boys a trade, but to interest them in various trades, so that the pastor might intelligently advise with them on graduation day in regard to their future occupation in life.

After the practical lesson had been given on Saturday, the manual

could be used with profit during the following week in the school. The habits of industry would be acquired. Boys would be taught the dignity of honest labor. They would not be too proud to acknowledge that their father was a laborer or a mechanic. They would be more interested in his trade and work, because that self-same trade was taught in their school, and not ostracised as it is at present. Parents would likewise take an interest in at least this branch of their children's education; and pastor and parishioner would thus be brought closer together, and more sensibly feel that their interests are the same, — the glory of God, and welfare, religious, intellectual, and physical, of Catholic youth.

Before closing this article, I would like to have a word to say regarding the opposition which the New York trade schools received from the trades-unions. Mr. Auchmuty, on page 31 of his circular, says that "journeymen object to having young men taught trades, because they believe there will be too many skilled workmen, and because they fear that the master-mechanics would be able to do much work with 'boy labor' that is now done by journeymen." He answers: 1. That his schools were not established in the interest of, nor in opposition to any organization, whether of masters or of journeymen. 2. Union men, and even the officers of the unions send their sons to the New York trade schools. 3. The schools were established solely to aid young men to learn how to make an honest living. 4. The unions have made rules, depriving their own sons of learning how to work, so that they could share in the high wages any foreigner is free to earn. 5. It is estimated, that out of the enormous sum of twenty-three millions of dollars paid annually to mechanics in the building trades in New York, less than six millions go to those born there." This is food for reflection. We may add that a bad, vicious boy is sometimes better off than a good, virtuous lad. The bad boy becomes a thief, a criminal. He is taken in hand by the custodian of the law, and committed by the judge to Elmira, Sing-Sing, or some one of the protectories where trades are taught. But the good boy, while at school, has not received the slightest instruction regarding the way that he is to earn his bread, and afterwards, his own natural neglect, and the opposition of others prevent him from utilizing profitably the golden moments of early life.

Rev. J. T. Power, in the Rosary.

The Pope and the Workman. — An assembly of Catholics recently took place at Vienna, to vote an address of thanks to the Holy Father for his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. At this assembly there were representatives of all classes of society, each of whom spoke, and so a working engineer, Antoine Wedrall, preceded Prince Aloys de Lichtenstein by an eloquent speech. The latter orator delivered an admirable discourse on the extent and essence of Christianity and the mission of the Church. He drew special attention to the passage in the Encyclical where there is question of the relative duties of the employer and of the workman, as well as of the connection between labor and remuneration. The Prince concluded by explaining the duty of studying all the instructions contained in the Encyclical. The address to the Holy Father is a transcription from the Encyclical, with a formal promise of conforming to all its teaching, and has been, in the space of twenty-four hours, signed by fifteen thousand persons.

Catholic Chaplains in the United States.

It may be a surprise to many to know that a Catholic priest was once elected to Congress and served with distinction through one session. A brief sketch of this remarkable man will be of interest to our readers. Not only does this priest bear the distinction of being the only Catholic clergyman ever elected to Congress, but the only one who had the strange fortune of coming directly from a prison cell to the House of Representatives; not, however, with the full powers of a representative, but as a delegate from a then far western Territory.

Rev. Gabriel Richard was a delegate in Congress from the Territory of Michigan in 1823. Lanman's Directory of the United States Congress says of him: "He was a Roman Catholic priest, and a man of learning. Born at Saintes, France, October 15, 1764, educated at Angiers, and received orders at a Catholic seminary in Paris in 1790. Came to America in 1798, and was, for a time, professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College, Maryland. He labored as a missionary in Illinois, and went to Detroit, Mich., in 1799. During his pastorate of St. Ann's Church in Detroit it became his duty, according to the Roman Catholic religion, to excommunicate one of his parishioners who had been divorced from his wife. For this he was prosecuted for defamation of character, which resulted in a verdict being given against him for one thousand dollars. This money the priest could not pay, and as his parishioners were poor French settlers they could not pay it for him, and he was thrown into prison. While confined in the common jail, with little hope of ever being liberated, he was elected a delegate to Congress, and went from his prison cell in the wilds of Michigan to his seat on the floor of Congress."

The career in Congress of Father Richard was a remarkable one. He delivered several speeches on matters pertaining to his Territory, which marked him as an able speaker. He was not only a thorough French and English scholar, but was conversant with the Spanish, German, and Italian languages, and had learned the Indian language of the tribes in Michigan. In 1809, he took the first printing-press to the West, and became the first Catholic publisher in the North, printing and publishing the *Essay du Michigan*, a paper that gave mortal offence to the English colony at Detroit. The English authorities at last laid hands on the good man and dragged him into imprisonment. After the surrender of General Hull, in 1812, he was released, and soon afterward published the laws of the new Territory in French. At this time there was great suffering among the settlers, their crops having been taken by the soldiers, and Father Richard purchased wheat and gave it to the destitute people.

A Catholic gentleman, residing in Washington a few years ago, gave a pen picture of Father Richard, as he remembered seeing him nearly fifty years before, the sketch appearing in a volume of Catholic biography published by Lawrence Kehoe, in 1869. He said: "In 1824, I was wending my way to the Capitol, in the city of Washington, and when crossing the street with a friend, I was attracted to a singularly odd-looking personage. He was of middle size, with sharp features and wiry frame. His low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat was thrown back on the crown of his head,

and a pair of large goggles sat enthroned on top of an expansive, bulging forehead. He had on nicely fitting, highly polished shoes, with silver buckles, but wore no stockings. He was tapping a fine gold snuff-box, and appeared to be offering a pinch to a friend whom he had just met. Upon inquiry of my companion, I was informed that he was Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, M. C., Vicar-General of Detroit. This was the first impression I had of this remarkable man, a Catholic priest, and an 'M. C.' I was a mere stripling then, but I have a love for all that belongs to my Church, and the reader may well imagine my feelings when my companion soon introduced me to this wonderful man, as he appeared to me. The acquaintance soon after ripened into friendship, and much did I enjoy the good man's conversation that winter, and it is one of the sweetest reminiscences of my life that I served his Mass at old St. Patrick's. On Christmas Day, good Father Matthews bestowed on me the distinguished honor of dining with the Hon. and Rev. Gabriel Richard, M. C. Oh, for those days of real Catholic fervor, and American simplicity!"

In 1821 Father Richard made a pilgrimage to the grave of Father Marquette, the great missionary priest of the Northwest, and planted a cross over it, on which he cut with a pen-knife: "Father Marquette died here May 9, 1675." If the writer mistakes not, the state of Michigan has since erected a large monument to mark the last resting place of Father Marquette. The State Historical Society Library at Lansing is rich in manuscripts left by Father Marquette, and later by Father Richard.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN CONGRESS.

From time to time the question has been asked, "Has there ever been a Catholic chaplain elected by either House of Congress?" and as many erroneous statements have found their way into print, the writer has taken pains to examine the records of Congress with the object in view of ascertaining the true facts in the case. In pursuing the investigation much was found that is of special interest to Catholics, many facts being recorded which go to show that during the earlier history of Congress the Catholic clergy took a more active part in legislative proceedings than most people suppose.

There is no record of a Catholic priest in the capacity of congressional chaplain prior to 1839. In that year Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D., was, at the instance of Henry Clay, unanimously elected chaplain to the United States Senate. Rev. Dr. Pise was a native of Maryland, his father being an Italian and his mother a native of Philadelphia. He was born at Annapolis, November 22, 1801. He graduated at Georgetown College, and afterward entered the Society of Jesus and went to Rome to study theology. His father soon after died, and he left the society and returned home. He was made a doctor of divinity at the college of the Sapienza, Rome, in 1832. Upon his return to America he officiated at St. Matthew's, Washington, for awhile, and it was while here that he acted as chaplain of the Senate.

Rev. Father Rider, S. J., president of Georgetown College, opened the Senate with prayer on two occasions during the year 1840, and the records show that the late Father Boyle was the last priest who said prayers in the old Senate chamber, now the supreme court room.

The House of Representatives has never elected a Catholic clergyman to its chaplainship, consequently the statement recently published that Father Boyd was elected chaplain of the House while at St. Patrick's Church is incorrect. On numerous occasions, when the House failed to elect a chaplain, he alternated with two Protestant clergymen in offering the opening prayer.

Father Aikin was the first priest to make the sign of the cross in the new hall of the House. "On January 24, 1858, Rev. Charles Stonestreet, S. J., then pastor of St. Aloysius, opened the House with prayer. Speaker Orr conducted him to the speaker's desk. Father Stonestreet, clothed in his cassock and wearing his beads, made a large sign of the cross and read the prayers of Archbishop Carroll for the Authorities. The prayer over, he finished with a devout sign of the cross. As Father Stonestreet loves the Republic, and prays for it from the bottom of his heart, he read the prayers with a great deal of feeling." The above account of Father Stonesteet's prayer is found in Georgetown College Journal of 1859. Again, under date February 9, 1859, is found the entry: "To-day, Father Stonestreet, vested in his religious habit, opened the United States Senate with prayer. The president of the Senate introduced him into the hall."

One of the most memorable addresses ever heard in the Capitol was the one delivered by the Right Rev. John England, D.D., first Bishop of Charleston, S. C., on Sunday, January 8, 1826.

In Honor of St. Patrick.

Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J., will speak at the auditorium, Chicago, Ill., the evening of March 17th, and will publicly inaugurate the movement, by which an educational temple shall be erected in Chicago in commemoration of St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint. The movement in support of this object is as yet confined to a comparatively few Irish-American Catholics; but sufficient work has been accomplished to absolutely insure the success of the project. Ever since the World's Fair was located in Chicago, many suggestions have been made in Catholic circles, as to what should be done by that body to mark the quadrennial celebration. The building of a new cathedral was considered by some as the proper thing, but, up to the present, nothing definite has been done in that direction. What particular form the outcome of the movement which Bishop O'Farrell will inaugurate will take has not been decided on, but that it will be no idle shaft of marble or granite, but rather something which while equally serving the purpose, will be of practical use to the generations to come, is almost a certainty. March 17, 1893, has been set down by the most competent authorities as the fourteenth century of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. Since it is conceded on all sides that something should be done by the Catholics of Chicago and America to testify the appreciation held of the great works of the two apostles of progress — St. Patrick and Columbus, and that there is at present no institution which bears the name of either, it is held, by the promoters of the present movement, that such an institution bearing the joint names of both would be a fitting monument.

There are in Chicago alone, more than forty thousand Catholic families, many of whom individually rank among the richest citizens of America. From this source alone, by thorough work on the part of a well-constituted committee, a sufficiency could be obtained to erect a suitable building. It is further said that the Catholics of the United States, who number more than one million families, would be found willing to contribute enough to support such an edifice, and furnish an endowment capable of having a first-class faculty. One of the gentlemen associated in the movement is the Rev. Bernard P. Murray, pastor of St. Bernard's Church, in Englewood. Though very reluctant to give the details of the movement, Father Murray admitted its existence, and acknowledged that Bishop O'Farrell's advent to Chicago was to open the matter. Father Murray said he and those associated with him had hoped that any publicity would not be given the movement until the details were better shaped. "However," he continued, "the decision has been reached to initiate the movement in Chicago, March 17. Since it was Bishop O'Farrell who furnished the renowned Father Burke with the notes used in the masterly lectures against Froude; and who also, at a very opportune moment, changed Roman opinion in favor of the Irish cause, it was considered eminently befitting that he should be called on to fire the first gun. His visit to this city will, doubtless, create an interest not equaled by any lecturer on Irish affairs since the days of Father Burke. There is no doubt that something more than passing notice should be taken of the double centenary year, and that the event should be marked by a monument, that will prove to the world that the Irish of America are true to the teachings of the great apostle of their race. What shape that monument will take has not been decided. But the great influence which Ireland had in early times came from the great intellectual centres of Cashel, Clonard, Lismore, Bangor and Armagh, and, if that influence is to be perpetuated here, it is proper that the outcome of our work should be an educational edifice of some kind. That this is the proper course, receives an added force when it is considered that not a single institution granting academic degrees in America bears the name of St. Patrick. If I could inspire my Irish-American fellow-citizens with my own enthusiasm, if my voice could only reach the millions of our people spread all over this country, I would soon effect a remedy. I would have them endow an institution of learning that would rival Yale or Harvard in wealth and influence; that would recruit its students from the best intellects in our parochial schools, and teach them gratuitously. This may be Utopian, but we shall endeavor to do something more than erect a cold marble pillar."

Apart from the object, Bishop O'Farrell, as a speaker, is pretty sure to to have an enthusiastic audience. Father Murray is considered by his confrères suitable in every way to engage in a project of this kind. He was for many years the chancellor of the Chicago archdiocese, and has many friends of influence all over the country, both clergy and laity. He is also a cleric of brilliant literary qualities, and is the brother of the late John O'Kane Murray, the historian.

Chicago Times.

FATHER GRIETA, a missionary priest of India, has discovered a remedy, successfully tested in Calcutta, for that fearful scourge, the cholera.

The First Letter of Columbus Announcing his Discovery.

THE following is a copy of the letter of Columbus to his friend, Luis de Santangel, Receiver of Church Revenues, who had won for him the assistance of Queen Isabella. We (Griffin's Journal) extract it from The Enterprise of Christopher Columbus: A Critical and Common Sense View, by Hon. Arthur Harvey, President of Canadian Institute in the January, 1892, Magazine of American History. The Magazine merits the distinction it has already secured as the foremost American historical publication.

"Sir: Because I know the grand success Our Lord has granted me on this voyage will be pleasing to you, I write to say that in thirty-three days I crossed to the Indies with the fleet which the illustrious King and Queen, our Sovereigns, gave me. I found there very many islands, with innumerable inhabitants. Of all I took possession for their Highnesses, by proclamation and by unfurling the Royal Standard. The island first discovered I named San Salvador — the Indians called it Guanahani. The second I called Santa Maria de Conception, the third Fernandina, the fourth Isabella, the fifth Juana — each one thus having a new name. I found Juana so large that I thought it must be the mainland, the Province of Cathay, and as I saw no towns or villages on the coast, but only trifling settlements with whose people I could hold no conversation because they all incontinently fled, I kept on coasting in the expectation of finding some large cities. Herein failing, I returned to a harbor I had observed and sent two men ashore to enquire if there was a King, or if there were towns of any size. They travelled for two days, found numberless hamlets and untold people, but no semblance of any Government, so they returned. Meantime I learned from some Indians whom I seized that it was an island, so I followed the coast eastward for three hundred and twenty miles until it ended in a cape, whence I saw another island fifty miles away. This I named La Spanola, and followed its northern shore for five hundred and thirty miles due east. It is very fertile, like the rest, and particularly extensive, with wonderfully safe and capacious harbors. The land is high, with mountains loftier than Teneriffe, of lovely shapes, covered with trees of a thousand kinds, so tall that they seem to reach the sky, and they are said never to lose their leaves. This indeed I can well believe, for I saw them as green as they might be in a Spanish May — some in bloom, some with fruit, nightingales and a thousand other birds singing — and this in November. There are six or eight kinds of palms, of singular but beautiful forms, wonderful to observe, as are the other trees, fruits and vegetables. There are groves of pine, extensive plains, honey, many kinds of birds and fruits, many mines of metals, and innumerable people. Espanola is a wonder; the mountains, hills, plains, meadows and fields are so beautiful to plant and sow, so suited for raising cattle and for building towns and cities. You must see the harbors to understand how fine they are, and so too, with the many large and excellent streams, most of which carry gold. There are also many spices and grand mines of gold and other metals. The trees and plants with their fruits are quite different from those of Juana (Cuba).

"The people of this and of all the other islands I have discovered or heard of, all go as naked as when they were born — men and women alike, except that some women screen themselves a little with a single leaf or a piece of cotton made for the purpose. They possess no iron, steel or arms, nor are they fit to use them, not but that they are well built and of handsome stature, but that they are curiously timid. Their only weapons are the flower-stalks of reeds, to which they fasten small bits of wood, and these they dare not use, for I have often sent ashore two or three men to hold a parley at some village, when the people would come out in countless numbers; but on seeing our men approach they would run away in such a manner that fathers would not even look after their children. This was not because we harmed any one, for on going anywhere to have a talk I gave them what I had — cloth and many other things — without any return, but because they are incurably timid. When, however, they have been reassured, they never say no, but offer things before being asked, and show so much kindness that they would give their very hearts away, and are content to exchange things of great value for a very little stuff of any kind. I forbade giving them bits of broken crockery or glass, and the ends of old straps, though when they did get such things it seemed as if they had the finest jewels in the world, but it was ascertained that a sailor got for a strap gold weighing two castellanos and a half (twelve dollars). For new blancas (copper coins) they would give all they had, two or three castellanos of gold (ten dollars to fifteen dollars) or an arobba or two of spun cotton (twenty-five to fifty lbs). They accepted bits of broken hoops of wine casks, and gave for them all they had, like fools — so that it seemed wrong, and I forbade it and gave them a thousand good and pretty things I had brought on purpose to gain their affection, to lead them to become Christians and incline to love and serve their Highnesses and the whole Spanish nation; also to induce them to help us by giving us what we need and they possess in abundance.

"They are not idolaters and know of no religion, save that they all believe the source of Power and of Good is in Heaven. They very firmly think that I, with these ships and crews, came from the sky, and in this spirit they received me everywhere, so soon as their fears were quieted. Nor does this spring from stupidity, for they are of a very subtle mind, and they navigate all these seas, while it is wonderful what good accounts they give of everything . . . but they have never seen men with clothes on, or ships resembling ours. When I reached the Indies, on the first island I discovered, I seized some of the people, so that they might learn and give me information about these parts, and we have come to understand them either by words or signs, and they have been very useful.

"They still think I came from Heaven, and wherever I have been they run from house to house and to the neighboring villages crying aloud, 'Come, come, and see the folks from Heaven.' Thus reassured, they came, men and women, high and low, all bringing something to eat and drink, which they most lovingly gave. In all the islands they have numerous canoes, like our row-boats, of various sizes, some much larger than a barge of eighteen seats but not so wide, being made of a single piece of timber. Our boats could not keep up with them in rowing, for they go with incred-

ible speed, and herein these folks navigate among the innumerable isles, and exchange their merchandise. I have seen seventy or eighty men in some of these canoes, each with his paddle. I did not notice much difference in the looks of the people, their customs and language; they all understand each other, which is singular, and leads me to hope their Highnesses will take means for their conversion to our holy faith. . . . Juana is larger than England and Scotland put together, because I sailed three hundred and twenty miles along the coast, while there are two provinces beyond that, which I have not visited, one of which is called Avau, where people are born with tails. Espanola has a longer coast line than all Spain. This is something to covet, and, when found, not to be lost sight of. . . . There was one large town in Espanola to which I gave the name of Villa de Navidad, of which especially I took possession — most conveniently situated for working the gold mines and for commerce, either with our continent or that of the great Khan. I fortified it, and left in it a sufficient force, with arms, artillery and provisions for more than a year, a barge and a sailing master skilled in the arts necessary to build more, and I formed such a friendship with the King of the place that he called me his brother. But even though this disposition should change and become hostile, yet as the people know nothing of arms and are naked, the men I left could destroy the whole country, and the island contains no terrors for those who know how to govern themselves.

"In all the islands it would seem that the men were content with one wife, though to their ruler or King they allot twenty. It looks as though the women did more work than the men. I have not been able to understand whether they own separate property, but it rather seems they have things in common, especially victuals. I have not found men of monstrous shapes, as many thought likely, nor are they black as they are in Guinea, and their hair is straight. . . . In these islands, where there are mountains, I felt the cold this winter considerably, but they endure it through being used to it and eating things with spices and very hot ingredients. I heard of no monsters except in the second island of these Indies where dwells a race believed to be very ferocious, who are cannibals, and have many canoes in which they visit all the islands, robbing and plundering what they can. They are no worse formed than the rest, but they wear their hair long, like women, and use bows and arrows of reeds tipped with wood, for want of iron. . . . They are thought by these very timid people to be fierce, but I count them for no more than the rest. These are the men who have relations with the women of Matenino, the first island met with in coming from Spain, in which there are no men; these women doing no women's work, but having bows and arrows of reeds as above mentioned and arming and covering themselves with plates of copper, of which they possess much. I am informed there is another island, larger than Espanola, in which the inhabitants have no hair, but there is gold in it beyond measure, and from this as well as the others I bring some Indians for testimony.

"Finally, and referring to this voyage alone, hasty as it has been, their Highnesses can see that I shall be able to give them all the gold they want, with but trifling help; spices also, and as much cotton as they shall order shipped; mastic, as much as they wish for, which at present is only found

in the island of Chios and is sold by the Genoese Senate at their own price; lign-aloes, whatever quanity they desire imported, and slaves, as many of these idolaters as they desire kidnapped. I think, too, I have found rhubarb and cinnamon, and I shall discover a thousand other things of value by means of the agents I left behind, for I myself tarried nowhere when the wind allowed of my proceeding, except in the town of Navidad, which I fortified and established well. This is much, and praised be our Lord, the Eternal God who grants to all who walk in His ways the victory over apparently impossible things, of which this has been a signal instance, for though others have written or spoken of these countries, it was all guess work, not having seen them, while it was understood that the listeners thought they were hearing fiction rather than fact. But now that our Saviour has given the victory to our illustrious King and Queen and to their kingdoms, which have acquired great renown through such an important event, all Christendom should rejoice and keep high holiday, giving solemn thanks to the Holy Trinity, with many serious prayers, for the great honor which will accrue from converting so many people to our holy faith, as well as for the temporal benefits which will bring refreshment and profite not only to Spain but to all Christians.

"Done on board the Caravel, off the Canary Islands, February 15, 1493. Yours to command,

"THE ADMIRAL."

A Country of Wonders.

COREA, like the world of the ancients, has its seven wonders. They are: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious. The second is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full, the other is always empty, and notwithstanding that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is of the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold-wave cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder; no matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are largely pines, they will sprout up again directly — like the phœnix from her ashes. The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular tube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from support on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope, may pass it under the stone, without encountering any obstacle whatever. The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which, from remote ages, has lain, glowing with heat, on the top of a high hill. The seventh and last, is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined, not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

Sayings of the Saints.

One tear that is shed at the remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ is of more value than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and a year of fasting on bread and water.— *St. Augustine.*

St. Francis of Assisi, being found weeping, was asked the reason of his tears. He replied: "I weep at the affronts and sorrows of my Saviour; and my pain is increased to see the ingratitude of men who do not love Him, do not even think of Him." Whenever he heard a lamb bleating, it recalled to his mind the Lamb without spot, Who died on the cross for the sins of the world. He never ceased to exhort his brethren to have continually in mind the Passion of Jesus Christ. Let us never be ungrateful to a God Who has loved us so excessively.

Everything in the Passion of Jesus Christ shows how He has loved us,— the cross to which He was nailed, the sorrows which He endured, the death which He suffered.— *St. Thomas of Villanova.*

Jesus Christ crucified is our model. His wounds preach to us of the affections which should animate us, what we should be, and what we should do.— *St. Bernard.*

St. Thomas Aquinas, during a visit which he made to St. Bonaventure, asked the latter from what books he had drawn the erudition, the unction which made his writings so admirable. Showing him a crucifix, he replied: "This is my book; it is the source of all I have written. It is this which has taught me the little that I know." Let us press the crucifix to our lips, begging our divine Saviour to instruct us, to give us His love. Let us beseech Him to grant to sinners the grace of conversion, and let us make amends for the sins we have committed. St. Gertrude meditated with love upon her crucifix. At the sight of her divine Saviour on the cross, she begged for the love of suffering, and asked that she might suffer still more and more with gratitude and love. "I offer to Thee, divine Saviour," said she, "all that it may please Thee to make me suffer, either in body or mind. I desire to imitate Thee, O my Jesus, Who hast loved me even to die for me. Let this body, so rebellious a slave, be chastised. Let my will, which has so often opposed Thine, be unceasingly mortified. I will no longer follow its desires. I place it in Thy hands; dispose of it as Thou wilt." St. Augustine said: "Each time that I am tempted I have recourse to the wounds of Jesus Christ. I take refuge in the bowels of mercy of my Saviour. Jesus Christ died for me: this thought is sweet consolation in my greatest pains. All my hope is in the death of Jesus Christ. His death is my merit, my refuge, my salvation, my life, my resurrection. I wish to live, to die in the arms of my Saviour."

The cross of Jesus Christ possesses a marvellous virtue. The recollection of it alone will put to flight legions of our invisible enemies, will sustain us in our combat with them, and preserve us from the temptations which surround us.— *St. Augustine.*

In our temptations let us imitate the blessed Cæsar de Buz, who defended himself with the cross alone against all the wicked suggestions of the demon. Taking this precious shield in his hands, he cried: "Fly, enemies of my salvation and of my God! fly, demons! Behold the cross

of the Saviour! It is this instrument which has broken the gates of hell. O my Saviour, by the merits of Thy cross deliver me from my enemies." Let us enter into the dispositions of a great servant of God, who exclaimed: "My God, have pity on me through the merits of Jesus Christ. I will live only in union with Him. I unite my senses with His senses, my mind with His mind, my heart with His heart, my sentiments with His. I would wish to have the same contrition for my sins which He had for them, and I desire that these be the affections of all who have hearts capable of loving."

A Noted Priest.

THE Very Rev. Dean Cregan, of Bruff, whose death we have already announced, was a noble figure in the Irish priesthood. He had labored long and well, for death only overtook him in the eightieth year of his age, and the fifty-third of his sacred ministry. Born in the parish of Shanagolden, county Limerick, the deceased began his classical studies at Carlow College. Having completed his theological course in Maynooth, Dean Cregan was ordained in 1838. His first mission was the curacy of Coolcappa, whence he went to Newcastle West, and afterwards to Adare. He was then appointed parish priest of Brures, and afterwards transferred to the more important pastorate of Bruff, as well as being selected as vicar-general for the diocese. For twenty-seven years Dean Cregan has been in Bruff, where his flock received constant benefit from the zeal and anxiety for their welfare, which he never failed to display. In the terrible days of famine and plague, Father Cregan had no thought of himself. While fever and cholera raged, the young curate of Newcastle West had fourteen auxiliary workhouses full of plague-stricken people to attend to. Twice the priest himself was prostrated by fever. Father Cregan was an intimate friend of the great Liberator, and was secretary to the Repeal meeting which O'Connell addressed at Newcastle West. Three years ago the golden jubilee of Dean Cregan's ministry was celebrated, and he was the recipient of an eloquent address from the priests and people of the diocese.

SAID Daniel Dougherty in one of his orations: "Aye, proclaim it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corners of earth, shape it in epigram, enbalm it in song, engrave it on monument, and blazon it everywhere, — a monk first inspired Columbus with hope; Catholic sovereigns sent the first ships across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent; a Catholic gave it the name of America; the new-found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother; the first strain of song ever heard along the western wave was the hymn to the Holy Virgin; the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the Mass; the first standard planted was the standard of the cross; the first, the only martyr, that ever here upon the soil of New York rose from the fires of sacrifice to heaven, was a Catholic; the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity were Catholic. Catholic Maryland alone established religious liberty; Catholic France aided with an army our revolutionary struggle; and Catholic powers were the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States."

Thomas Davis and His Betrothed.

THE story of Thomas Davis and his brief and brilliant career may be fittingly supplemented by a touching article on Miss Hutton, a young lady to whom the poet had been engaged just one month at the time of his death, which appeared some time ago in the Irish Monthly Magazine. It gives some revelations of the inner life of the man, which could hardly be found elsewhere, and it certainly helps to deepen the affection which all classes of Irishmen have never ceased to cherish for their lost leader.

It is transcribed from a batch of letters from Davis to John Edward Pigot and others, in which touching reference is made to Annie Hutton, the betrothed of Thomas Davis, and an account of a pilgrimage to her grave behind the Whitworth Hospital in Drumcondra a few years ago. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has since added much to this interesting sketch, in his biography of Thomas Davis. The first hint on the subject is taken from a letter of Davis to Pigot. It is dated, oddly enough, Monday, I think, 15th of September, '44. One would imagine that Davis was sure of the day of the week, but not of the day of the month. However, that *I think* seems to have crept in by a blunder, being merely an annotation made in preparing the letters for the printer, when a doubt arose as to whether Davis had written 16th. This date is a mistake, for Pigot's answer is dated September 13. Davis says to him: "You have Hibernicized the Huttons so much that they have borrowed a lot of my collection of Irish airs, and the lady whose name you write so flippantly sings 'The Bonny Cuckoo.' Are you very vain for all this?" But Pigot turns the tables on his correspondent. "You are amusing about the Huttons, but your coquetry is all fair when you can get that graceful wild girl to sing 'Bonny Cuckoo,' and 'Annie Dear' for you. 'Tis very pleasant, too, to have collections of music books for such disinterested proselytism." But his patriotism had not improved his chance of professional success; and the uncertainty of his future, now that he had another to think of — or wished to have another to think of — was the cause of the bad spirits that he confesses to in writing to David Owen Maddyn as late as July 31, 1845. "I have been for some time, and am likely to continue for awhile, in a state of feverish anxiety on a subject purely personal, and which I hope I may yet be able to talk of to you." Yet it was of this period that Judge O'Hagan writes: "All who remember him during that time can testify to the wonderful change he underwent, even in appearance. His form dilated, his eyes got a new fire, his step was firmer, and the look of a proud purpose sat on him." And about this time "Annie Dear" wrote this letter to her betrothed:

"How shall I tell you how happy I was to get your dear letter, for which I love you twenty times better than before, for now you are treating me with confidence, not like a child whom it pleases you to play with. Do you know that was (but it is nearly gone) the one fear I had, that you would think of me as a plaything more than as a friend; but I don't think you will since last night. There now, dearest, you have all that is on my mind. I would have told you the last day you were here, only I did not know exactly how to say it, and thought it might be said better in a letter. Why do you say you wish I was oftener kind to you? And why

do you think me cold sometimes? — indeed, I don't intend it, love. You say you are lazy — I don't believe it; 'desultory' — I *won't* believe it; of selfish habits — I can't believe it; — there now, them's 'my sentiments,' as our friend, Dr. S., would say. I'll tell you what, you must not write such nice letters to me, because it makes me slightly insane, as you may perceive. Oh! I forgot I intended to begin this with a profound scolding; I am really very angry with you for writing my unworthy name in that beautiful book of Melodies. Indeed, you must not, dearest, be giving me so many books; besides, I like better to have them when they are yours. I had such a lovely drive all round Howth yesterday, and at the most beautiful part was alone, which I was very sorry for; I like to have some one to enjoy beauty with me, not to talk about it, but just quietly to enjoy. It was very beautiful, Killiny all brilliant in the sunlight, with white-sailed boats dancing merrily over the water, and then the Dublin and Wicklow mountains behind frowning blackly, as if jealous that they had no sun; and Bray Head, the Grey Stones, and Wicklow Head stretching out farther and still farther away. And there wasn't a sound to be heard — so different from the other busy side of Howth that we had just come from. I had a pleasant companion in the German Anthology (Clarence Mangan's Translations)."

On the 15th of September, in that same year, 1845, Thomas Davis died after a short illness, and was buried in Mount Jerome. Mrs. Hutton hurried her poor child abroad, hoping that foreign travel might make the shock less grievous; so that of her, too, as of the betrothed of Robert Emmet, Moore might have sung:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

She did not survive him long. During the interval, one of the alleviations of her bereavement was a task undertaken evidently out of love for his memory, and because it was congenial to his spirit,— the translation of "The Embassy to Ireland of Rinuccini," the famous papal nuncio of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill. But she had not strength to finish the work, which was completed and published by her mother, many years later, in a massive octavo. A letter to a friend settles, among other points, the date of this actual engagement: "In the midst of all my sorrow, the thought flashes through me, What pride, what glory, to have been the chosen one of such a heart! Oh, if I were to live through an eternity of grief, I would not give up that short month of happiness, that little time of communion with all that was most pure, most holy on earth. . . . I try to think of all he has been spared; no woman's love could have spared him from bitter disappointment; no care of mine could have prevented his glorious spirit being bruised, crushed by the unworthiness of those he had to deal with. . . . No ideal I could form could be brighter, purer than he was. . . . One little short month it was, and yet a whole existence of love, which I pray will purify and raise my whole soul, till it be worthy to join that bright one gone before."

Sir Charles Duffy quotes a friend of hers as saying: "She faded away from the hour of his death." She died on the 7th of June, 1853. Her tombstone in St. George's cemetery, behind the Whitworth hospital, adds that she was then twenty-eight years old; and these dates tell us how young she was during that summer month when she was the betrothed of Thomas Davis.

A Dish for the Young and the Old.

In Old Age. — As we grow older, the brain, when not poisoned by the use of intrusive and destructive stimulants and narcotics, acquires all the sensitiveness of a photographic plate, and receives impressions of character of marvellous distinctness and variety of color. Youth is the period of ferment, heat, and passion, and the intellectual apparatus does not reach its perfect work until middle life. The receptivity and fecundity of the brain are then at their best. There is no higher material study than the perfection of the conditions of the mind. It is such a subtle potency, that it is a grave crime to injuriously affect it by putting into the mouth anything that will lessen its harmonious and exquisite action. The mind responds, like a delicately constructed instrument, to every influence acting upon the body; and the body must be neither underfed nor clogged with indulgence, if we would have the god-like harp respond to the finest touches of the angels of the soul.

A Point of Interrogation.— Pope was neither good-looking nor good-natured. Once, in the company of Swift and other literary celebrities, he was puzzling over a Greek sentence which seemed to beat them all; no meaning could be got out of it. A young officer, noticing their difficulty, begged to see the sentence. "Oh," said Pope, disagreeably, "by all means let the gentleman see it." After examining it a little, the officer showed that the difficulty had been caused by the omission of a point of interrogation. "And pray, sir," said Pope, unpleasantly, "what is a point of interrogation?"—"A point of interrogation," said the young red-coat, looking down upon the poet with contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

Angel. — In answer to questions sometimes asked, our name is pronounced precisely like the above in the Bible. We were never a clergyman or a doctor. The money which has enabled us to work for dumb animals over twenty years without pay, and give some thousands of dollars to the work, was made in the practice of law in the city of Boston from 1851 to 1868. Mr. Angel is the editor of Our Dumb Animals, a worthy paper printed in Boston. His name is Geo. T. Angel. He is an angel of mercy to every dumb animal in the world.

Smoking. — From the records of Yale College during the past eight years, it is shown that the non-smokers were twenty per cent. taller than the smokers, twenty-five per cent. heavier, and had sixty-six per cent. more lung capacity. In the last graduating class at Amherst College the non-smokers have gained in weight twenty-four per cent. over the smokers; in height, thirty-seven per cent.; in chest girth, forty-two per cent.; and in lung capacity, eight and thirty-six hundredths cubic inches.

Archbishop Gross of Portland, Oregon, has issued a pastoral letter about the disease known as la grippe. He says: "Our own beloved state is threatened with an attack of this pest. We therefore call upon all to awaken acts of humility acknowledging that we deserve chastisement for our many grievous sins. Let us ask pardon and do penance for our offences against God. And let us implore our all-merciful Lord that through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, and of all the saints, He may protect us from the terrible scourge of this pestilence. We therefore order the

Rev. Clergy to add to the daily Mass the collect to be found in the votive Mass *de 'Beata Virgine Maria a Pentecoste.'* And we also order that an Our Father and Hail Mary be said by the priest and the faithful immediately after Mass in additional to the usual prayers."

ACCORDING to a scientist of that country, a stony, waterless region of France has evolved a race of animals that do not drink. The sheep, feeding upon the fragrant herbs, have altogether unlearned the habit of drinking, and the cows drink very little. The much-esteemed Roquefort cheese is made from the milk of the non-drinking ewes. The question now presents itself as to whether continued residence in a prohibitory state would bring about similar results in the case of human beings.

As faith is the foundation of all our hopes of eternity, and as faith without good works is dead, we cannot choose for our children an education which would endanger their faith and morals, and, consequently, imperil their eternal welfare. — *Pius IX.*

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM DEFINED. — The illustrious Bishop Rosencranz, of Columbus, had no patience with the worshippers of the state. In giving a definition of a liberal Catholic he said: "A hickory tree is a very straight and upright tree. A hickory Catholic always has the wind blowing on him, and is always bent. He is neither fish nor flesh. Between the two stools of worldly advancement and eternal happiness, he falls to the ground. Trying to serve two masters, he pleases neither. He sells his soul, and gets no price for it."

ARTICULAR RHEUMATISM. — In the North American Practitioner, for September, 1891, Dr. Joseph Lane Hancock writes, that for the last two years he has been treating cases of inflammatory rheumatism with a local application of carbolic acid applied in the form of a four per cent. solution on a warm flannel cloth wrapped closely around the entire affected joint. Dr. Hancock states tha this custom is to leave this dressing on over night, placing it in position just before the patient retires.

A SNAKE-EATER. — In the Island of Jamaica snakes and other reptiles are conspicuous by their absence. This is attributed to the fact that about fifteen years ago the government introduced the Egyptian ichneumon into the country for the purpose of ridding the island of the cone rat, which was doing great damage to the sugar crop. The remedy has proved worse than the disease, for the prolific animal has multiplied, until now it is to Jamaica what the rabbit is to Australia, and the sparrow to this country. Naturally a carnivorous animal, it has, after exterminating the reptiles, taken to eating bananas, mangoes, and fruits of all kinds, and even an occasional pickaninny. Jamaica has now an "Ichneumon Commission," and is offering a prize for the most successful method of exterminating the pests.

THE KILT. — The act forbidding the wearing of the Highland dress only increased the attachment to it, and the poets became more enthusiastic in its praises. The most famous song of this kind is MacDonald's Am Breacan Uallach, in which he scorns the "English cloth" that other bards had extolled when on the persons of their chiefs. The kilt is the "hero's garb," "the soldier's true dress," "the real garb for a pursuit, for putting swiftness in the legs." It is the best for the chase, or for going to the

church, for lying down or getting up, for protection from the weather, for showing off shield and sword, and keeping the gun dry — in fact, for everything. A more humorous production on the same subject is one by Iain MacCodrum. "Curses on the King," he says, "that took the plaid from us. You gave us the breeks, you fettered our hips ; I would rather have the loose plaid, the light active garment. It's a bad wear for night ; I can't stretch my legs ; I can't get any sleep ; better were the ten yards I would put in the kilt when I rise in the morning ; that's the comely raiment to keep off wind and rain. The curse of the two worlds on the man that put it out."

MRS. P. F. MURPHY, widow of Mayor Murphy, of Omaha, Neb., is a plucky and self-possessed woman, as demonstrated by an adventure which she had recently. Late one night last week a burglar entered her bedroom, and woke her with the words, "Don't move and you will not be hurt." Instead of fainting or screaming, she resolutely reached under her pillow and grasped a revolver and began firing at him. Her aim was true, and the intruder, badly wounded, staggered to the window through which he had entered, and leaped out, Mrs. Murphy still shooting at him. The household was soon awakened and began searching for the burglar, following his traces by the blood spots. He was finally found in a cheap hotel, suffering from two wounds, one bullet having penetrated his left lung.

POPE LEO XIII. teaches that a man is not justified in contracting so many days and so many hours a week as to render it impossible for him to live a Christian and a human life. Neither is a man justified in forcing a laborer to make such a contract.

THE CARDINAL'S PRECEDENCE.— Cardinal Manning celebrated his silver jubilee on the 8th of June, 1890, and among the marks of distinguishment conferred upon him was his appointment on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and the order by the Prince of Wales, that at all public assemblages whereat he would preside, the Cardinal should take the place of precedure before that of all other ecclesiastical dignitaries. This act, of course, could not be let pass, and brought out the usual protest from the narrow-minded. In answer to this, to the credit of the Prince be it said, he sent the following reply to the Rev. Dr. Preston, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Runcorn, respecting Cardinal Manning's precedence :

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, PALL MALL, S. W., 22d July, 1890.

SIR,— I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst., and to inform you in reply, that it is quite correct, that on being consulted as to the precedency which Cardinal Manning should occupy on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, his Royal Highness expressed an opinion that, as a matter of courtesy, the name of the Cardinal should appear immediately after his own. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

The REV. DR. PRESTON.

CHICAGO will not have to bear alone the odium of selling horse meat for dressed beef. A firm has been exposed on Long Island by the inspectors of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who were about to send out a ship load of canned beef which proved to be not only horse meat, but that of broken

down, crippled, and diseased horses. The rigid inspection which we extend to our pork, needs to be widened in its application. The state penitentiary would be a good place for men who deal in such stuff. Let the rascals be captured, and fed on horse-flesh.

LADY sculptors are coming to the front. Among women who have achieved sudden fame, is Alice Rideout, of San Francisco, who won first prize over all other competitors in the sculpture of the woman's building at the Columbian exposition. She was born at Marysville, Cal., two months more than twenty years ago, but since she was four years old, has resided in San Francisco. Although fond of drawing and a very apt high school pupil, her introduction to sculpture was almost accidental. The story has been told before, and so needs but very brief recapitulation. She was walking out with her large mastiff one morning, and happening to pass the half-open door of Rupert Schmid's studio, the dog bounded in and upset a recently finished model. Miss Rideout hastened after the animal to apologize, but finding no one in the studio, commenced to remodel the arm of the figure which had been broken off. While thus engaged, Mr. Schmid quietly entered and watched the amateur at work. He soon recognized the unusual ability of the fair amateur, but did not make his presence known until she stepped back to survey the work of repair. It required little persuasion to induce her to learn modelling, and she has fulfilled all the sculptor's expectations.

CURE FOR THE GRIP. — "No person need die of grip. Not only that, but no one need ever be sick enough from grip to have to go to bed or quit his usual occupation," says Dr. Keely. "Assafœtida, in doses of sixteen grains, administered four times a day, will completely break up the worst case of grip at any stage of its development. Not only will assafœtida cure the grip in its primary form, but it will break up many of the complications arising from it. It is as absolute a specific for grip as quinine is for ague. A particularly valuable quality of this specific is its cheapness, simplicity, and harmlessness. No matter how many grains you may take in a day it will not hurt you."

THE Very Rev. Canon Sheehan of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Cork, Ire., has been appointed bishop of Waterford. Canon Sheehan is a brother of the Very Rev. Dean Sheehan, rector of the pro-cathedral, Sioux Falls, S. D., and is a student of the Dunboyne establishment of Maynooth, Ire.

THE Supreme Court has decided that a saloon-keeper is liable for damages in the case of injuries resulting from the sale of liquors to intoxicated persons. The allegation of the plaintiff was that the defendant sold her husband liquors until he was intoxicated, and that in consequence he fell into a gutter of water, contracting pneumonia, from which he died. The saloon-keeper's ground of defence was that the liquor was not the proximate cause of death, but was drank voluntarily. On this point the court said: "Every drunkard not only takes liquor voluntarily, but whenever he can get it, and because of his weakness the law makes the saloon-keeper responsible for selling to such persons. He has not the will-power to resist the temptation, and for this reason the sale to him is forbidden."

Forty Years in the Church.

A CONVERT GIVES THE RESULTS OF HIS LONG AND VARIED EXPERIENCE AS A CATHOLIC.

FESTIVAL OF CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL, BOSTON, January 25, 1892.

EDITOR CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN:

Forty years ago to-day, by the great mercy of God, I had the inestimable privilege of being received into the Catholic Church, after having officiated for ten years as pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in your city.

It seems a long way off, but I have a vivid recollection of the scenes and incidents connected with that eventful period of my life, especially of my struggles of mind and heart while undergoing the great change that finally landed me in the blessed bosom of Holy Mother Church. I have a lingering affection for the members of my old congregation. I often think of them, recalling with pleasure the happiness I enjoyed during all the years of my intercourse with them; and I wonder now how many of them have gone to their account in the world to come, and what is the condition, temporal and spiritual, especially spiritual, of those who are left behind. I remember well that when I became a Catholic more than one of my old friends said: "He is deluded; he doesn't know what he is doing; when he has had time to become thoroughly acquainted with the Catholic Church, he will find that it is a very different thing from what he now supposes it is, and he will be sure to come back."

Well, I have been forty years in the church, and I have had pretty extensive opportunities of study, observation, and experience in various parts of the country, and now if I could reach the ear or eye of any of those old friends I should be very glad to give them the result of my experience.

It is, undoubtedly, a very serious and important question, and one upon which eternal interests are suspended. Believe me, then, when I say, from my heart, that instead of being disappointed at my discoveries in the Catholic Church, I have only found from day to day, as I have become more and better acquainted with it, multiplied causes for devout thankfulness to Almighty God for bestowing upon me such an inestimable boon; and I feel like crying out with the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit King Solomon, "surely the half was not told me." For forty years I have been studying the Catholic Church, both theoretically and practically, — its system of teaching, of devotion, and its wonderful organization; and, I must say, its magnitude, its beauty, and its glory, have grown upon me continually till I am ready to declare that there is nothing like it in all the world. It bears unmistakable evidence of the divinity of its origin, and the superhuman wisdom of its organization and development. The only wonder is that a system so grand, so venerable, so fraught with all that is intellectually great and devotionally beautiful and attractive, should not have commanded more attention from intellectual men, and more general investigation of claims whose proof lies as it were on the surface, and is so easily accessible to any candid, honest inquirer.

In looking back on the past, I am struck with the wonderful change which forty years have brought about in the religious world, — a change which has only served to realize my anticipations, and confirm my conclusions at the time that I felt compelled to make the change from Protestantism to Catholicism.

What caused me to make that change was:

1. The logical weakness, confusion, and hollowness of Protestantism, and

2. The absolute necessity of an infallible authority to interpret to us the truth of the divine revelation, and to decide disputes in regard to faith and morals.

The development of Protestantism has been very rapid, and is now progressing with accelerated speed. It is really sad to witness the anxiety, the agitation and alarm with which the various denominations are at last awakening to the consciousness that their creeds and confessions of faith are not the infallible expositions of divine truth that they were formerly accustomed to consider them, but are full of defects; and that if they are any longer to command the respect and assent even of their own people, they must be remodelled and reconstructed more in accordance with modern thought; as if divine revelation was a matter to be changed with each succeeding generation. It is openly confessed that many preachers have felt obliged to conceal their real sentiments while professing to adhere to their standards, and some even justify such a course, on the ground that it is impossible for all men to think alike, and on Protestant principles each man has a right to his own opinion.

But the saddest phase of the development is the result of the so-called "higher criticism," which is undermining faith in the very Bible itself, which has heretofore always been considered the infallible rule of the Protestant faith. It is a noticeable fact that, whereas for the last three hundred years the Catholic Church has constantly and most persistently been accused of being opposed to the Bible, and of using all its influence to misinterpret and keep it from the people, at the present time the Catholic Church is laboring to defend the Bible from the destructive criticism of Protestants. Leading Protestant theologians are keeping up the agitation, and adding to the general confusion by giving utterance to the most novel and often radical views of divine truth, which furnish most convincing evidence of the fact that the legitimate, logical tendency of Protestantism is to scepticism, doubt, infidelity, and agnosticism.

When I was officiating as an Episcopal clergyman with strong High Church proclivities, I tried hard to persuade myself that we had great advantages over the other denominations; and I put on airs, and rung the changes on our being true Catholics — not Romanists, you know — the *Via Media* and all that. But I could not always blind myself to the absurdity of that position. I saw clearly that we were in the same boat with the other denominations. In fact, there was greater confusion of doctrine among us than among them, because while the Presbyterians, for instance, had their unique, consistent, flat-footed confession of faith, which, in theory, at least, all were bound to adhere to, the Episcopal Church, which was originally founded in compromise, was bound to tolerate a wide latitude of opinion. So that while High Church and Low Church, Broad Church and Ritualist

contended earnestly, each for the supremacy of its own peculiar views,— each accusing the others of teaching a gospel which was not the true gospel of Christ,— neither party really had any right to say to the other, you have no right in the church.

I got sick and tired of this everlasting warfare of brethren upon one another, and I could not help asking myself if this was really the normal condition of the Church of Christ? Was it possible that Almighty God had given us a revelation without at the same time giving us the means of ascertaining the true meaning of that revelation? It was folly for us to contend that we were united in essentials. In the first place there was no authority in the Church to decide what were and what were not essential, and the fact was patent that the two main systems, High Church and Low Church were as incompatible as oil and water, and they were correct in saying that if one was true the other must necessarily be false. I saw and felt the necessity of an authoritative tribunal to decide disputes, and assure us of the true faith. I followed the lead of the Oxford men, and it was in reading their arguments against the doctrines of the Catholic Church that I became acquainted with those doctrines, and finally became convinced of their truth.

The Scriptural argument for the supremacy of St. Peter especially came home to me with great force. I was surprised that I had never realized the full force and significance of those striking passages which in the light of Catholic teaching appeared so plain, so reasonable, so irresistible. "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted confirm thy brethren." "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." And to crown all, "Thou art Peter (a rock) and upon this Rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." The Scriptural argument was complete. The necessity of a head and centre of unity and a supreme final court of appeal to decide disputes was manifest on the slightest candid reflection. The syllogism — "every organized body must have a head; the Church is an organized body, therefore the Church must have a head," seemed incontrovertible. I became convinced, too, that a supreme tribunal of final resort, to interpret the law and decide disputes, was just as indispensable in the spiritual order as in the natural order. As without the supreme civil court of final resort, there could be no order or agreement or harmony among the people in what concerns their temporal happiness; so, without the Supreme Spiritual Court, the tribunal of final resort to decide questions of faith and morals, there could be no unity or harmony in those things which pertained to their eternal happiness.

These truths which are so familiar to me now then came home to me with great freshness and power, and I could no longer resist the conclusion.

Every day's experience only serves to convince me of the wisdom of my choice; for the temptations to scepticism — "scientific" scepticism — at the present time are very great, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart that, in the midst of these powerful temptations, I have the consolation of knowing that I am safe and at peace in Holy Church. I feel that in her

my feet are planted upon that impregnable Rock which for two thousand years has defied the storms of error, heresy, and schism, and that she is destined to outlive all the ephemeral opposing associations which have been leagued against her.

My race is nearly run. I shall probably never have the opportunity to address my old friends again. But I shall not forget them. I would to God they could be brought to see things as I now see them, and to enjoy the inestimable privileges which are my inheritance. But in any case, I pray that Almighty God may bless all the survivors of that dear old flock of St. Paul's with the choicest of His graces and blessings. H. L. RICHARDS.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.— Next to the blessing of redemption and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift, bestowed by God upon man, greater than religious education. Let, therefore, both pastors and people strive to establish Catholic schools wherever it has not already been done, or can possibly be done; for the Catholic school is, besides the salvation of the youth, the nursery of the Catholic congregation.— *Archbishop Henni.*

How Wales Spends His Time.

IT is known that the Prince of Wales receives considerably more than one thousand dollars a day, says a World correspondent.

This disclosure has been made by the Weekly Despatch, a radical organ, which in some way procured the Prince of Wales' diary for 1891. At the very time of its publication a heated debate about the royal grants was taking place in public prints, and for the hundredth time the British public was threatened with being "struck" for more money to help out his royal highness.

Following his career, day by day, for the past year, it is certainly appalling to see the naked facts in cold type. Fancy a man, not a bookmaker, who spends fifty days out of the year "following the races." That is what the diary shows.

The court newsman, who sends out to the papers the daily doings of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the principal members of the family, has drawn a veil over the doings of his royal highness for many days during the year.

It appears from other pages of this diary that the Prince of Wales went to the theatre almost as often as he went to the races. Frequently you came across items like this:

"Ascot for the races, dined with Lady Brooke, Drury Lane Theatre in the evening, thence to Marlboro Club."

In May the Prince of Wales went to the theatre eight times, and in December six times. Eleven days of July were spent following the races, eight days of May, and nine in April.

Not once during three months does it appear that the prince attended to any of the public duties which are supposed to occupy all his time,— presiding over scientific or religious meetings, sitting on committees, laying foundation stones or opening exhibitions.

He is forever "going to dine," or "after dining," and he spent one day "looking at Lord Carrington's wine cellars." The Prince is a great fellow for "looking." He went to "look at horses at Tattersall's," another day he was "looking at cricket at Lord's," and on November 2, we have :

"Left Easton Lodge for Sandringham to see what damage the fire had done."

Not a single entry in the diary for the whole year shows that the Prince of Wales read a book or went into the library, and only on three occasions does it appear that he officially presided at public meetings. He spent six weeks grouse-shooting, was on the Continent enjoying himself three weeks, and half of August was spent yachting at Cowes.

The Irish in British Art.

CELTIC TALENT HAS DEVELOPED IN SPITE OF PERSECUTION.

THOUGH one result of Queen Anne's fearful anti-Catholic penal code was to make an Irishman who could read and write — outside the small class of the gentry — a sort of curiosity, yet, even then in that miserable eighteenth century, the Irish shone in those spheres of art from which they were not shut out by legal enactments. Peg Woffington, Malone, O'Keefe, Sheridan, and others gave brilliancy to the English stage, which without them would have been heavy and stupid, in spite of Garrick's airs. Garrick, by the way, as his name shows, was a Celt.

Give the English the Kembles, and cut away from them the Irish, and where would they be? Where would their art be? Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Chantry, not to mention the later Landseer, are the laughing stock of continental artists. London, with its native art, is almost as bad as New York and Washington, with their statues made by contract. But no one disputes the genius of Sir Barry the architect, of Maclise the painter, of Hogan the sculptor.

Take the Irish away from so-called British art and that art would be really wooden and British. Amongst "British" musicians of this century are reckoned, to mention but few original composers, Balfe, the author of the "Bohemian Girl," etc., a Corkonian of the ancient Cork c'an of O'Balie; Wallace, the author of "Maritana," a Wicklow man of old Irish lineage; and Sullivan — "Pinafore" Sullivan — belonging to the Cork clan of O'Sullivan.

On the British stage there have been prominent in this century the great tragedians, Miss O'Neil, the Keats, Brooke, Tyrone Power, Barry Sullivan, Macready, and Toole all Irish by birth or parentage.

For the last two centuries the English seem to have been unable to write a play that would last. Of the eighteenth century playwrights, Goldsmith and Sheridan are all that survive in this century, an epoch of more serious and drudging work for the Irish than play-writing. Sheridan's nephew (Sheridan Knowles), Sheil, and Gerald Griffin seem to be almost the only "British" authors who have written plays that can interest people, without the aid of stage carpenters and machinists. All contemporary "British" plays that have anything interesting about them are stolen, body, boots, breeches, the French or German, and even of these plagiarists and adapters, the cleverest and most successful is the Corkonian, known all the world over by the French name, Dion Boucicault.

Pilgrimages to La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France.

In October last, Mgr. de Péré, Vicar-General of the Greek Archbishop of Sidon, and Archimandrite of Saïda, honored La Chapelle Montligeon with a visit, remaining with M. l'Abbé Buguet three days, arriving on Friday afternoon, October 9th, 1891, in time for the evening reunion of the Association. The Archimandrite was already well acquainted with the benevolent aim of the Œuvre Expiatoire, and zealously endeavors to promote its progress in his distant mission. Being, then, on the happy spot from whence this pious work for the deliverance of the forsaken souls from Purgatory has sprung, and where it flourishes so well, he wished to see for himself, all the different arrangements for carrying out the purpose of this useful and beneficent institution. Therefore the next day was occupied in making a minute inspection of everything connected with it, and he spent some time in each of the offices, workrooms, and shops, giving a kindly word to every one he met there, and showing the greatest interest in their different occupations, he gained at once their esteem and grateful regard.

On Sunday, October 11, Mgr. de Péré officiated pontifically at the High Mass, assisted by M. l'Abbé Guerret (Loces Directeur) as deacon, and M. l'Abbé Guerin (auxiliary priest) as subdeacon. The Director General, M. l'Abbé Buguet, acted as master of the ceremonies. After the Gospel, Mgr. de Péré addressed the congregation from the steps of the altar. The assembly was large; the people had come from all parts to assist at the divine office.

The distinguished preacher spoke of the contest in the East, and impressively described the position of the Greek Catholic Church there, obliged to submit to incessant attacks from the heretics of every sect, who seem to have made Syria a rendezvous, in order to contend against the Church of Jesus Christ, whose seat is at Rome, where His Vicar dwells.

The Mohammedans, Protestants, Greeks, Schismatics, etc., have magnificent temples at Sidon, whilst the Catholics, who, on account of their practical religious principles, are, for the greater part, very poor, have no church of their own, but celebrate their Offices in the same temple as the Greek Schismatics. Mgr. de Péré terminated his address by a spirited appeal to the charity of his audience. "We hope," said he, "soon to lay the foundations of a church that will be really our own; but money is required to do that, and we are poor. From you Christians who live in a privileged country, ought to come the necessary succor for your brethren in the East.

"Show, then, that you belong to one family in Christ, and, for love of His Church, for which he died upon the cross, listen to the prayer I now make to you on behalf of these oppressed members of his fold, and send them, according to your means, some help towards the fulfilment of their desires, that they may possess a sanctuary worthy of the 'King of kings,' where they may offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and worship their Creator in peace, undisturbed by the dissensions of their heretical neighbors."

In response to this fervent allocution, M. le Curé made a collection during the Mass and gathered a goodly sum for the Eastern mission.

In the afternoon after vespers Mgr. de Péré gave another discourse,

this time upon the house of St. Veronica, who is mentioned in Holy Scripture; and we read in the martyrology of the Ven. Peter Galesini, as Apostolical Prothonotary, and friend of St. Charles Borromeo, that in the reign of Tiberius, there came to Rome a holy woman of Jerusalem, known only by the name of Veronica, who had followed our Saviour in His painful march to Calvary, and moved with compassion for His sufferings, wiped the blood and sweat from His face with her handkerchief; as a reward for her piety, the impression of the Holy Face remained indelibly printed upon the linen. It is believed that this holy relic cured Tiberius of a serious malady. St. Veronica afterwards gave it to St. Clement (Bishop of Jerusalem), whose successors have preserved this miraculous cloth in the Basilica of the Vatican. The year in which her death took place is unknown; but her feast is said by some authors to be observed on the 3d of February, whilst, according to others, it is celebrated on the 4th of that month. "Her house," said Mgr. de Péré, "fell into the hands of the heretics, and it was grievous for the Catholics to see this pious dwelling used for profane purposes. Lately, God has permitted the Greek Catholic patriarch to acquire possession of it, and his desire is to restore this building and convert it into a sanctuary for divine worship, but the resources are wanting to accomplish this design. Therefore, we hope in the Providence of Almighty God, and the charity of our Christian brethren in the East, to enable us to carry out our determination."

This interesting address was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then, before leaving the altar, Mgr. de Peré solemnly gave the Apostolic Benediction. At the moment when the Archimandrite traced in the air the quadrangle sign of the Redemption over the kneeling crowd, the scene was really touching, for nothing but the deep sound of the Benedictory chant broke the silence, and the heads which a few moments before had bent reverently before the Holy Host inclined again under the prelate's hand raised to invoke a blessing upon them.

The ceremony was now ended; the Bishop, escorted by the clergy, returned to the sacristy, to the animated tones of the organ, and the congregation dispersed. On the following evening, October 12, Mgr. de Péré took leave of M. l'Abbé Buguet, but not until he had warmly thanked him for the cordial reception he had received, and had given his blessing to his charitable work for the deliverance of the forsaken souls from Purgatory, (which is already established in Syria).

The Archimandrite, in bidding farewell to La Chapelle Montligeon, set out for "La Grande Trappe," near Mortague, carrying with him the respectful regrets of every one who had been favored by his notice, for the affability and condescension of this genial prelate had won all hearts.*

To be Continued. M. S. L.

MENDELSSHON'S first work was a cantata, which he wrote when he was eleven.

---

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatore must be addressed, and P. O. O. *internationale*, made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, La Chapelle Montligeon (Orne) France, upon the Post-Office there. Subscriptions yearly, one-half penny; twenty years, one shilling; in perpetuity, five shillings, to have a share in the merits of over three thousand Masses per month. "Summary of Indulgences" free on application.

Wooden Shoes and Clogs.

THERE is a considerable demand for wooden shoes in this country, especially in the Western states and territories. They are worn by those who have become accustomed to the use of that kind of foot covering in the land of their birth, and have not yet adopted the shoes generally worn here; and they are also used by persons who are employed in damp, sloppy places. Workers in tanneries, dyeing establishments, and chemical works find them a better protection for the feet and more comfortable than shoes made of leather or India rubber. They are also worn by women when doing their scrubbing, and also on wash days. The largest manufactory of wooden shoes in the United States is located at Grand Rapids, Mich., and there are two similar establishments in the same city. The products of these factories are shipped to nearly every state in the Union, and to various points along the Pacific coast. The shoes are made from basswood logs sawed into suitable pieces for the various sizes. These blocks then undergo the process of shaping, the tool used being a very sharp, short-handled carpenter's axe. They are then brought under a trimming tool, fastened into a block not unlike a butcher's block. The last-named tool, or knife, is about two or three feet long, and shaped like a cooper's paring knife. Some workmen acquire a great deal of skill in manipulating the shoes, and the process of manufacture attracts visitors. After being properly shaped, the shoes are fastened for boring the cavity, which is done with odd-shaped tools, very sharp, and which are imported from the Netherlands especially for this purpose. These tools can only be handled successfully by the most skilled workmen. After shaping and boring, the shoes are rubbed with sand-paper, and in some instances polished. Some wooden shoes are made to order in most elaborate style, being engraved or painted and made very light in weight.

A good workman is able to produce from ten to twelve pairs of the ordinary shoes per day, and the principal factory at Grand Rapids has made between ten and twelve thousand pairs during the past year. Wooden shoes are not packed in boxes for shipment, like those made of leather, but, after joining them in pairs with twine, they are strung on sticks, a dozen pairs together, each lot bearing a tag with the name of the person to whom they are consigned. The wholesale price for the ordinary shoes is three dollars per dozen pairs, while the small sizes vary from fifteen to twenty cents per pair, and there is also a common grade of toy shoes which sells at the last-named price.

Clogs are made at a number of places in this country. One family in Philadelphia, five in number, including boys and girls, are expert makers of these articles. Clogs, which are known also as pattens, are wooden soles to which shoe or boot uppers are attached. In the midland counties of England large quantities of them are produced. There the sole and heel are made of one piece from a block of maple or ash which is two inches thick and a little longer and broader than the desired size of shoe. The outer side of the sole and heel is fashioned with a long chisel-edged implement called the clogger's knife or stock. With another instrument a groove is made about one-eighth of an inch deep and wide around the side of the sole,

and by means of still another tool, called a hollower, the contour of the inner face of the sole is adapted to the shape of the boot. The uppers of heavy leather, machine sewed, or riveted, are fitted closely to the groove around the sole, and a thin piece of leather binding is nailed all around the edges, the nails being placed very close in order to give a firm, durable fastening. These clogs are also worn by people whose calling brings them into damp places.

Expensively made clogs are in demand. These have finely trimmed soles and fancy uppers, while there are clogs used by dancers on the stage which cost from two dollars and one half to six dollars a pair. The towns of Mende and Villeport are centres of wooden shoe manufacturing in France, and here about seventeen hundred people find employment in this industry.

Scientific American.

St. Patrick.

It matters not what country may have given birth to St. Patrick, Ireland claims him as her own, and all the voices of all the ages acknowledge her claim. He arrived in Ireland in 432, and for sixty years confirmed his preaching by signs and miracles, and converted the whole island to the faith of Christ, and that, without the sacrifice of one drop of blood. No mortal pen can ever adequately estimate the magnitude and importance of St. Patrick's labors. The country for which he prayed, and which he converted to the fold of the One Shepherd, has not only remained faithful in the best and truest sense, but it has propagated his eternal truths throughout the world. In every clime, in every land, you will find the Celt, and wherever you find him, there, too, you will find St. Patrick's unconquerable banner, the cross. The Celt of old was the teacher of the nations. He it was who Christianized, humanized, and civilized them, after the Vandalic hordes of the north had swept away every vestige of their progress, and had made their splendid capitals nothing but wildernesses, strewn with broken arches and ruined columns. The youths of Europe repaired to Armagh to be educated. In those days the university of Armagh numbered its nine thousand students, and it will number it again. The Celt will again be the teacher of nations, and to-day in Australia, America, yea, even England, his inveterate enemy and unrelenting oppressor, we find him overwhelmingly predominant in the catalogue of bishops and of priests. Erin has every reason to be proud of St. Patrick and of her history. She never broke faith with a nation or with her God. Every country had apostatized save Ireland. France had her Goddess of Reason, Italy persecuted the Pope, Spain overturned her altars, Germany completely revolted, England chose that monster of iniquity, Henry the Eighth, as her spiritual director, Ireland, ever true to the teachings of St. Patrick, clung to the vicegerent of the King of kings. This great and holy man of God died in the land of his love and of his labors, on Wednesday, the 17th of March, 493, at the venerable age of some one hundred and twenty years. The marked success of St. Patrick's missionary labors can be ascribed only to Heaven.

New Orleans Morning Star.

Those who are temperate have a better chance of escaping the grippe than those who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

The Present Outlook of the Negro Catholic Missions in the United States.

Two or three events of late occurrence have put into bold relief the fact that the Catholic Church in the United States is exerting herself in the interest of the negro. The recent ordination of Rev. C. R. Uncles, and the Catholic Negro Congress held shortly afterwards, inaugurate a new era in American Catholicity. From the generous comments of the Catholic press on these two occasions, we may argue an awakening of Catholic sentiment and opinion, and find grounds for basing hopes for the future spiritual welfare of the negro.

It is now many years since the Church spoke, — her children throughout the land are now beginning to hear, to think, and to act. The reproach that has often been laid at our door by European Catholics, regarding the negro's well-being, although always unjust, bids fair, in a short time, to lose its mark. This is as it should be. The Catholic Church, the great moral force of the world, is alone able to regenerate the negro and settle the negro problem once and for all time. The divine institution that transformed pagan Rome and tamed the fiery Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth, need but work among the negro race to insure its higher moral development.

The Catholic Church has heretofore done little for the negro, for the simple reason that she could not. Difficulties of every description prevented any definite action for the negro's good. The Church works for all time. Her processes are peaceful, unpretentious, of measured scope and action; she seeks not to do to-day what to-morrow she will be forced to undo. Her great respect for rightly constituted authority makes her the foe of revolutions, she rather desiring to effect a distant good by first reaching the individual and working through him, towards her end, on moral lines. The wisdom of this policy is plainly evident; it is imprinted on every Catholic religious movement of the last eighteen hundred years; it explains our seeming negligence with respect to the negro in the United States.

The Church has had always at heart the spiritual welfare of the negro. His condition, his needs, his defects, and his yearnings were never lost sight of by her, even for a single hour. Many a prayer has ascended from the foot of the altar to the throne of the Almighty, beseeching the Giver of all good to lighten the burden of prejudice and ostracism this poor race was doomed to carry. It is not often that a wish culminates in action. The situation of the negro, the restrictions imposed on him, the centre in which he lived, the atmosphere of ignorance that surrounded him, the want of priests, the want of money, and the prejudice of race, all stood opposed, before the Civil War, to almost any Catholic endeavor whatsoever in his behalf.

Previous to 1860, the Church in the South was hardly self-supporting. The missionary field was very extensive, with only a few priests to work it. What few Catholics could be found in the South were spread over a wide area, thus not only making the priest's mission doubly difficult, but actually preventing him from spreading the faith among those outside of the fold, and awakening it in the breasts of those whom neglect had made lukewarm.

We have heard a competent authority remark that sixty-five thousand Catholics were lost to the Church in the state of Louisiana alone. The Very Rev. H. F. Parke, once vicar-general of the diocese of Wheeling, thus bears witness to the obstacles in the path of the pioneer missionaries in the South: "For the third of a century, engrossed with the work in Virginia of missionary among the whites, I could not see my way to labor for the African. The Caucasians, with the light of faith imperilled, and charity waxing cold, and dangers to their souls imminent on all sides, had the first claim."

A great drawback to the spread of Catholicity was the almost, we might say, total absence of Catholics in many Southern states. The state of Arkansas to-day has but thirty priests, and a Catholic population of but nine thousand. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Little Rock tells us that it is possible to find at the present day in Arkansas towns of from four to ten thousand population in which a Catholic cannot be found. In the diocese of Nashville there are but eighteen or twenty thousand Catholics, all told. In the large diocese of Mobile there are not thirty thousand Catholics. Rev. L. A. Dutto tells us that out of a population far exceeding one million, in Mississippi, there are but fourteen thousand Catholics, and ten thousand of these are bunched together in three counties, wherein there are few negroes. "Many a Mississippian never spoke in his life to a Roman Catholic, and, were it not for the occasional tirade of the rural preacher against the Pope and the Scarlet Woman, and the frequent warnings against the encroachments of Romanism, which he reads in his Sunday paper, would scarcely know of the existence of the largest body of Christians in the world." This dearth of Catholic population exists all through the South. The diocese of Richmond contains but twenty-two thousand Catholics. The dioceses of Wheeling, Natchez, and Savannah, relatively speaking, have each a population of about nineteen thousand while the Vicariate Apostolic of North Carolina numbers but three thousand adherents of the faith.

When we take these figures into consideration, and the extensive area they cover, we will readily exonerate the Church, and praise, rather than blame, the handful of heroic and zealous priests who with noble self-sacrifice succeeded in keeping the faith alive in the South during so many trying years.

The present Archbishop of Chicago, who was Bishop of Nashville at the close of the war, is a fitting witness to the almost insuperable difficulties that stood in the way of Catholic Missionary work in the South. During the yellow fever plagues he saw twenty of his priests and sisters die at their post of duty, and none better than he knows how hard their places were to fill.

In all these years of Southern Missionary work, the Church was unable to do much for the millions of negroes that stood so much in need of moral and spiritual support. The priests of the North were kept busy attending the thousands of immigrants that landed yearly all along the Northern sea-board. The demand for priests north of Mason and Dixon's line has been always greater than the supply. Thus the Church gained in the North and lost in the South.

At the close of the war the Second Plenary Council saw the grave

responsibility that rested on the shoulders of the American Church. The negro was free and a destiny awaited him. Ignorant, uncultured, and untrained, he was cast adrift in the current of prejudice, and had to save himself as best he could. The Church reached out her arm to save. From that assembly of American bishops went forth a solemn appeal that, by its energy, seems to transport us back to the times of the zealous Fathers of the early Church. "By the bowels of the mercy of God, we beg and implore priests, as far as they can, to consecrate their thoughts, their time and themselves wholly and entirely, if possible, to the service of the colored people."

Notwithstanding this powerful entreaty, the work of propagation bore no striking evidence of activity in the years which followed. The same obstacles remained; until these were partly removed, at least, no positive results could be expected. The Third Plenary Council, no less earnest than the Second, resolved, after mature deliberation, to interest the Catholic people of the United States in this work of evangelization. The hierarchy and the clergy were instructed to aid the good work in every way possible, while directors of seminaries were entreated "to carefully nurture in the souls of students, vocations" for the negro missions. The crowning work of the Council in this noble endeavor was the following decree, which has been in operation for five years: "In every diocese of this country a collection shall be made each year on the first Sunday of Lent, and the receipts thereof shall be sent to a committee on home missions." The acting chairman of this convention is His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The other members of the board are Most Rev. Dr. Ryan and Rt. Rev. Dr. Kain. The wisdom of this decree has since become evident. Besides making Catholics throughout the land coöperate in a noble undertaking, it has given the missionary work of the South a new impetus. The money taken up in these annual collections does an inestimable amount of good. It goes into every diocese of the South, and every cent of it is sure to be turned to good account. By its aid new missions are founded, schools opened, chapels built, orphans clothed and fed, and missionaries supported. The good results achieved during the last five years in some of the Southern dioceses, under zealous bishops and priests, goes to prove conclusively what can be done when good-will is encouraged by moral and financial support.

To still further insure the success of this laudable attempt at negro evangelization, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons coöperating with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan of Salford, England, advised the founding of a seminary in this country wherein priests might be educated wholly for the negro missions. In a short time a seminary was opened, as well as a college for preparatory training. The college, a royal gift, came from the generous hands of a member of the Drexel family, whose fortune is equalled only by her liberality. Both these institutions were ushered into being at the time the Catholic Congress was celebrating the Church's centenary. As the members of the Congress stood in the hall of the Epiphany Apostolic College which they had honored by their presence, a new era in the progress of American Catholicity was inaugurated. Clergy and laymen stood side by side. Without this mutual coöperation, future missionary labors in the South will be robbed of their merited success.

These two new missionary schools have enkindled fresh hopes in the breasts of our southern bishops, and if the generosity of American Catholics be true to its reputation, the "cry for priests" will soon be a remembrance of the past. Over seventy aspirants for the negro missions are now preparing for their arduous work. May it never be said that the growing Church of America refused to second the noble ambition of this zealous band.

During the last decade the negroes, especially in the cities of the South, have become partially disabused of their prejudices against Catholicity. They are becoming too intelligent now to place any credence in the stock and trade argument of many a preacher, to the point that the Church was but striving to bring them back to slavery. The deep humility and tireless energy of the few missionaries among them has not been without fruit. These few priests, many of whom are Josephite Fathers, although they find their work difficult and often discouraging, still persevere and report yearly progress. The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Sullivan of Mobile has five churches within his diocese almost exclusively attended by negroes. With more priests at his disposal, he feels sanguine of success. "The colored people have been taught that they would not be admitted into a Catholic Church. Hence, until lately no negro would dare enter a church during divine service. The negroes living near our churches have got pretty well over this idea. They realize that they have been deceived, and as a result some of them come frequently to Mass and are willing to send their children to school. This is the chief good thus far effected in this diocese. It means that we are preparing the ground — others will gather in the harvest. We need more priests and sisters entirely consecrated to the work. There is reasonable hope that much good may yet be effected among the colored people." The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston, in whose diocese there is a negro population of over a quarter of a million, is full of hope as well as determination. "The work in the interest of the colored people in this diocese of Galveston goes on with encouraging success, notwithstanding opposition from different directions. The obstacles in the way only prove that the work is good. We hope to do much more for these poor colored people, if we can obtain the means." The Right Reverend Bishop of Little Rock gives as his opinion that the work of conversion must be necessarily slow: "We may be sowing the seed for others to reap. If there are no conversions to the Church, at least the seed of good morals has been sown, and will, with God's blessing, produce fruit at the right time." The Rt. Rev. Bishop Durier of Natchitoches while bearing testimony to the good wrought by the annual collection, furnishes in himself a striking example of the zealous and resolute bishop. He has strong faith in the ultimate success of the negro mission work, always keeping in view the principle, "what ought to be done, must be done." In a letter addressed to the negro commission in 1890, the Right Reverend Bishop speaks as follows: "It affords me great pleasure, first to acknowledge that the commission has been very liberal towards my colored people's missions, secondly to let you know that great and unexpected success has been attained. Before the existence of the commission, my diocese had no Catholic school for colored people; now it has six of them, all in a flourishing state, directed by white sisters. These

are in six localities. I have not the least doubt about their success. Providing the commission keeps the ball rolling, Catholic education is bound to reach every one of the seventeen parishes of my diocese, in spite of lurking opposition and overt apathy. In my diocese the best sign of the times is the multiplication of Catholic schools; for our colored schools I have no encouragement except what comes from the commission. May God bless it." The Rt. Rev. Bishop Heslin of Natchez, writes: "We have reason to think and expect that priests exclusively laboring for the colored people will have a better chance of success. If we had the means to establish more colored schools, schools in every district or mission, we should most probably have many converts, as the colored people seem well affected towards our priests when they occasionally meet them on the missions."

No article on the negro missions, no matter how brief, would be complete, without making due mention of the excellent work that is being done in the diocese of New Orleans. Within the limits of this diocese there is found a colored Catholic population of over eighty thousand, probably as many colored Catholics as can be found in all the other dioceses combined. The number of schools has increased year by year; thirty-two are now in full operation, with a membership of over two thousand pupils. During 1891, three thousand eight hundred and ten colored people were baptized. This is a remarkable showing. Many of the parishes have religious organizations of long standing. "The Christian Doctrine Society for Colored People," founded by Bishop Dubourg in 1823, and especially privileged by two Popes, is the oldest sodality in the whole State. "Our priests," writes the Most Reverend Archbishop, "become more interested in the work for the negroes, because they meet with more aid and encouragement. The secular clergy is entirely inadequate to the general work of the diocese, and I cannot spare priests for this special work. The fear that we shall lose our colored people grows less and less. They commence to rally more around the Church and develop new interest in religious matters when they see the Church taking an interest in them." The Right Reverend Bishop of Richmond also feels confident of the future success of the missions. "There is no longer any doubt about the future," he writes. "Our success is already assured; the work already achieved is a sufficient guarantee."

The views and hopes of all the Southern bishops are of like tenor. Space forbids us to quote them all. They are doing the best they can under the circumstances. To widen the work they need priests, religious, and moral and financial support. It will, even under favorable conditions, take years, and trouble, and toil, and money, before the movement is well under way. The work is begun, and it remains with Catholics, both clergy and laymen, to say whether it will bear abundant fruit. It is well that we should understand this. The negro is with us for all time; he is here to stay. The Church, the mother of all races, has spoken in his behalf, it is for her faithful children to obey.

We give below a table of statistics arranged by the negro commission covering the year 1891. A perusal of it will not be devoid of interest.

THE NEGRO MISSIONS.

Diocese.	Negro Population.	Catholic Negroes.	Churches.	Priests.	Baptisms.		Schools.	Pupils.	Sisterhoods.	Institutions
					Children.	Adults.				
Baltimore.....	218,004		4	10			10	1,200	Oblates, Holy Cross, S. Francis, Notre Dame	See note *
Charleston....	692,503	800	2							
Cincinnati....			1	1	20	8	1	60	Sisters of Good Shepherd, Notre Dame.	Orphanage
Covington....	75,000	115	1	1	2	37	1	217	S. Francis, Nazareth.	Hospital
Galveston.....	250,000	500	1	2	21	86	3	512	S. Dominic, Incarnate Word.	
Leavenworth..	42,000	130		1			2	40	Oblates.	Orphanage
Little Rock...	350,000	100			1	2	6	527	Mercy, Charity, S. Joseph, S. Benedict.	Ind. School
Louisville.....	197,981	5,825	1	1			10	617	Charity.	Orphanage
Mobile.....	618,000	2,500		1	76	6	5	292	Mercy.	
Nashville.....	435,000	34			1	4	1	160	S. Dominic.	
Natchez.....	700,000	1,788	1	1			6	290	Mercy, S. Joseph Perpet. Adoration, S. Francis.	
Natchitoches..	135,000	15,000		1	218	24	6	262	Divine Providence, Daughters of the Cross	
New Orleans..	261,603	80,000		1	3,536	274	32	1,950	Oblates Mercy, Per. Adoration S. Joseph, Sacred Heart, Mt. Carmel, Holy Cross.	Orphanage Home for the Aged
New York		3,500	2	2	42	14	2	200	Charity.	Children's Home.
N. Carolina...		150	1				3	210	Mercy, Notre Dame	
Philadelphia..	60,000	1,600	1	1	35	12	2	210	Notre Dame, Holy Ghost.	
Pittsburgh.....	30,000	1,500	1	1	22	5	1	70	Mercy.	
Richmond....	640,757	700	2	2	34	32	7	510	S. Francis, Holy Cross, Charity.	
St. Augustine	166,678	1,200			51	14	5	304	S. Joseph, Holy Name.	
St. Louis.....				1			4	180	Oblates.	Convent Orphanage
San Antonio..	75,000		1	1			2	130		
Savannah	900,000	1,100					4	107	S. Benedict.	
Wilmington...	100,000	150	1	1	7	17	1	90	S. Francis.	

*St. Joseph's Seminary, Epiphany Apostolic College, Boys and Girls' Orphanage, Foundling Asylum, Convent, Nazareth Institute, St. Joseph's Guild.

STEPHEN W. WILBEY.

Canine Sagacity.

Mr. O. D. Everson, of this place, has a handsome dog that delights in the name of Bushwhacker; and, from all accounts, this same Bushwhacker possesses a wonderful amount of sagacity.

Mr. Everson's mother resides in Bryantville, about eight miles from this place, and a few weeks ago she was surprised to see Bushwhacker at the door whining to come in. Upon opening the door, the dog began to bark, and appeared to have something on his mind.

He was told to lie down, but, although he had travelled so far, the dog evidently preferred to stand up, and not until a note was found under his collar did Bushwhacker manifest any desire to rest.

The place where the lady resides is quite a distance from the post-office, so that the dog acts as letter carrier, making the trip of eight miles every day in the week.

Bushwhacker is a great dog for rabbits, but a whole army of the stub-tailed rodents might cross his path when he is on the road with the mail, and his attention would not be detracted from his work.

He is a faithful carrier; and, if the return letter is not ready when he thinks it should be, he will start without it, covering the distance from Bryantville to this town at a better rate of speed than the majority of the horses.

Brockton Enterprise.

What a Magazine Costs.

A very good idea of the amount of money it costs to successfully conduct one of the magazines of to-day is aptly illustrated in some figures regarding the editorial cost of The Ladies' Home Journal of this city, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The Journal is edited by Mr. Edward Bok. For shaping the thoughts of his seven hundred and fifty thousand women readers each month, Mr. Bok is paid ten thousand dollars per year, and has an interest in the business besides which nets him fully twice his salary. He has a staff of sixteen salaried editors, which includes men and women like Rev. Dr. Talmage, Robert J. Burdette, Palmer Cox, Margaret Bottome, Isabel Mallon and Maria Parloa. The combined salaries of these editors exceed twenty thousand dollars a year. The Journal spends each month two thousand dollars, or about twenty-five thousand dollars per year to miscellaneous matter not contributed by its regular editors, and the working force in the editorial department means at least six thousand dollars more in salaries, making over sixty thousand dollars a year; and this represents but a single department of the magazine; and I question whether any periodical is conducted on a more business-like and economical basis than is the Journal. No wonder that J. B. Lippincott, when asked by a friend why he did not keep a yacht, replied: "A man can only sustain one luxury—I publish a magazine!"

The Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, who is considered likely to be the new Archbishop of Westminster, will receive the Cardinal's hat at the next Consistory.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE RIGHTS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.— A Christian child has a right to a Christian education. A Catholic child has a right to a Catholic education.— *Cardinal Manning.*

CRUEL TO CHILDREN.— Is it not cruel to ask that these children grow up without an idea or feeling of religion, until having reached the ardency of youth, they come in contact with flattering and violent passions, with no arms to overcome them with, with no restraint, and with the certainty of being allured into the slippery road to crime.— *Leo XIII.*

THE last delusion that clings to the mind of the Christian is apt to be a kind of confidence in the general rectitude of the world — a belief that when the case of the innocent is fairly stated, the oppressor will be condemned and compelled to desist from his unjust persecutions. This is a delusion. The world is essentially malignant, and, therefore, essentially devoid of the love of justice.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.— The Holy Father asserts the necessity of the temporal power. Let the coward clique of American Liberals recant their errors or go out of the Church.

PREFECT OF PROPAGANDA.— The appointment of Cardinal Ledochowski to be Prefect of Propaganda in succession to the late Cardinal Simeoni is important from an educational stand-point. A Pole holding such an office is made conspicuous among several eminent Italians, to one of whom it seemed to be destined. Politically, the event is not of such startling significance as it would have been had it taken place in the day of Prince Bismarck. Cardinal Ledochowski fought the *Kulturkampf*, and the advocates of state education in this country have little reason to expect any countenance from a prelate who suffered imprisonment rather than admit the right of the German Empire to control education.

THE untiring solicitude which the late Cardinal Manning devoted to the education of Catholic children is forcibly illustrated by the fact that on the day of his death not a solitary Catholic child was an inmate of the Westminster Workhouse. All the poor Catholic children of the archdiocese were provided for in homes and orphanages, where they are being brought up without being subjected to the wiles of the proselytizer.

A MUSICAL TREASURE. — Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, the well-known organist, says concerning that wonderful musical instrument, the æolian: "I had the pleasure of examining it as well as listening to the music produced, and I must say that I was astonished at the excellent rendering of the various selections, notably the Jaunhauser overture. The music was rendered with remarkable expression and clearness, rivalling the best efforts of human fingers. I feel I am only performing a duty in stating these facts; in a word, the Æolian is 'qui generis.'"

BRAVE CATHOLIC PRIESTS.— Father Reginald Collins, the Catholic chaplain, whose heroism at the Battle of Tofrek in the Soudan made him famous in the army even though it received no official recognition, has lately been elected a member of the Senate of the University of Malta. In con-

nection with the appointment, Piccadilly has an interesting note on Father Collins: "This fighting priest of the Church of Rome," says our contemporary, "is as distinguished for his learning as for his pluck. He is master of nine languages, including Arabic, which he picked up during his five years' campaigning in Egypt and Soudan, winning the first prize offered by the military authorities for the greatest proficiency in that tongue. A very celebrated General once remarked of him and a colleague, 'Oh, Brindle and Collins are worth a whole bench of bishops.'" It will be remembered that Father Brindle was the only chaplain that shared the dangers and hardships of the terrible march across the Bayuda desert. The "very celebrated" General who thus referred to him and Father Collins is, we believe, no other than Lord Wolseley. Father Brindle's portrait used to be one of the few pictures in Lord Wolseley's study when he lived in London.

FOR some years past, foreign travel has been very large. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that our people spend sixty million dollars in gold every year in foreign countries. Other good authority estimates the amount as high as one hundred million dollars. One hundred thousand people go to Europe annually, and spend one thousand dollars each, on an average. The great World's Fair approaching will turn travel this way. A contemporary estimates that one hundred thousand Europeans will come here, and spend fifteen hundred dollars each of foreign gold.

A PROMINENT English manufacturer of boots and shoes arrived in New York recently, and the sole object of his trip is, he says, to learn how to make foot-wear more cheaply. "The English people are just beginning to admit that America can beat the world at making shoes," he continued; "and what with your high rate of wages and other heavy expenses, we wish to know how you can possibly do it." The solution of the problem is not difficult to find,—machinery, and harder and quicker work. The American workman is undoubtedly smarter than his English brother, and can turn out a great deal more work in a given time, and any one who has visited factories on both sides of the Atlantic, will unhesitatingly confirm this statement. Then, the English manufacturer who buys American machinery is fond of hiring boys to run it, under the delusion that this is economy, in addition to which the English workmen are opposed to machinery, as they think that it means less employment for themselves. The American system is the system arrived at through evolution, and represents ideas, science, hard work, and never-ceasing enterprise, and it is plain that any country, in order to successfully compete with us, must adopt methods which have proved so entirely satisfactory.

ST. JOSEPH'S Seminary of Baltimore will receive $5,000, and the American Catholic University at Washington $34,163.43, according to a decision rendered in Philadelphia by Judge Ashman in adjudicating the estate of Patrick Quinn.

THERE are now two Irishmen filling the important post of superintendent of the London police. Some time ago Chief Inspector Neylan, who was for some years at Bow street, where he won universal respect by his admirable discharge of his duties, was promoted to be Superintendent of the P Division, which is located in Bermondsey. Mr. Neylan, by the way,

succeeded in this post Superintendent Hartnell, a Limerick man; Mr. Neylan himself hailing from the neighboring county, Clare. A more recent appointment is that of Chief Inspector McFadden, who has been made Superintendent of the H Division, down in the East End. Mr. McFadden comes from the county Donegal, and is a most able and esteemed officer. Like Mr. Neylan, he is a Catholic.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—The fiercer the efforts which are made to teach men without instructing them, and teach particularly the young in principles which darken their understanding, and corrupt their hearts, the more necessary it becomes to labor with energy for the success, not alone of a proper and solid method of instruction, but also to render even the teaching of the Catholic faith perfectly identical in literature and science.—*Leo XIII.*

THE total value of fish landed on the coasts of the United Kingdom during 1891, amounted to £7,008,619, of which England is credited with £4,870, 206, Scotland with £1,829,786, and Ireland £308,627.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.—Dr. Lyman Abbott, at Plymouth Church, New York, in a sermon strongly commended the course in Christianity pursued by Cardinal Gibbons. He said: "I cannot understand the folly of men that would blot out the Roman Catholic Church from this country. Thank God for Cardinal Gibbons. Long may he wear the red cloak and his red cap; and if there should be an election now, and you and I could vote, I would make him Pope. His word, flung out with courage and with strong significance, has done more than any other word in this country, by press, by politician, or by preacher, to make the leaders of that Louisiana abomination call a halt, and at least pretend a retreat. God give us courage to turn it into a rout!"

THE reception of Dr. Spalding, late rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, took place recently in the Catholic University Chapel, at Washington. After some days of special instruction and spiritual retreat, he made his recantation in presence of his friend, Rev. Dr. Hogan, President of the Divinity College. He was not re-baptized, having received that sacrament before at the hands of a Protestant friend who knew the value of baptism, and the act was now judged valid. Nevertheless, the simple ceremony was truly impressive.

REV. MOTHER TERESA, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in the diocese of Portland, Me., celebrated the 25th anniversary of her religious profession recently. Bishops Healy and Bradley were present at the services.

THE committee in charge of the arrangements for the lecture, to be given in aid of the Working Boy's Home, in Music Hall, on St. Patrick's night, by Hon. Daniel Dougherty, report matters as pointing to a large audience, and the affair a grand success.

THE largest confirmation service ever held in the Indian Territory, took place at the Sacred Heart Mission of the Benedictine Fathers, forty miles from Purcell, on January 10. The day was intensely cold, but the faithful Indians had come in from the surrounding country, some of them from a

distance of twenty-five miles, to receive the sacraments. Bishop Meerschaert confirmed fifty-four persons, of whom forty-eight were Pottawatomie Indians.

PROFESSOR EDWARDS, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, has just published an account of an interview which he had, some years since, with Cardinal Manning. In this he says: "His Eminence spoke feelingly of Ireland, saying: 'Although I love my country with all an Englishman's intense love, still I cannot be blind to her unjust treatment of our sister island. It is a fortunate circumstance for my neck that I was not born in Ireland. Had the Land of Saints given me birth, I should have been hung long ago.'"

INFORMATION has been received at Springfield, Mass., to the effect that Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D. D., who has been sojourning in the South, is steadily improving in health, and is on his way home.

REV. JOHN E. BARRY, V. G., pastor of St. John's Church, Concord, N. H., announces that the entire property of the parish, which includes the church, parsonage, convent and school, cemetery, and a lot of land purchased last summer, in the rear of the old North cemetery, was entirely free and clear of debt.

AN IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY has been formed in London, and Sir C. Gavan Duffy has been chosen president, and Stopford Brooke, vice-president; while Dr. Todhunter, T. W. Rolleston, Edmund Downey, W. B. Yeats, and F. A. Fahie, all well known Irish authors, are among the more notable members. The society will be entirely non-political and non-sectarian, and is the outcome of a long-felt desire among Irishmen of literary tastes to have a place where they can meet one another. Lectures by distinguished people will be one of the attractions of the society; and an admirable Irish library has been purchased for the use of the members.

RICE.—Could plants lay claim to aristocratic position, as representing an old family, rice might safely claim to be of the most ancient pedigree. It is the earliest cereal known. Originally a native of India, it has crossed the ocean, and made a home for itself where heat and moist soil could be found. It grows in all warm portions of the globe, and furnishes the principal food of nearly one-third of the human race.

AMONGST the fellowships lately given away in Oxford, are two,—one in Magdalen, and one in Corpus—which went to Catholic members of the University. The curious point about this is (the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald points out) that these two are the first Catholics elected to Fellowships, since the Reformation, except the appointments of James II. to Magdalen. There were, prior to this, it is true, two Fellows who were Catholics, and both distinguished men; but they joined Catholicism after their election as Fellows.

PRESENT FOR MINISTER EGAN.—Hon. Patrick Egan, United States Minister to Chili, has been presented with a handsome gold card by the Balmacedist refugees, to whom he has given shelter for the past four months at the American Legation at Santiago. On it is inscribed: "To Mr. Patrick Egan, Minister of the United States in Chili, in testimony of eternal grati-

tude for the generous asylum given under the protection of the flag of the great republic, which symbolizes the most noble sentiments of humanity and civilization." On one side of the inscription, is an embossed engraving of the goddess of liberty, throwing the stars and stripes over a wounded Chilian soldier. In one corner of the card is a diamond; and there are also crossed flags of the United States and Chili, and the coats of arms of the two countries engraved upon it. The reverse side contains the names of the twelve refugees who present the gift. The card is about 6x4 inches in size, and it cost two thousand dollars.

A CHEAP DINNER.— Venice is a cheap city, especially if you dine with the people in the fish kitchens of the Street of the Smiths. There you get a slice of smoking polenta as broad as a gondolier's palm, and somewhat thicker, for a penny. Another penny will, if fish be abundant, as it generally is, buy a plateful of very palatable fry. Add to this a third penny for half a liter of wine, and the bill is told. There is no doubting the nutrition in such a meal. The faces of the clients of the shops in the Street of the Smiths, are plump and hearty; and the clients themselves are not famishingly impatient to be served when there is a crush, as there often is of an evening, when such work as Venice does is mostly at an end.

INTEMPERANCE.— The temple of drunkenness flares and flames before the eyes of the drunkard, and its treacherous doors are ominously on the spring. The touch of a finger will open to the ante-chamber of hell.— *Father Burke.*

REPLYING to a question propounded by a New York paper, touching the inviolability of the seal of confession, now the theme of general discussion in that city, owing to the success of the infamous play of the Broken Seal, Cardinal Gibbons writes:

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE, January 29, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR — In reply to your esteemed favor of yesterday, I beg leave to say, that I do not know of any instance under my own observation, nor of any recorded in ecclesiastical history, where the seal of the confessional was ever violated. This fact can be affirmed, not only of those priests who have remained faithful to their sacred calling, but even of those also, who, from time to time, have proved unfaithful. This inviolability, may, without presumption be regarded as an additional proof, not only of the divine institution of the Sacrament of Penance, but also of the special protection of God, over those who are charged with the important duty of hearing confessions. Faithfully yours, J. CARD. GIBBONS. The New York Herald adds: "Priests have gone wrong, like other men. They have been weak. They have been base. They have been faithless. But the worst priests have respected at least one thing,—the confessional. The seal is still unbroken."

IMPORTANT RUMOR FROM ROME.— Since Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul went to Rome, there have been many theories advanced by people of all classes, for his sudden, and perhaps not altogether unexpected visit to the Vatican. It is now stated, on the most reliable Catholic sources in Minnesota, that he was invited by the Pope himself to visit the latter, and discuss the question of naming an American cardinal prefect, and accept the same

if he saw fit. The last time Cardinal Gibbons was in Rome, he showed the Pope the necessity of having an American cardinal prefect at the Vatican; as America, with its millions of mixed nationalities, must soon burden the Vatican with more complaints than the council of cardinals could find time to consider, and that the only effectual way of giving the church in this country the attention it merits, would be to have representatives at Rome.

THE birth of ROBERT EMMET was celebrated in many parts of the United States and Canada on the 4th of March, with more than usual rejoicings. His tragic death is known throughout the world. His words were — "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

THE venerable Charitable Irish Society of Boston celebrates its one hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary at the American House, evening of the 17th of March. Dinner at six o'clock.

REV. HUGH ROE O'DONNELL, of East Boston, Mass., famous for his good work in the temperance cause, lectured on "Temperance Cause," in the Boston Cathedral, Sunday evening, February 28, under the patronage of the Cathedral Total Abstinence Society. Rev. James F. Talbot, D.D., president of the society, presided.

A GAS WELL REOPENED. — A strange thing happened the Royal gas well near Venice, Pa., on the Barrett farm. The gas was struck some time ago in the fifth sand, and it poured out in a steady stream until a few days since, when it stopped. It was discovered that the well had caved in, and it was supposed it was full of rubbish to the bottom. The men were ordered recently to drill it over again. They had not been at work long when there was a terrific explosion, and the tools were blown out of sight, leaving the well as clean as a whistle. It seems that the cave-in had formed a bridge, and when it was pierced, the pressure of the accumulated gas did the rest. The well is now supplying as much gas as ever. This is the first time in the history of the business that such an event has occurred. The chances are that any number of wells that have ceased flowing are clogged up with debris.

TEMPERANCE AND FREEDOM. — "Ireland sober, Ireland free!" was the familiar phrase in which that zealous temperance worker and brilliant Irishman, the late A. M. Sullivan, crystallized his views on the drink question. "England sober," echoed the late Cardinal Manning, "is England happy and contented. If we could make the English workman a total abstainer we could settle the most serious of the social problems that confront us now."

WE hear of an Englishwoman who undertook to doctor a sick donkey, and became so attached to it that she kept it with her constantly, and petted it like a dog or cat. The donkey, on its part, became so fond of the lady as to follow her everywhere. That is nothing to make a fuss about. Since the world began women have been forming violent attachments for donkeys, says the C. T. A. News.

THE Rev. Michael A. Wallace, LL. D., rector of St. Michael's Church, Providence, R. I., who died at Newport, on the 9th of February, was the

oldest priest in the diocese, being in the seventieth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his ordination. The enfeebled state of his health for the past few years necessitated his retirement from active work in the great parish which had grown and prospered under his administration for more than a quarter of a century. Prior to his appointment to St. Michael's Church, in 1864, he had labored on the missions among the Indians of the North. Dr. Wallace was possessed of a kindly disposition and indefatigable zeal, and was greatly beloved by his fellow-priests, and the faithful to whose spiritual wants he ministered.

THE Pittsburg Catholic: Mr. Balfour has introduced his Irish Local Bill. It is a makeshift, a compromise, pleasing to none. If it has the effect of cementing the Irish closer together and banishing factional spirit, it will, at least, serve one good purpose.

THE Church of St. Columba, Cologne, enjoys the privilege of having attached to it the oldest priest in the archdiocese, Rev. Peter Scheurer, who completed his ninetieth year on the 13th ult. He was ordained priest in 1825, and is still in the enjoyment of good health, saying Mass every morning at nine, and the eleven o'clock Mass on Sundays.

STATE EDUCATION. — The heathen state did not venture to claim a right superior to the parent. It has been reserved for (so-called) Christain states to set up the monstrous claim of educating the children of the people according to its own doctrines and opinions. — *Cardinal Manning.*

GODLESS EDUCATION. — Theologians tell us that it is more sublime to do than to know. Hence the training of the intellect is of no use unless accompanied by the training of the will. Science without religion is vanity.

THE Sacred Heart Review, of Cambridge, Mass., purposes erecting a monument to Columbus at old Isabella, in Santo Domingo. The committee having the matter in charge will probably sail about the middle of March; and thus, says the Review, "Boston will have the honor of inaugurating the series of public observances to the memory of Columbus which are to mark this great quadro-centennial year."

THE death of John Gilmary Shea is a great loss to Catholic literature throughout the world.

THERE is method in the German Emperor's madness. His peculiar bent seems to be that his people's morals need looking after. The latest is, that young girls must be accompanied by their parents or guardians to balls, socials, and the theatre. We very much admire this imperial madness. It is a madness that will never need a straight jacket.

INDIAN SISTERS. — Writing from Fort Berthold, North Dakota, to the Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs, the Rev. Father Craft gives the following interesting information concerning a community of Indian sisters lately founded in that mission: The sisters are now established in their new convent, and are delighted to begin work among their people. This is the first full community of Indian sisters, under an Indian mother superioress, ever established; although there have been many Indian sisters in convents among the whites. . . . The work begins with every prospect of success. Bishop Shanley has done all in his power to aid us, and the sisters are every-

thing that the strictest director could wish. But, as all new enterprises for God's glory and the salvation of souls must have their share of trial and persecution, we can scarcely expect that race prejudice, of which we have had some experience, will leave us in perfect peace.

THE death of the Rev. Brian Duffy, P. P., which took place at his residence, Aghabog, county Monaghan, Ire., is announced. The deceased was in his eighty-second year, and had been ailing for some time.

THE Protestant Alliance of Great Britian is thoroughly alarmed at the spread of Catholicity in the country. They have laid a petition before Parliament asking for a commission to investigate the monastic institutions. They allege that numbers of non-Catholics have embraced the religion of Rome during the past quarter of a century, and that the growth of Romanism "has become a menace to the nation."

DR. W. ATKINSON, L.R.C.S.I., L.R.C.P.E., of Longford, Ire., is dead to the regrets of thousands of his friends.

THERE is a remarkable coincidence in the fact that Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Simeoni who died on the same day also entered the Sacred College on the same day. The last official letter written by the Cardinal Archbishop was, it appears, to Cardinal Simeoni. The letter was dictated, but His Eminence signed it with his own hand.

MARCH — Month of St. Joseph.

THE Boston Daily Herald: The miscellany in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is delightfully made up for the people who are its readers. The articles are short and timely, and cover a wide variety of subjects. The magazine has constantly improved in recent issues, and in style of printing, and in the character of its contents leaves nothing to be desired.

ABSTAIN from strong drink on St. Patrick's Day.

THE Pope occasionally makes some rather sarcastic remarks, and one of them was delivered at the expense of France the other day: "France," he declared, with a look of humor in his eye, "is without exception, the most paradoxical country in the world. The palace of the president of the republic, the Palais de Elysee, bears the name of a paradise in which the French do not believe. The palace of the senate, the Palais du Luxemburg bears that of a city which no longer belongs to France, while the palace of the Chamber of Deputies, the Palais Bourbon, possesses the name of a dynasty which has been banished from the country."

THE priests of the archdiocese of St. Louis, have prevailed upon Archbishop Kenrick to accept a coadjutor. The archbishop is now eighty-six years old, and is in feeble health.

AS the Holy See has gone to the Catholic University for a bishop for Green Bay, it may be that Dr. Charles P. Grannan, Professor of Scripture of that institution, will be the next bishop of Brooklyn. Dr. Grannan is a Brooklyn man, although ordained for the archdiocese of New York. He is a *persona gratissima* at the Propaganda, and a very distinguished scholar.

FRECKLES. —Some people are born freckled, and others have freckles thrust upon them. The former class might as well accept their freckles as a dispensation of Providence, for nothing can be done for them. The latter

can always get rid of their affliction by using a couple of drachms of sal ammoniac with an ounce of German cologne, the solution mixed with a pint of distilled water. Applied two or three times a day, states one of our contemporaries, it will cure the worst case of acquired freckles on record.

ST. PATRICK expects every one of his children to abstain from liquor on his anniversary if they want to get his blessing.

SISTER MARY TIMOTHY, of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, Baltimore, Md., died in the City Hospital, on February 10, where she had been stationed since the opening of that institution by the members of her community. During the Civil War, Sister Timothy nursed the Union soldiers in the Douglas Hospital, in Washington. She was sixty-six years old, and was born in county Tipperary, Ire. Her name in the world was Miss Margaret Leddy.

ONE hundred and forty-nine priests in New York have signed a petition to the legislature of that state, urging the rejection of the new excise law, which permits saloons to be open all night and on Sundays.

THE HON. WALTER ABBOT WOOD, the inventor, and founder of the manufactory of harvesting machines, well known all over the world, died, aged seventy-six, at his residence at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on the 15th ult., from the effects of influenza and pneumonia. He was one of the earliest and largest makers of reaping and mowing machines, beginning in 1852, since which time he and the company of which he was president have made nearly a million machines. They made the first wire and string self-binders ever sold. Mr. Wood had had conferred upon him the Legion of Honor, by the Emperor Napoleon III., at Paris, in 1867, and the Francis Joseph Cross by the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, in 1873. He represented his district in congress for four years from 1878 to 1882.

IRISH colonists numbering four hundred families are soon to form a colony in Inyo county, Cal. These people coming direct from Ireland, will settle near Owen's lake. Fifteen thousand acres of land have been purchased by the originators of the enterprise.

THE Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins has an article, entitled The Amenties of the School Adjustment, in the current number of The Catholic World, in which he reasons as follows: "If we individuals and Christians have rights and duties regarding every one of our offspring at every period of their non-age, it must be logical to conclude that we can delegate authority over schools to our representatives in organized society in certain limits, as we delegate authority to teachers and instructors in branches of learning. In every advance step of Christian civilization, we know the best representatives of secular authority have been welcomed by the Church as aiding all her plans, and their realization to help in changing the state of society for the better. Need we do more than cite the examples of Constantine and Theodosius in the East, and Charlemagne and Alfred in the West?"

OUR HOLY FATHER, THE POPE, was eighty-two years old on the first of March. In a speech to the college of cardinals the Pope referred to the two guiding principles of Pope Innocent III.,—the redemption of the holy places and the independence of the Church. To attain these two things, His Holi-

ness declared, he would die. Changes in public opinion, he added, had rendered the Pope's achieving these more difficult than at the period of Pope Innocent III. The dominant influence then was faith, which vivified the social and political organism. No faith prevailed to-day, and this emboldened the enemies of the Church and the papacy to try to extinguish even the name of Christian. Some conditions afforded good ground for a desire to return, not to the sensuous civilization and defective institutions of the middle ages, but to the robust faith then rooted in the conscience of the people. That alone would render possible the cure of the ills of nations. The Pope concluded his speech by declaring that, in spite of everything, the Church possesses the secret of invincible strength which the world does not understand, because it was not derived from the world. "Confiding in this strength," he said, "we will tranquilly pursue our course, ready to consecrate to the difficult mission what length of days it shall still please God to vouchsafe to us."

At the Kanturk Quarter Sessions at Mallow, his Honor, Mr. J. P. Hamilton, Q.C., Recorder of Cork, was presented by the Registrar with a pair of white gloves, there being no criminal business.

Rumor is busy with the names of the cardinals to be appointed at the coming Consistory. Père Monabré, the great Dominican orator, is said to be likely to be among the new French cardinals. Mgr. Galimberti, the Nuncio at Vienna, is another likely nomination. Mgr. Stonor is considered certain to be the English cardinal, and there are reports that the hat for Ireland will go to the Archbishop of Armagh.

The Rev. Patrick Foley, Vice-President of Carlow College, Ireland, has been promoted to the presidency of that institution, in place of the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, who has been appointed parish priest of Bagnalstown.

Hamilton McK. Twombly is negotiating for the purchase of the property of the St. Elizabeth's Convent, in Madison, N. J. One million and a half dollars has been offered for the property, improved, but the Sisters of Charity ask for a higher price. Mr. Twombly owns all the adjoining property, and if he obtains that of the convent he will have the largest private estate in New Jersey. The country from Orange to Morristown, is now a succession of five demesnes and the Sisters' convent stands in one of these garden spots.

All devotion to the Mother of God springs from the "Hail Mary," as all harmony springs from the octave. A few notes are the element of all song, as the few words "Hail, full of grace!" are the element of all the love and veneration, the devotion and worship, of the Church for our Blessed Mother.— *Cardinal Manning.*

The grandest career that ever man, the most ambitious, proposed to himself, was to serve the holy Catholic Church of God.— *Father Burke.*

Mexico Battle-Flags.— The Senate did well to pass the bill authorizing the President to return the battle-flags captured during the Mexican War. There are twenty-one of those flags now in the museum at West Point. These are trophies of the only war of conquest in which the United States has ever engaged with a Republican nation in this continent. The

return of the flags will be a graceful compliment to a friendly nation, and their presence in Mexico will serve to remind our neighbors of the folly of falling out with the United States.

THE CATECHISM.— It is my profound conviction that the world would be saved if we devoted ourselves to youth. And in no way can we devote ourselves with more pleasure and with more fruit than by means of the catechisms, even those which are most humble and unpretending.—*Dupanloup.*

A DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.— Walking on the brink of heresy, or in the shadow of condemned propositions, is a dangerous amusement, as the author of Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis has found to his cost; but any further attempt to justify it may entail disastrous consequences on Dr. Bouquillon, and the institution in which he is a professor.

VICE AND EDUCATION.— It does not appear that vice recedes in the United States in proportion as public education advances. Statistics, I fear, would go far to prove the contrary to be the fact.— *Cardinal Gibbons.*

MR. JACKSON, Chief Secretary for Ireland, stated in Parliament that the whole sum of ten million pounds, assigned for the purchase of land in Ireland under the Ashbourne Act, has been absorbed. The pending applications for advances, he added, amounted to three hundred and sixty-one thousand, five hundred and eighty-four pounds above the sum provided by the Act.

MR. GLADSTONE'S famous declaration "Ireland blocks the way," has been strikingly justified by events in the House of Commons recently. The time of the House has been monopolized by the Irish business, and the orators, from cabinet ministers to new members, have talked of nothing but Ireland.

WE shall never cease to use every effort to preserve the obedience which is due to our authority, to remove the obstacles which hinder the full liberty of our ministry and of our power, and to secure a return to that state of things where the designs of Divine Providence had formerly placed the Roman pontiffs.— *Leo XIII.*

DR. FERRIER'S NEW REMEDY for cold in the head. As the season for that distressing malady is at hand, we print the recipe, which is: Trinitrate of bismuth, six drachms; pulverized gum arabic, two drachms; and hydrochlorate of morphia, two grains. This is used as a snuff, creates no pain, and causes, says the London Lancet, the disappearance of the symptoms in a few hours.

EVERY system of education which rests not upon religion will fall in the twinkling of an eye, and will spread only poison throughout the state. — *De Maistre.*

WHO IS THE POPE? — This, then, is the Pope, the successor of Peter, the chief of Catholic Christendom, the mouth of the Church — os Ecclesiæ; always living, and open to teach the universe; this is the centre of Christian faith and unity, the source of light and truth — lux mundi.—*Bishop Dupanloup.*

EVACUATION DAY PROCLAMATION.— The mayor has sent the following communication to all heads of departments: You are hereby directed to

allow all men in the employ of the city, whose services can be dispensed with, a holiday, without loss of pay, on Evacuation Day, March 17, 1892, as part compensation for the services rendered by such employés to the city of Boston. N. MATTHEWS, JR., Mayor of Boston.

STREET RAILROADS. — It is but a little time, says the Railway Age, since all street railways were horse railways, and it is surprising to learn that already more miles of lines are operated by electricity and steam power than by animals, and still more surprising that electricity is even now used for more than half as much mileage as that operated by animal power, as the following statistics of the United States show: Number of miles operated by animal power, 5,443; number of miles operated by electricity, 3,099; number of miles operated by steam motors, 1,918; nunber of miles operated by cable, 660. The number of horses employed on street-railway lines in this country is stated to have decreased 28,681, being now only 88,114, while electricity is still pushing forward at a rapid rate to displace the four-footed motors.

CORK PAVEMENT. — A new material for paving is now being introduced into London. It is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, which are laid like bricks or wood paving. The special advantage of the material lies in its elasticity. When used for pavement it gives a soft tread which is exceedingly pleasant, recalling the feel of a carpet. In roadways it furnishes a splendid foothold for horses, and, at the same time, almost abolishes the noise which is such an unpleasant feature of city traffic. A short piece of pavement is to be seen in Liverpool street, E. C.; while the outlet to Pickford's yard in Gresham street is laid with this material. It yet remains to be seen how it will bear the ordinary traffic of a London street; but there is evidence to show that in Australia short pieces of roadway have given good results.

AMERICAN SALT. — The total production of salt in the United States for the year 1891 was 10,229,691 barrels, valued at 5,872,186. The importations were about 800,000 barrels, chiefly from England. The finest salt is made by the vacuum pan process. About four-tenths of the American production are due to Michigan, four-tenths to New York, not quite one-tenth to Kansas, and the remainder to Ohio, West Virginia, Louisiana, California, Utah, Nevada, Texas. Perhaps the most wonderful deposit of salt in this country is at Petite Anse, La., where, at a depth of sixteen to twenty-five feet below the surface, a deposit of salt over 1,000 ft. thick is found. This salt is of remarkable purity.

RT. REV. L. S. MCMAHON, Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford, has just received a brief from the Propaganda, Rome, which forbids all priests of the Roman Catholic Church from administering any of the sacraments to William Grant of Bridgeport, unless he accepts the verdict of the Sacred Congregation of last July and separates from the woman he holds as his second wife; although the privilege will not be denied him at Rome of presenting fresh proofs of the nullity of his former marriage, if any such be in his possession. This case, the facts of which are widely known, has been under controversy between the Church authorities and Grant for nearly eight years.

Recent Publications.

SHORT LINE TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. J. W. Book, R. D. For sale by all dealers. Price, 20 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati, have published Visits to St. Joseph, dedicated to the zealous clients of that saint by a spiritual daughter of St. Teresa, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. The visits are for every day in the month. Price, 15 cents.

BENZIGER BROS., New York, have published Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church, price, 10 cents, and the second edition of Glories of Divine Grace, price, net, $1.50.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., New York, have published Sadlier's Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo, for the year of our Lord, 1892 (issued quarterly), with full official reports of all Dioceses, Vicariates, Prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England, and Scotland, the Hierarchy in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Australia. Sixtieth annual publication. Complete, $1.25. Edition for the United States, 40 cents. Every family should purchase it.

MONTHLY BULLETIN of the Parish of Mary of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, Mass. James L. Duffy & Son, publishers, 611 Washington street, Boston. This publication, although specially intended for Father Scully's parish, is interesting for every parish. It is distributed gratis among the parishioners.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND HOME MAGAZINE, edited by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester, Mass. This is a monthly magazine of twenty-six pages, full of good reading for the family and for the young people. 50 cents a year; single copies, 10 cents. Every Catholic in the county of Worcester should patronize the new magazine.

THE Union and Advertiser Press, Rochester, N. Y., have published Christian Free Schools, or the Right of Parents to provide Religious Education for their Children, without Let or Hindrance. The subject discussed by B. J. McQuade, Bishop of Rochester. Anything from Bishop McQuade should command the attention of Catholics throughout the country. Bound in paper covers, 50 cents; bound in cloth, 70 cents; sent free by mail. Orders should be sent to Very Rev. Mgr. DeRegge, Rochester, N. Y.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, an illustrated magazine and quarterly record of Catholic progress. New and enlarged series, profusely illustrated. It is edited and published by the Fathers of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, in the special interests of their missions, and (generally) of all work among the colored races. $1 a year. Address 401 Courtland street, Baltimore, Md.

NEW MUSIC FOR EASTER. J. Fischer & Bro., No. 7 Bible House, New York, have sent us two new anthems for Easter, composed by John Wiegand. 1. Vidi Aquam, for four voices, S. A. T. and B. 2. Regina Cœli, for four voices, S. A. T. and B. Price of each, 20 cents. Both pieces are of a solemn, dignified, and elevated character, and will be found very effective without being too difficult. We anticipate for them a considerable demand in Catholic choirs for the Easter service.

Juvenile Department

THE CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR.

SHOUT, lads! from out your happy hearts,
Sing, maidens! till ye tire;
The little new-born year hath crept
Close to your blazing fire;
He spreads his tiny, rosy arms,
He basks in genial light —
Oh! read his mission in his charms,
And read it, dears, aright.

That dimpled form, that lovely face,
Where blushes gather in —
Oh! were they made to bear the trace
Of cruel wrong and sin?
Were such fair shoulders made to bow
'Neath guilt, or scandal given?
Shall vice pollute that stainless brow?
Ah! no — forbid it, Heaven!

But take the darling to your knee
(The guileless babe, and sweet)—
Let holy thoughts his nectar be,
Pure words and deeds, his meat.
Let gentlest Charity enfold
Each little naked limb,
And let his crown be Virtue's gold,
Which never can grow dim!

And nobly will his manhood yield
Your well-deserved reward;
For, like a strong and shining shield,
His arm, before the Lord,
Will guard ye from the awful fate
Attending evil men;
And, safe in Heaven's high estate,
Will only lease ye then!

Shout, lads! from out your happy hearts,
Sing, maidens! till ye tire.
The New Year is your guest of guests
Beside the yule-tide fire.
"Thrice welcome be!" cry out, content,
"Thrice welcome to our hearth!
O God! we thank Thee, who has sent
This New Year to our earth!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

DANGERS WHICH THREATEN THE YOUNG.—TO NEWS AGENTS.

THERE is a certain importance attached to every position in life, and if we were always to interpret rightly that importance, and make it our business to act in such manner as to show that we realize it, we would escape many reproaches of conscience, save ourselves a vast amount of annoyance, and our neighbors often from grievous injustice. But it is our misfortune to be easily led by appearances; we are captivated by what falls under our senses, and swayed particularly by what affects our personal interests, more or less regardless of the claims others may have upon us. Interest and duty are often at variance, and we all know how sorely we are at times tempted to promote the one at the sacrifice of the other. We are intensely selfish even when we are trying to be liberal, and we are ever ready to find excuses for our selfishness. This sometimes may be a pardonable fault, but there are times and circumstances in which it deserves only condemnation, as the following facts will show. Such instances may, and may not, be rare; and it is to those particularly who may feel themselves aggrieved by it that this paper is addressed.

Some time ago I entered the store of a Catholic bookseller and news agent. The shelves were filled with books, religious articles were promiscuously displayed, and upon the counter were tastily arranged scores of newspapers and magazines from different parts of the world. Customers were plenty; men, women, and children were buying, and the proprietor seemed to be doing a good business. It was not exactly with a critical eye that I looked over the books, but I could not help being surprised at finding in such a place so many books that were anything but Catholic, and papers not more select than might be found upon any corner-stand in the least Christian city of the land. True, there was a goodly number of Bibles, prayer-books, religious works and specimens of Catholic literature, but there were also mingled among them dime novels, twenty-five cent trash, and other matters, not the least objectionable of which were the writings of Tom Paine.

The papers, too, were "of a feather." Beside a pile of Catholic illustrated papers was a corresponding pile of Harper's Weeklies and Police News, and the other Catholic papers were there, but flanked on either side by the flashy nonsense of the age; and would that it might be called nonsense, for it is such stuff that tends to form and encourage rogues and libertines. I felt it my duty, as a constituted guardian of the souls of God's people, to remonstrate; and, oh, shame! What were the reasons alleged in excuse? First: "In these papers evil is never praised, but always condemned, and its well-merited punishment shown." Again: "All these papers, etc., are sold by the American News Company, and in that association there is a Catholic whose life has been sketched by a Catholic paper, and put before us as something worthy of imitation; and therefore, whatever the American News Company sells, any Catholic news agent may sell." But the last reason was the real one. Here it is: "If I do not sell these papers, people will go elsewhere and get them, and the evil will not be

lessened, while I shall lose my customers by the operation, and be obliged to go and dig for a living, and my wife will have to go to the wash-tub."

Reader, is comment necessary? If so, it naturally suggests itself. Here is a man, a Christian, a Catholic, furnishing to all, with distinction, the very material that has been known to lead men away from every Catholic principle, to stifle in his heart Christianity itself, and blight and crush out his very manhood — and that under the miserable subterfuge that the Police News, and the Boys of New York, and the Young Men of America, and a thousand other nonsensical, criminal, and immoral publications will develop a healthy growth among the members of the rising generation, and will make minds more vigorous, more virtuous, more filled with detestation for evil. He does it, forsooth, because the American News Company does it, — but in reality because it accumulates the nickels in the purse, and liberates him from the universal curse, that in the sweat of his brow shall man eat his bread; and enables his family to look down from the lofty heights of their shoddy gentility upon those who have the courage to earn an *honorable* livelihood even over the wash-tub. Happy wash-tub over which virtue toils; and more will exchange its hardships for eternal repose in heaven than will ever leave the princely mansion built and furnished with the price of ruined souls, to pass through those bright portals where nothing defiled can ever enter in.

I do not wish to be personal, but I would call the attention of newsdealers to these facts, and ask them if they have ever used similar reasoning; and upon the strength of it have gone on dealing out to young and old what their conscience must tell them is the poison of every noble and virtuous aspiration, and the food and nourishment of those propensities which are the harbingers, and not mute ones either, of what a friend of mine, not elegantly perhaps, but forcibly and truly, termed the "reign of total cussedness."

What a Woman Can Do. — So great is the influence of a sweet-minded women on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrow-stricken sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosey sitting-room and sees the blaze of fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with her large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with her influence.

In the home, mothers are loadstones to all hearts and loadstars to all eyes.

THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

WHERE COLUMBUS SOUGHT REFUGE AFTER HIS FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE celebrated Monastery of La Rabida, is the house where Columbus sought refuge after his disappointing adventures previous to his great voyage. "The convent to-day," says a writer, "is in excellent preservation, having been carefully restored and placed in the care of a faithful old soldier. I found the family in possession so simple and kindly disposed that I craved permission to pass the day and night there, which was readily granted. So, paying my mulero double wages, and sending him back to Mognor with a kind message for the friendly landlord, I was soon placed in possession of the convent, isolated from the world. Not Frao Perez himself could have possessed it more completely. I wandered at will through the corridors, its cloisters, and vacant refectory. I rambled over the hills back and beyond the convent, covered with thorn bushes, artimisia, and stunted pines, and indulged in solitary reverie to my heart's content. Climbing up the winding stairway to the mirador, I had before me a broad vista, through the arched openings, of the river and the sea. Directly beneath, the hill sloped rapidly to the half-submerged lands of the river and sound. Half-way down the slope is a date-palm, said to date back to the time of Columbus ; perhaps equally old are the gnarled and twisted fig-tree and gray-green olives that keep it company. Across the lowlands a dry roadway extends to the deserted mole, whence one may embark for Huelva, or for other points further along the coast. Extending southward, even to the mouth of the Guadalquivir, are the Arena Gordas, the great sands that make this coast a solitary waste. Truly, it is a lonesome spot, this upon which the convent is perched, and the soul of Columbus must have been aweary as he drew near the convent portal.

"The Domingo Rubio, a sluggish stream, tributary to the Tinto, separates from Rabia a sand island, where there is an ancient watchtower (mentioned by Irving), and a camp of carabineros on the watch for contra-bandittas. A little to the West the Domingo Rubio meets with, and is lost in the Rio Tinto, and the two join with the Odiel and flow tranquilly on to the ocean, where the foaming breakers roar with a sound that reaches even to La Rabida. Beyond their united waters, again, is another distant watch-tower, till the low coast fades away in the far distance.

"Down the channel sailed, or floated, Columbus, bringing his boat from Palos on his way to the sea. The landscape is of a dreary kind with distant woods, and farther a hint of purple hills. Opposite, across the broad bay, reposes Huelva, where great steamers can be seen lying at its long mole, taking in copper ore for England. It lies like a snowdrift, white upon a tongue of land, between copper-colored hills and the sea. It is a sad landscape — *muy triste* — yet a bright sun, in its setting, might make it transiently glorious. The court of the convent was filled with flowers, vines crept up the pillars, figs and oranges had possessed themselves of enough space for luxuriant growth, and it was indeed an attractive spot. From this court opened out many cloisters, but there was another further in where the chamber cells of the monks were very numerous, vacant now, with doors ajar, and no one there to inhale the fragrance of oranges and

roses luxuriating in this inner court. Off at one side was a chapel, where, it is said, Columbus knelt in prayer, and on the opposite side a passage led to the refectory where the stone benches on which the good monks sat are seen to-day, empty and chilly. Climbing a narrow stairway, you come to a corner-room looking over the Rio Tinto, — a large, square room with floor of earthen tiles and ceiling of cedar, with carved beams rich and dark. This is the 'Columbus Room,' where the great admiral, the prior, and the learned doctor, had their famous consultation, which resulted in their embracing the cause of Columbus, and in the monk's intercession with Isabella. Many pictures have represented this historic scene, perhaps none more faithfully than the one hung in the room itself. An immense table, old, but sturdy still, and around which the great men are said to have gathered, occupies the centre of the room, and on it a tintero, or inkstand, said to have belonged to Columbus himself. Around the walls are hung several excellent pictures. First, a grand painting representing the discovery of land by Columbus; also five others, painted in Seville. One of the best shows Columbus at the convent gate; another, the consultation between the sailor, the monk, and the doctor; the embarkation at Palos; the final departure from La Rabida; the publication of the King's commands in the Church of San George at Palos; portraits of Colon; of Juan Perez, the monk; of Isabella, the Catholic; of the last Isabella, and of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier. These last, sister and brother of the late Queen Isabella, are said to have taken the greatest interest in the preservation of the convent and its contents."

THE SOUL OF THE CHURCH.

The soul of the Church is as old as Abel and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least who has died, in union with God by the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on "The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England." This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Thus far, then, I can lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world and gathers into union with God and eternal life, all those who faithfully coöperate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpable out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and wilfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them.

Cardinal Manning.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Everybody with claims to sanity expects a crop to be identical with the seed he sows. It may be much or little, or perhaps nothing at all, but if anything comes out of the soil to look at the sky, it is expected to be of the same kind as was consigned in good faith, to the germinating influence of earth, moisture, and heat. The man that would look for a cherry-tree from an apple pip, or for a centennial turnip out of a potato, would be in

that particular a fit subject for the pity of his friends, and the attention of the commissioners of lunacy. Now, as in vegetation, so in human character, there is a law that makes the crop identical with the seed, and the product is simply a duplicate of the germ that produces it. In modern American life, this primal and undeniable law is largely overlooked, in the home training of the rising generation. This evil is too general to be denied, and its results are too apparent for any thinking man or lover of his country, to contemplate without apprehension. We may be graduating in education, wealth, and national eminence, but if we lack in the sense and judgment necessary to train the young, in the virtues of self-restraint, obedience, parental reverence, and home-love, the material resources of a nation count for nothing. The boys and girls of to-day are to be the citizens of the future, and on their training depends the history of the next generation. We are sometimes astonished at outbreaks and turbulence in social life, in wild and violent methods, and a general splash of kerosene on society at large, and if history repeats itself, our future as a nation is not prospectively peaceful. It would be well if some of our parental guardians would remember, that where thistle seed is sown, somebody sooner or later, will scratch his fingers when cutting down the crop.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

In a little village, situated among the mountains, lived an old man who, all his life long, had had nothing but trouble; yet he never seemed to lose his serenity nor bewail his fate. This great courage in spite of adversity was to his friends a source of constant admiration. One of them asked him once what was the secret of living always so contentedly.

"I will tell you," said the old man; "my secret is very simple — I make good use of my eyes; that is all!" The friend, piqued by curiosity, sought in vain the solution of the enigma, and begged the old man to explain himself further.

"With pleasure," said he, smiling. "Listen! In the first place, wherever I am, I look up to heaven; this makes me remember that my principal business here below is to merit a place there. Then I look down to the earth, and I picture to myself the small space which will be reserved for me there. Then I look around the world, and I see many men who could justly consider themselves more unfortunate than I am. Thus I never forget heaven, the lasting place of consolation and true happiness, nor the grave which swallows up all anxieties, nor the folly that I should be guilty of did I abandon myself to sadness and complaining whilst a multitude of my fellowmen endure ills more cruel than mine.

"Profit by this lesson, and you will be at least as happy as one can be in this world!"

The Pope's Charity.— The Father of the Faithful is noted for his charity to the poor. Last year the Pope distributed 36,553 lire among families who had lost money by failures due to the financial crisis, and gave 28,322 lire to the poor, and 11,500 lire to the hospitals, besides purchasing 952 beds for poor people.

A PATRON THAT NEVER FAILS.

A GENTLEMAN, once a good Catholic, had fallen away from the practice of his religion, and, having also met with financial reverses, became very moody and melancholy. A prey to discouragement, and despairing of ever being able to retrieve his fortunes, he suddenly disappeared, without having informed his friends of his intentions or probable future whereabouts. He left behind him a number of valuable books and family heirlooms, which were carefully preserved by the persons who had them in charge, although his silence led them to suppose he was no longer among the living. After a couple of years had elapsed, one of his friends received a letter from him, which, with some slight changes, read as follows:—

"MY DEAR S——, I left you and yours in a fit of despondency, not caring what became of me, or whither I drifted. It was an ungrateful thing to do, and I was sensible of the fact when I did it. But at times we are irresponsible beings, albeit that we are so made by the consequences of our own acts. Roaming from place to place, unable to obtain a position of any kind, I finally took passage on a South American steamer. Arrived at ——, I found myself with only a few cents in my pocket. . . . Finally I wandered, without aim or purpose, to a dreary, swamp-like place on the bank of a small stream. I had purchased a bottle of laudanum in the city, and swallowing the contents, lay down, as I thought, to die. But Almighty God had willed otherwise. Probably some forgotten charity or meritorious act of mine in days gone by, averted the eternal damnation of my soul. Soon visions the most horrible, began to flit before my closed eyes: I thought I was in hell. Suddenly they changed, and I was in the Garden of Gethsemane. What followed I shall never forget. You will scarcely believe me, but step by step I walked with our Lord through His dolorous Passion, even to the sorrowful end. When it was over, an aged man seemed to bend over me and take me by the hand. He was clothed in white garments, as one risen from the tomb. To my awakening consciousness, the vision appeared to be St. Joseph. I opened my eyes and thanked God, who had preserved me from a horrible death and endless suffering in hell. In the future I will try to be a good Catholic, and shall not forget St. Joseph, who, as you are aware, was, as Mary used to say, the last link that bound me to religion."

Let us hope that he who was so miraculously preserved from death did not forget what he owed to his favorite saint, the glorious patron of a happy death.

Another devout client of St. Joseph had bought some property, for which part of the purchase-money had been paid, and a mortgage given on the rest. When the mortgage was about to fall due, the prospect for payment was not favorable, owing to the fact that a friend to whom money had been lent in an emergency had not the wherewith to discharge his debt. St. Joseph's client, a lawyer in a Western city, was summoned hastily to Washington, on urgent business, but at the moment of departure he said to his wife: "We will make a novena to St. Joseph, beginning to-night. I feel sure he will help us." The novena was finished on the Feast of the saint, the money due on the 21st of March. On the morning of the 20th,

two hundred pounds came from Ireland, part of the proceeds of the sale of an estate in which Mr. —— was interested, but on which he had not expected to realize for a couple of years. The amount of the debt was a trifle over nineteen hundred dollars. Does this not look like something more than a coincidence?

This same gentleman, while sojourning in a foreign city, had been in the habit of taking his meals at a restaurant, on seeking which one morning he found it closed and in the hands of the sheriff. Debating within himself as to where he should dine and sup in future, he strolled up and down the street of restaurants, uncertain which to enter. Finally, saying a little prayer to St. Joseph for direction — a fact which may seem trifling to some, but which fervent clients of the saint will recognize as often productive of astonishing results — he decided on one, where he took breakfast. On rising from the table he was accosted by the proprietor, who said: "Sir, I understand you are a lawyer. I have here a title which I would like you to examine." And he handed him the deed, which our friend, nothing loth, accepted, and which brought some money to a purse not overfull. He is now more than ever a devoted client of St. Joseph, who, we may piously suppose, inspired him to the selection, and rewarded his fidelity.

At a convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the size of the building required an enormous consumption of coal, which that winter was scarce and dear. Some of the old people made a sort of pedestal of small lumps of the black diamond, and placed a statue of St. Joseph upon it, telling him familiarly that he must "stand on these bits of coal till he brought them a good load." The same day a benevolent wealthy gentleman of the place came to visit the house, in the company of some friends. "Why have you mounted St. Joseph on such an ignominious throne?" he asked. "Because, sir," replied an old woman, "the house is cold as charity for the want of fuel, and the lack of money to buy it." Whereupon he made some inquiries of the Little Sisters, and the next morning sent sufficient coal to last all winter — a custom which he continued till his death.

MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MRS. JAMESON thus speaks of the monks: "But for the monks of the Middle Ages, the light of liberty and literature and science had been forever extinguished, and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There learning trimmed her lamp; there contemplation 'preened her wings;' there the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely, studious men, kept alive, in form and color, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth — of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield — of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and the better education given to women in these early communities, the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governess of the order, they became in a manner, dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship, and books of devotion, did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood, than all the boasted institutions of chivalry."

A RASH JUDGMENT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Two young girls, strangers in New York, some twenty years ago, were employed in a large dressmaking establishment, where, as is apt to be the case, the hours of work were very irregular. When some ball-dress had to be finished, the girls were frequently kept sewing until midnight, and the two sisters with whom my story deals, dreaded such occasions more than the others, since the distance to the room they shared in a tenement house was great, and they disliked entering alone so late at night. They were excellent Catholics, modest and retiring; but for these very reasons they had drawn down upon themselves, the ill-will or jealousy of one of their associates, a frivolous girl, who, when she found that neither Kate nor Agnes would be guided by her, set about watching for an opportunity to be revenged.

A great wedding was to take place in a family for whom Madam B—— worked. That neither of the Catholic girls in her employ would sit up all Saturday night to work on the wedding garments, enraged the dressmaker, and provoked many taunts from their zealous companion; but at midnight the sisters quietly folded their work, and with polite good-evenings left the establishment. They hurried through the nearly deserted streets, and as they were crossing towards Seventh avenue were horrified to find themselves followed by an evil-looking man. Kate, the younger of the two, whispered that she dared go no farther. They were in a respectable street, and she begged her sister to ask for shelter in a house where a light was burning in a second-story window.

The girls were inexperienced, but their fright overcame all else, and they ran up the steps of the house and rang the bell. The door was opened by a young lady, who listened very coldly to their request to be permitted even to remain in the hall till daybreak. "I am sitting up with my little sister who is ill," she explained. "If you will come up stairs to the room, I will ask my mother what can be done." The girls gratefully accompanied her to the room above, where the little invalid lay sleeping; the gas was carefully shaded, and the objects in the room dimly to be seen. The young lady departed, and in a few moments returned, saying that her mother could not possibly shelter strangers. They had explained that they worked in Madam B——'s establishment; but it made no difference, and they were compelled to go out and hurry home, which they reached in safety, thanking God for it, although somewhat scandalized by the repulse their request for hospitality had met with.

On the following Monday morning they were prepared to leave the room where the girls hung up their hats and cloaks, when the girl whose jealousy they had provoked, met them with words of derision; and, while they were still bewildered, not knowing what to make of her conduct, Madam B—— sent for them, and judge of their horror when they found themselves in the presence of an officer, who held a warrant for their arrest! The crime with which they were charged, was the stealing of a bracelet from the room in which they had spent ten minutes on Saturday night. Useless were their protestations — they were hurried off to jail to await trial; and it may easily be imagined that Madam B—— and their frivolous

companion added weight to the charge by refusing to give them the smallest testimonial of good character.

I must pass over in silence the many painful details of the fortnight which followed, during which the unfortunate girls were tried for a crime of which God knew them to be wholly innocent, but of which circumstantial evidence made them appear guilty. The young lady testified that the bracelet, of thin, flexible gold, was on the table when she left the room, and gone on her return; while a maid-servant in her mother's employ declared that she had passed the door of the room while the girls were sitting there, and had seen them slip something glittering like gold into the small hand-bag one of them carried.

They were friendless; their employer declared them to be untrustworthy, and the final result was their sentence to two years' imprisonment. The grief of the younger sister was so wild and passionate, as they were conveyed to their prison home, that the elder determined to rouse herself to every effort for the sake of her companion. She resolved to face the next two years, awful as the prospect was, with faith in our Divine Lord and daily prayer for courage and patience. I have it on the testimony of the prison matron, and others who watched the sisters, that their conduct became a shining example to all within the dreadful enclosure, where they were condemned to live like criminals. The health of the younger sister failed rapidly, or something like content in working out their salvation through these agonizing means might have been theirs.

A year had passed away, when one day the matron of the prison was summoned to the sheriff's house. Entering the parlor she saw a lady richly dressed, but bearing in her countenance evidences of the greatest agitation. Her eyes were red and swollen from weeping; and, on the matron's entrance, she sprang forward, exclaiming: "O madam! take me at once to see Kate and Agnes M——, the innocent girls whom I have wronged." She then went on to explain that a few days previous the book-shelves in a certain room in her mother's house were removed during some alterations. Far down behind some pamphlets, and wedged between two shelves, they saw a glittering object, which on investigation proved to be the very bracelet which the girls had been accused of stealing. The small book near it was one the young lady remembered to have been reading on that Saturday night, and she could only conclude that she had slipped the soft gold bracelet between its pages, and replaced the book upon the shelf, unconscious of her own action. The housemaid's testimony was, of course, only idle exaggeration, concocted doubtless to shield herself from suspicion. The family, having gone abroad after the trial, no investigation had been made of the book-shelves until the week previous.

The sensation which followed may easily be imagined. The young lady burst into tears again at the sight of the sisters, and begged their pardon over and over. The matron proudly related the story of their noble conduct during their prison life, and their former accuser begged of them with touching humility to accompany her to her home as soon as their freedom could be effected. The result was a reception such as would have been given to distinguished visitors; but the life of the younger sister had been sacrificed, and no human efforts were of the least avail. She had the con-

solation, however, of knowing on her death-bed that the young lady whose rash accusation had sent her to her grave had become a Catholic.

One year later Agnes took the veil in a convent devoted to prison work, and during the rest of her lifetime her dearest friend and most efficient "lay member," as she always called her, was the lady who had caused her first great grief, but as she always said, led her to her vocation. She died superioress of the convent, in which many lived to call her blessed.

SOME THINGS TO TRY.

Try pop corn for nausea.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try swallowing saliva when you are troubled with sour stomach.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan, and butternut stains.

Try to cultivate an equal temper, and don't borrow trouble ahead.

Try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew it frequently.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.

Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water, put about the neck at night for a sore throat.

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when travelling in cold weather.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Try a silk handkerchief over your face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING

To wear flashy, showy costumes, jewelry, or rouge on the street; to be dressed so shabbily as to attract attention; to be defective in eyesight when a poor acquaintance is passing by; for a girl to try to attract a gentleman's attention; to speak to some one across the street; to hold an umbrella so that its drippings will fall upon one's companion or the passing pedestrians; for three or four girls to walk abreast like a detachment of militia, to the inconvenience of others who have a right to the street; for a lady to take a gentleman's arm in the day-time, unless it has been sleeting; for a girl to giggle, talk slang, or discuss private affairs on the street; to laugh at the defects or the peculiarities of persons seen on the street; to show ill-temper if one is jostled by the crowd.

JUDGE HALLIBURTON ON CATHOLICISM.

THE following passage from "Sam Slick" is old, but none the less valuable on that account: "Sam, mind what I tell you," my poor father said; "if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he ain't justified on that account no how to separate from them; for, Sam, 'schism is a sin in the eye of God. The whole Christian world, he would say, is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, happy, and a strong family; and, Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that one family will grub out t'other one, stalk, branch and root; it won't as much as leave the seed of it in the ground to grow by chance as a natural curiosity. Now, the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles when withed up together (which it never was and never will be to all eternity), no great shakes of a bundle arter all; you might take it up under your arm and walk off with it without winkin'. But when all lying loose, as it always is, just look at it, and see what a sight it is; all blowin' about by every wind of doctrine, some way up, e'en almost out of sight, others rollin' over and over in the dirt; some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather, and cracked by the sun, no two of 'em will be so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects; railin', quarrelin', separatin', and agreein' in nothin' but hatin' each other. It is awful to think on t'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them in a bundle, bind them up tight, and condemn them as fit for nothin' under the sun but the fire."

ORIGIN OF "GREENHORN."

DURING Senator Turpie's recent visit to Indianapolis a party of gentlemen were discussing the Senator's wide range of knowledge. It had been remarked by one of those present that it had always seemed to him that Senator Turpie knew something about everything. "I never heard him asked a question he could not answer," said one man. "I remember that a few months ago, while I was in Washington, I was in the company of a number of gentlemen and ladies, of which Senator Turpie was one. The conversation had turned on a number of topics, when some one remarked that he had been endeavoring for years to learn how the appellation 'greenhorn,' had its origin. It was a term, he said, which was frequently applied in the West, but he had never found any one who knew how it came to be applied.

"'Ask Senator Turpie. He will know,' said one of the ladies present.

"'I imagine that is one thing he cannot answer,' said another guest, but it was decided to ask the Senator, and one of the women was chosen to go to him with the question.

"'Oh, yes, I remember,' said the Senator, when the question was asked of him. 'That term originated in this way. The pioneers of the West were much given to hunting deer. It was a fact known to the early settlers that when the horns of a fawn began to grow there was a ring of green hair around the spot where the horn was coming out. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a hunter to kill a fawn — a cruel act — and

the killing time was regulated by the growth of the horn. There was a sort of unwritten law that no one should kill a male fawn before its horns could be seen. A person who was so unthoughtful as to kill a deer under the proper age was called a "greenhorn." He was so named because the young horn of the deer and the hair around it was still green. The use of the appellation gradually spread until it was applied to all raw or inexperienced youths or persons easily imposed upon.' The Senator's answer was repeated to the company, and it was coincided that there was no member of Congress who could come so near answering every question asked as Senator Turpie, of Indiana."

COOL GENERALS.

MURAT, Napoleon's dashing chief of cavalry, whose splendid enthusiasm won desperate charges, could be as cool as his master upon occasion. At the taking of Moscow, while the troops sat in the saddle under a murderous fire, Murat received, writes a contemporary, a despatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and began to write a response. Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air, and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note-book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his despatch as if nothing had happened. A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line. It is said that General Reynier once saved the French army in Calabria, in 1806, from a complete rout simply by the manner in which he smoked a cigar. The English infantry fire had compelled the French to retreat. Reynier, fearing a panic, remained to the last and brought up the rear. Though the English fire was murderous, he had lighted a cigar, and his retreating men noticed that the puffs of smoke went up, as his horse moved slowly on with absolute regularity. Puff! A wait. Puff! Another wait. Puff! The enemy were pouring on, firing vigorously as they rallied under the inspiration of the queer spectacle, and got off in good order. Perhaps the most cold-blooded commander who ever lived was the French general, Saint Cyr. He was a great tactician, but totally neglected the morals of his men. He was never seen on horseback, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion, when he was simply a general of division, the impetuous Marshal Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint Cyr's advice, frankly telling him that he was "nonplussed." "You, monseigneur," said Saint Cyr, "are a marshal of the empire, and I am a general of division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me to advise you." Later on, Saint Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of generalship. He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely, and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordinates, and shut himself up in his quarters, absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out

his violin and went to profound peace. The battle which won Saint Cyr his baton as a marshal of the empire was fought while he was fiddling in his tent. He had apparently foreseen everything, and the carrying out of his plans completely crushed the enemy.

HOW CONVERTS ARE MADE.

THE late Cardinal Manning, in his *Religio Viatoris*, gives a splendid idea of how, and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church: "I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, nor even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that, therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known, to the end that I may love Him and be like Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the world, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated 'in the face of Jesus Christ.' In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In himself, in His words, and in his commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of Himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals towards God and towards man, that men have ever received. All this is to be found in Christianity alone. Christianity is, therefore, the fulness of the revelation of God. Moreover, I find that the maximum of human and historical evidence proves this true and perfect Christianity to be coincident and identical with the world-wide, and immutable faith of the Roman Catholic Church. On these foundations — foursquare and imperishable — rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and die, for which I also hope that, by God's grace, I should be willing to give my life."

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR.

WHAT makes a boy popular? The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak, will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feeling of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world; but this I do know, I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black." Shall we tell you how to become a popular boy? We will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and delight to make you happy. That is what makes a boy popular.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

THE regret is universal among teachers and principals of schools that parents are so lax in their duty to their children as to allow them to remain from school for days and weeks, and for the most trivial causes. And what is most remarkable, even where children play truant, and the parents are informed of it, the parents cover over the offence with some excuse or other, and give the teachers and principals to understand that their children are entirely without fault.

IN the repression of truancy, the godless public schools, although they have state laws and institutions to aid them, are not much more successful than the Catholic parochial schools, which depend altogether on moral suasion of the parents, for better attendance of their children at the schools. Force, legalized or otherwise, has no place on American soil; and its results so far, in the domain of education are almost barren. The true restraining force, and the one which is most needed, is a Christian parentage, which will provide for its children's education in the affairs of this world, and of the next. Such fathers and mothers will not have to be forced to educate their children properly, for they will do so spontaneously and most rigorously: they will exercise their natural rights of authority over their children, and in their own family, will establish a state, which will be the strong and impenetrable bulwark of that collection of individuals and families, which we now designate as state or government.

THE Catholic parochial schools, if they receive the support they deserve, will give us Christian fathers and mothers, and children who will become such; and they will create states, which will make laws conformable to the Divine ones, and consequently of equal justice to all peoples. They will sow the good seed, which the Great Sower Jesus left in the hands of the Church, and even if an enemy comes in and sows different seed, the people in vast majorities will be Christian and just, and their laws and governments will be the same.

TRUANCY from our schools means not only illiteracy and ignorance so far as the knowledge of secular affairs are concerned, but also illiteracy and ignorance, as far as the knowledge of the affairs of the next world are concerned. If Catholic parents, blinded and led away by their present conditions of life to give their children a mere secular or worldly education, would realize the effects of the inheritance they are giving to their children, they would never consent to have them sit side by side with Jew, Protestant, and infidel, in godless schools, and for hours and hours in the most plastic period of their minds, for the learning of good or evil. And neither would they trust them to a system of education, which claims at one moment that the teacher, by his own moral character, should awaken the dormant power of the feeling of morality in his pupils, and in the next moment denies that because the teacher is a Jew, Protestant, or infidel, and must exercise his moral or immoral feelings on his pupils, that that will have any effect on the children under his care.

DEATH OF JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.,

The Foremost American Catholic Historian.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D., died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., at 4 A. M., Monday, Feb. 22. He was conscious almost to the last, and he fully understood the blessing sent to him by the Pope through Archbishop Corrigan. He died of tumorous cancer of the stomach. He was born in New York City on July 22, 1824. His father, James Shea, a native of Ireland, came to this country in early manhood and married a descendant of Nicholas Upsall, who came over with Gov. John Winthrop in 1630 and settled in Boston. James Shea was principal of the grammar school of Columbia College, and his son studied there. In his thirteenth year the boy entered the office of a Spanish merchant, where he learned Spanish. In 1838, when he was fourteen years old, he wrote an article on Cardinal Albornoz for the Young People's Catholic Magazine. Archbishop Hughes, then a bishop, criticised it in the Freeman's Journal, greatly to the delight of the author. Young Shea studied law, and in 1846 was admitted to the bar. He never practised. Dr. Shea was baptized John Dawson Shea, in St. Peter's Church, New York City. Being a very delicate and nervous child, his father, saying that he was more like a girl than a boy, gave him the nickname of Mary. After he grew up he retained the name of Mary, prefixing the Irish word "Gil" to it. This word means servant. He always liked to be called Gilmary, which means servant of Mary the Virgin. In 1848, having resolved to become a Jesuit, he entered the novitiate of that order in Fordham. After remaining there for six years he decided that he did not have a call to the priesthood, left, and devoted himself to literary work.

In youth his attention was called to the early Catholic missions among the Indians, and he began to collect material for a general history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

His first historical work, "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," was published in 1853. It was well received, and he was recognized as one of the historical scholars of the country. To facilitate his historical researches he studied the Indian languages and published grammars and dictionaries of the Indian language entitled "Library of American Linguistics." He wrote the articles on Indian tribes in Appleton's Cyclopedia. When he died he was engaged on the last volumes of the work of his life, "The History of the Catholic Church in the United States." Three volumes of this work have been published, the fourth is in press and the material for the fifth and last is well in shape. In 1862 Mr. Shea received the degree of LL. D. from St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. St. John's College, Fordham, and Georgetown College also conferred the degree on him. In 1883 he was recognized as the most distinguished Catholic layman in the United States by the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., which gave him the Lætare medal. For many years preceding 1888 he was one of the editors of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. Then he became editor of the Catholic News of New York City. In 1854 he married a Miss Savage, who comes of a New England family. His wife and two daughters survive him. Two years ago the Catholic hierarchy and clergy started a fund to aid him in the prosecution of his historical work. Dr. Shea wrote, besides the works already mentioned: "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes," 1854; "The Fallen Brave," 1861; "The Operations of the French Fleet Under Count de Grasse," 1864; "Catholic Church in Colonial Days," 1886; "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," 1888. He also translated De Courcy's "Catholic Church in the United States." 1856, and edited "Washington's Private Diary," Cadwallader Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations," and other historical writings. He corrected several of the erroneous Catholic Bibles, and revised by the Vulgate Challoner's original Bible of 1750, and published several prayer-books, school histories, and Bible dictionaries. His funeral took place on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 25.

Dispensation from the Lenten Fast.

Granted by the Pope Because of Extraordinary Prevalence of Sickness.

THE appended circular has been sent to the rectors of parishes in the Archdiocese of Boston:—

CHANCERY OFFICE, Union Park St., }
BOSTON, Feb. 17, '92. }

REV. DEAR SIR:—Moved by the extraordinary prevalence of sickness in various parts of the world, the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., in his fatherly solicitude for the bodily as well as the spiritual welfare of the faithful, has been graciously pleased to confer upon the bishops faculties to dispense, as far as they judge expedient, from the observance of the laws of fasting and abstinence.

By virtue of such faculties, received through the Congregation of the Holy Office, the Most Rev. Archbishop this year dispenses the faithful of the diocese from fasting and abstinence on all the days of Lent except Fridays. Friday will remain a day of abstinence for all, and of fasting also for those who are not exempt by reason of age, physical condition, or exhausting labor.

The Holy Father desires that while making use of this apostolic favor, the faithful devote themselves all the more earnestly to pious works in order to merit the divine clemency. Therefore he exhorts them to endeavor, by charity to the poor and needy, by visits to the church for prayer and the Holy Sacrifice, and by frequenting the Sacraments, to obtain the mercy of God; since it is very evident that the many evils which afflict us are permitted by divine justice as a punishment for the wide-spreading and far-reaching moral corruption of the world.

The usual Lenten devotions will be provided in the parish churches, and the faithful urged to compensate for the lessening of bodily mortification by an increase of the spirit of prayer and other good works.

By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop,

R. NEAGLE, Chancellor.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16, was the 43d anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. M. O'Brien, P. R., St. Patrick's, Lowell, to the priesthood. There was no formal observance, although many of his friends called to offer their congratulations. He first visited Lowell in 1850, and officiated in a wooden building on the site of the present St. Patrick's Church. He located there permanently in 1867.

THE Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., has gone to Cuba, where he will remain until the spring. His health has been impaired by an attack of the grip.

Death of two Prominent Catholics.

It is long since Boston has lost two more honorable and public-spirited citizens than Thomas Flatley and Matthew Keany, who died, the former on Feb. 25, and the latter on Feb. 27. Both were of Irish blood and the Catholic Faith; and alike in their pride in the one and their steadfast adherence to the other. Both were prominent in Democratic politics, but so disinterested, so far above the ways and means of the average politician, as to command the personal regard and confidence of hosts of political opponents. Both again resembled each other in the possession of broad sympathies and interests, which made friends for them everywhere, and united people of varying creeds and ancestries in mourning at their graves.

The Italians of the North End, the section of the city in which Mr. Keany resided, held a mass meeting to express their regret at the sad news of Matthew Keany's death. A Protestant minister, the Rev. William H. Munroe, rector of Christ Church, North End, eulogized the departed Catholic as follows:—

"North End has lost her chiefest citizen, one of her noblest characters, a man whose sturdy sense of honor and simple manners won for him the respect of all. He was untiring in his efforts to assist those in need, and as a benefactor has never recognized race nor creed. Well may the citizens of this honored district lament so great a loss, for he was a magnificent example of charity in its strictest and broadest sense."

Mr. Keany's life in Boston was longer than Thomas Flatley's whole existence; yet for him, too, some of the warmest tributes were from those of another race and faith.

Matthew Keany, who died on the 27th ult., was born in Ireland just sixty years ago. He came to Boston a lad of fourteen, and got a place in a grocery store in the North End. He was steady, industrious, and self-denying, and after a few years, found himself the proprietor of the store in which he had made his humble beginning. That was thirty-two years ago He developed his business till it became a source of large income.

Mr. Keany was little known in public life until the breaking out of the Civil War. He had been always an old-line Democrat; and now cast his time and money on the Union side. He was elected to the Common Council from old Wards 1 and 2 in 1862, '63, '64, '68 and '69. During his first three years he served on the recruiting committee, and greatly facilitated the raising of troops and their equipment.

In 1884, he represented his party in Chicago, at the National Convention which nominated Cleveland. In 1889 he was called to the chairmanship of the Democratic City Committee. Having served two years in this capacity, he declined re-election, and was succeeded by Chairman McDonough.

Scarcely a fortnight before his death, he was appointed by Governor Russell a member of the Metropolitan Sewerage Committee.

His death brought out warm testimony to his efficient service to his party from the Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Ex-Mayor O'Brien, John E. Fitzgerald, Hon. Levi Collison, president of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massachusetts, etc. As earnest in his praise of the man, was Councilman A. C. Ratshesky, secretary of the Republican State Committee.

Governor Russell, after his expressing his personal sorrow for Mr. Keany's death, said:—

"He was everywhere respected for his sterling character and ability, and for many generous acts of charity and philanthropy, not only by his many personal and political friends who were devotedly attached to him, but by all our people. I had the utmost confidence in Matthew Keany as a most upright, conscientious man, and a public-spirited citizen."

The Governor sent to the family a letter of sympathy and attended the funeral.

Mr. Keany was a devout Catholic. The rector of his parish church, St. Stephen's, the Rev. M. Moran, said of him: "I have lost a near and dear friend. He was, indeed, a Christian man and one who lived up to all the truths of his religion. His charitable acts will never be known. He never told anybody; in fact I am positive that even the members of his own family were not aware of the many acts of charity which he bestowed upon the poor people of this section of the city.

"It was his aim to raise the standard of politics among the young men. He was very much interested in many Catholic institutions, especially the Home for Destitute Catholic Children."

The funeral took place from St. Stephen's Church at 10 A.M. The officers of the Mass were: Celebrant, the Rev. Michael Moran; deacon, the Rev. D. J. O'Farrell; subdeacon, the Rev. J. E. Millerick; master of ceremonies, the Rev. B. F. Killelea; preacher, the Rev. G. J. Barry. The honorary pall-bearers were: P. A. Collins, Owen A. Galvin, Chas. F. Donnelly, Patrick Donahoe, Patrick Maguire, Dr. J. B. Moran, J. W. Dunphy, E. A. McLaughlin, John B. O'Brien, P. F. Sullivan. Body-bearers—Sylvester Whalen, M. D. Collins, John Cullen, Thomas Weir, James Fitzgerald, Harvey N. Collison, J. O. Fallon, J. W. Fraser.

Matthew Keany leaves a widow and a son, who have the sympathy of the whole community in their bereavement.

The funeral was the largest ever witnessed at the section of the city where the deceased lived. Some 200 carriages accompanied the deceased to grave at Calvary Cemetery.

Thomas Flatley was born in Claremorris, County Mayo, Ire., in 1851, of a family noted for brains and patriotism. The men, in its various branches, gravitated to the Church, the law, and other learned professions. Thomas received his early education in a private classical school and in the Queen's University of Ireland. While he was at college the insurrection, or, as it was popularly known, "the rising," so well described in William O'Brien's novel, "When We Were Boys," stirred Ireland to its centre. Young Flatley was active in preparing for the movement against England. He mustered a battalion of young men, received a commission, and laid out a line of campaign in his section of the country. He planned a strategic movement whereby his men could capture arms and accoutrements, which they needed badly.

Flatley was to order a number of his men to engage in a sham fight in the public square of the town, and while the police were busy endeavoring to restore order, the remainder of the battalion were to capture the police arsenal. Afterward the police were to be taken prisoners and to be offered the alternative of being court-martialled, or swearing allegiance to the Irish cause. The order for "the rising" was countermanded on the eve of March 5, 1867.

Flying columns of English soldiers were sent

through the provinces with orders from the English commander to arrest "centres" and suspects.

Mr. Flatley, with several others, escaped to America, and after a brief trial of uncongenial pursuits, resumed his interrupted studies in Georgetown College. Here he completed his course with distinction, and received at the hands of General, then President Grant, four gold medals.

He continued his studies four years more, and received in his second year's philosophy at Woodstock, Md., the highest honors. Later, Mr. Flatley taught at Holy Cross College, Worcester, four years, having the departments of humanities and mathematics, and at the same time discharging the duties of examiner for the rhetoric classes. Many of the younger priests of Boston, who made their classical course at Holy Cross, among them the late Fr. Michael J. O'Donnell, who died on the same day with him, were Mr. Flatley's pupils.

Impaired health obliged him to give up teaching. He went abroad for a season's rest, and on his return, settled in Washington, D. C. Here he studied law for three years, at the same time serving as private tutor to the sons of Gen. Ewing, Gen. Vincent and the late Senator Carpenter.

He received his degree of bachelor of arts and a diploma after acquitting himself most creditably in the law department.

He then came to Boston and became associated with his brother, P. J. Flatley, in law practice.

From the outset, he was at home in the New England capital, entering heartily into her every interest, and making friends among her best men. The lamented Wendell Phillips and John Boyle O'Reilly, the Hon. P. A. Collins and other leading men in the law, were won by the ready wit and kindly heart of the genial young Irishman.

When the Irish National Land League was formed in 1881, and Hon. P. A. Collins was elected president, Mr. Flatley was made secretary, and did splendid work in its interest.

Mr. Flatley was an active and influential Democrat. In 1885 he was appointed deputy collector of the port of Boston, under Collector Saltonstall, where he remained until Collector Saltonstall was removed by President Harrison.

On Jan. 6, 1886, he married Miss Katherine Flaherty. Nowhere was Mr. Flatley seen to greater advantage than in the happy home his rarely beautiful and gifted young wife made for him.

About a year ago, Mr. Flatley's health, never robust, began to fail. About four months ago, he was obliged to relinquish his law practice on account of a severe attack of jaundice, which soon developed into a severe liver trouble. The best medical skill and tender nursing, with his own indomitable courage and merry heart, prolonged the fight for life, but could do no more. He received the Sacraments at frequent intervals during his long illness, and was well prepared for the supreme moment. He passed away at 3.30 A. M., Thursday, Feb. 25.

The funeral took place from the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, at 10 A. M., Saturday, Feb. 27.

The church was crowded to the doors. Among the prominent citizens present were Judge J. H. Burke, Gen. M. T. Donohue, Patrick Donahoe, Hon. Patrick McGuire, Clerk Galvin, ex-Auditor Dwyer of the Custom House, Hon. John B. Martin, Alderman Thomas W. Flood, Dr. John R. Slattery, Naval Officer Talbot, Col. E. T. Colby, Major Mitchell, John Sharkey, William Ham, Jeremiah Mahoney, Captain John Coffey, all of the Custom House; Hon. Eneas Smith, Dr. Leary, Hon. Henry F Naphen, Dr. T. J. Giblin, J S. McDonald. T. B. Fitz, president of the Catholic Union of Boston; Dominic Tov, Captain George F. H. Murray, Captain M. J. Driscoll, Dr. Morris, Deputy Collector John A. Devlin, Col. D. G. McNamara, ex-City Architect Charles J. Bateman, Captain Gorman, ex-City Clerk F. E. Goodrich, Supt Doogue, Captain J. M. Tobin, Captain D. T. Costello, John W. McDonough, John E. Cassidy, Judge Dwyer of East Boston, Captain Joseph Walsh, Deputy Collector Fiske, of the Custom House. The Charitable Irish Society was represented by President Edw. A. McLaughlin, Denis H. Morrissey and Captain Gorman. Peter H. Corcoran, James Reilly, John J. Kennelly, James I. Moore and Jonn A. Duggan represented Mt. Washington Lodge, 115 A. O. U. W., of which the deceased was a member. The Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College also sent a delegation. The pall-bearers were Dr. P. J. Timmins, Thomas McLaughlin, Judge J. D. Fallon, Nicholas McNeil, John Hagerty, John F. Lappen. Hon. P. A. Collins was in Washington, and unable to return in time for the funeral.

The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. D. J. Herlihy, with the Rev. M. J. Doody, deacon; the Rev. Lawrence Slattery, of Woburn, subdeacon; the Rev. P. J. Supple, D.D., master of ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Brady occupied a seat within the sanctuary railing, and among the priests assisting at the services were the Revs. M. O'Kane, S.J., president of Holy Cross College, Worcester; Denis O'Callaghan, of St. Augustine's Church; T. Magennis, P. R. Jamaica Plain; C. T. McGrath, Somerville; L. J. O'Toole, W. Newton; John Flatley, Cambridge, a cousin of the deceased; T. Brosnahan, Waltham; James Lee, Revere; M. F. Delaney, Natick; J. A. Donnelly, South Natick; W. H. Fitzpatrick, Milton; Hugh Roe O'Donnell, East Boston; J. J. Chittick, Hyde Park; D. J. Sullivan, Malden; M. F. Murphy, W. A. Ryan, P. H Calnan, Newton Lower Falls; John Heffernan, Ashland.

The Rev. M. F. Flatley, P. R., Malden, a brother of the deceased, was with the mourners.

The Mass was Schmidt's Requiem, sung by an augmented choir, under the direction of Miss Mary O'Reilly. The Rev. Robert J. Johnson, rector of the Gate of Heaven Church, preached the funeral sermon, and concluded:—

There is one place in which we know his loss is the most keenly felt. I am sure the deepest sympathy of all our hearts is given to the sorrowing wife and children. God has taken the beloved husband and father. In the household of which our lamented friend was the head, there must be a sad vacancy, for in his domestic life he was a tenderly affectionate man. Such sorrow as that of this afflicted family is beyond the reach of mere human sympathy. We must ask God, who has promised to hear the cry of the widow and be a father to the fatherless, to grant them the grace and strength to bear this great affliction.

God, we know, does all things well. So believing, we can say to our departed friend: Good patriot, good citizen, good husband and father, good friend and good Christian, farewell! Let us, then, brethren, cherish his memory in our hearts, and join our prayers with those of the Church for him today, earnestly and devoutly asking God to grant eternal rest to his soul and let perpetual light shine upon him.

After the funeral, Mr. John J. McCluskey sang the "Libera," and Miss E. A. McLaughlin, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The choir chanted the De Profundis while the funeral procession was leaving the church.

Thomas Flatley leaves a young widow, to whom the sincerest sympathy of the community is extended, and three little sons and a baby daughter.

His surviving brothers are the Rev. M F. Flatley, P. J. Flatley, Esq., Wm. Flatley, of the City Engineer's office. The late Ex-Senator Flatley, proprietor of the Jefferson House, was a cousin of the deceased.

The interment was at Malden. The Rev. John Flatley officiated at the grave, assisted by the Rev. R. J. Johnson, Fathers Delaney, Heffernan, Doody and Sullivan.

Death of Rev. M J. O'Donnell of So. Boston.

TWICE, within as many months, have the Catholics of South Boston been called on to mourn the death of a beloved priest. On Jan. 8, the venerable Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop, rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, passed away, and on Feb. 25 the Rev. Michael J. O'Donnell, of St. Vincent's Church, a popular priest, died.

Father O'Donnell was about thirty-seven years old, and a native of South Boston. He made his classical course at Holy Cross College, and his theological studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. He was shortly after appointed assistant at St. Vincent's Church, where he has since labored most zealously and successfully. Ever forgetful of self in his solicitude for others, he attended his priestly duties frequently to his own discomfort and even loss of health. He took to his bed on Feb. 17, suffering from acute bronchitis, which later developed into pneumonia, and finally caused his death. He received the last Sacraments on Feb. 20. His mother and a brother, James F. O'Donnell, survive him.

The funeral took place on Monday, Feb. 29. The church, heavily draped in mourning, was crowded, while several hundred people were gathered about the entrance. Archbishop Williams, Bishop Brady, and about 200 priests, assisted at the Solemn Mass of Requiem. The Rev. P. F. Boyle was the celebrant; the Rev. J. H. O'Neil, deacon; the Rev. W. J. Powers, subdeacon: the Rev. J. F. Talbot, D.D, master of ceremonies. The Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., preached an eloquent sermon. The remains were interred in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, the Rev. W. J. Corcoran, rector of St. Vincent's, officiating at the grave. May he rest in peace!

Two New American Bishops.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25, feast of St. Matthias, Apostle, was the consecration day of two new American bishops, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, O., and the Rt. Rev. James Schwebach, D. D., Bishop of La Crosse, Wis. The careers of both these bishops were briefly sketched in THE PILOT at the time of their respective appointments. Dr. Horstmann is a native of Philadelphia and fifty-two years of age. He has spent his twenty-seven years of priesthood in that city, filling during the whole course of it the important office of Chancellor of the Archdiocese. Dr. Schwebach was born forty-five years ago in Betthorn, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. He is resident in America since 1864, and completed his studies for the priesthood at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1870, and has spent nearly all his priestly life in La Crosse, filling the important position of Vicar-General of that diocese from 1882 till his promotion to the episcopate.

Bishop Horstmann.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, was the consecrating prelate; and the assistant consecrators were Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa., and Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, Ind.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, occupied his throne during the consecration and preached the consecration sermon. His attendants were: Archdeacon, the Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D. D., rector of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook; deacons of honor, the Revs. E. Prendergast, rector of St. Malachy's, and John B. Maus, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Allentown.

Archbishop Elder's attendants were the Revs. John J. Elcock, rector of the Cathedral, assistant priest; Thomas J. Barry, rector of the Visitation, deacon; William Kieran, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's, subdeacon. Bishop O'Hara's chaplains were the Revs. P. J. Dailey, rector of the Annunciation, and Henry Stommel, rector of St. Alphonsus', and the chaplains to Bishop Chatard, the Revs. Thomas F. Shannon, rector of St. Patrick's, Norristown, and James McGeveran, rector of St. Bernard's, Easton.

The Right Rev. Dr. Horstmann's chaplains were the Revs. Francis J. Quinn, rector of the Church of the Nativity, B. V. M., George Bornemann, rector of St. Paul's, Reading. The Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D., the new Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, was the Notary and read the Bull of appointment.

The master of ceremonies was the Rev. Augustine J. Schulte, professor in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook.

Bishop Schwebach's Consecration

took place in St Joseph's Cathedral, La Crosse, Wis. The priests assembled at 9 o'clock at the Sti Joseph's school building. Thence they moved in procession to the rectory and escorted the bishops to St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Catholic Knights, the Knights of St. Wenceslaus, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, as well as a delegation of five members from every Catholic society in La Crosse and from several others in the State, followed the clergy.

Services at the Cathedral began shortly after 9.30 o'clock. The Most Rev. F. X. Katzer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, acted as consecrator. The assistant consecrators were Bishops Janssen, of Belleville, Ill., and Cotter, of Winona, Minn; Mgr. Zeininger of Milwaukee, officiated as archpriest; Dean W. Hackner, of Fountain City, as deacon; the Rev. William White, of St. Mary's Church, La Crosse, as subdeacon; and the Revs. Joseph Rainer, of St. Francis, and J. B. Wiedman, of La Crosse, as masters of ceremonies. Bishop Shanley, of Fargo, N. D., preached the sermon in English, and Father Joseph Schroeder, of Glencoe, Minn., spoke in German.

After the ceremonies the clergy proceeded to the school hall, where they were tendered a banquet by the Catholics of La Crosse. Several toasts having as their subjects topics appropriate to the occasion were responded to. In the evening all the societies participated in a monster torchlight procession.

Besides Archbishop Katzer the following bishops were present and participated in rendering honor to the new head of the La Crosse Diocese: Bishops Cotter, of Winona, Minn.; Jannsen, of Belleville, Ill.; Vertin, of Marquette, Mich.; Shanley, of Fargo, N. D.; McGolrick, of Duluth, Minn.; Bonacum, Lincoln, Neb.; Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan.; Zardetti, of St. Cloud, Minn.; Scannell, of Omaha, Neb.; Cosgrove, of Davenport, Ia., and Hennessy, of Dubuque, Ia. Bishop Marty, of Sioux Falls, is in Washington engaged with affairs pertaining to the Catholic Indian Bureau, and was unable to be present.

A MOB of about 6,000 workmen, mostly unemployed, marched to the palace of Emperor William at Berlin, Germany, Feb. 25, singing "La Marseillaise." They were finally dispersed after a desperate battle with the police, and about 100, including the leaders, were imprisoned, and several hundred injured. Other riots occurred during the evening and the next day.

Sudden Death of Mr. James Doogue on Boston Common.

GREAT sorrow and sympathy were expressed in many a New England household on Saturday, March 5th, on reading in the daily evening papers of the sudden accidental death of Mr. James Doogue, who, on that day, while overseeing work on Boston Common was knocked down by a plunging team, a wheel of which rolled on his neck with almost instantaneous fatal result.

Deceased was an elder brother of Superintendent William Doogue. Both were born in Ireland, and in this country made Middletown, Conn., their original home, and where repose the ashes of many of their dearest kindred.

During a life of industrial and exemplary usefulness, James Doogue leaves behind him much that will honor his memory among those that knew him, and be the cause of many kindly reflections. He was throughly devoted to the duties placed upon him by the Superintendent, whose control of the public grounds has for several continuous years given such great satisfaction to the citizens of Boston, has received the unstinted encomiums of visitors to them from many lands, and with an enviable reputation for himself.

In the varied executive works of the department by this lamentable death, is lost an assistant whose place it will be difficult to fill by reason of his experience, vigilance, capable direction of the squads of workers, and the care of constantly recurring details.

Funeral services over the remains of Mr. Doogue occurred from the residence of the deceased, 9 Emerald street, Monday, 7th of March.

After the ceremony at the house, the body was removed to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, where a High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Sullivan. When the Requiem services at the church were concluded, the funeral proceeded to Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, where the interment occurred. May his soul rest in peace.

MARGARET, wife of Daniel Sullivan, died at Searsport, Me., February 1st, age sixty-three years, three months. Mrs. Sullivan came to Searsport, from Bangor, with her husband in June, 1851. She was the mother of nine children, eight of whom with her husband survive her. Mrs. Sullivan was a quiet, motherly woman, a good neighbor, a kind friend, always ready to minister to the wants of those around her. She was an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and was beloved by all who knew her. Her funeral took place from her late residence, the services being conducted by Rev. P. J. Garrity, of Winterport. The floral tributes were profuse and beautiful.

GUARD against one fault which is practised by most men; they scrutinize with a keen eye the conduct of others, and never think of examining themselves.

Fire in the Mission Church.

THE Mission Church, on Tremont street, in the Roxbury district of Boston, was visited by a fire early on the morning of March 9, and the entire left wing, containing eight apartments, many of which were filled with costly vestments, was completely gutted. The fire started in the altar boys' room, directly under the partition separating it from the main part of the basement. A large crucifix in the rear vestry, made from very valuable metal, fell with a crash, and broke into a thousand pieces. In addition to the damage resulting from the loss of the vestments and silver and gold chalices, a collection of seven sets of vases, each of which was five feet in height, and made from pure Florentine marble, are ruined. These vases were purchased at a big cost, and are used on festivals days in which devotions are held in front of the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and are filled with flowers. This altar contains the famous painting of the Madonna, and in front of which are piled the scores of crutches and canes, the mute testimonials of the wonderful cures performed before it. While the heat and smoke blackened the walls in the vicinity of this altar, and the fire crept to within a few feet of it, the painting remains untarnished in the slightest manner, the walls are unaffected, and the lights, which are always left burning in front of it, were still burning brightly long after all danger had passed. The loss on building and contents is roughly estimated at, from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty-five thousand dollars. The building is insured for thirty-five thousand dollars, the vestments etc., for three thousand dollars, making a total of thirty-eight thousand dollars.

John Dillon Injured.

DUBLIN, March 9. — John Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, slipped on the icy pavement before his house in North Great Georges street, Dublin, to-day, and fell on his side, fracturing his shoulder. It is feared also that he has suffered internal injury. He is attended by Dr. Kenny, who set the fracture an hour after the accident occurred. To-night Mr. Dillion is doing well, although suffering considerable pain.

THE COST OF BRITISH ROYALTY. — The cost of British royalty, says Henry Labouchere in Truth, is about five million dollars a year. In addition to the maintenance of palaces and the building of royal yachts, the incomes voted to the royal family are enormous. The Prince of Wales has over five hundred thousand dollars, and the Princess fifty thousand dollars a year. The younger sons of the Queen have been voted one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, the daughters, thirty thousand dollars each, the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, sixty thousand dollars, and his two sisters twenty-five thousand dollars and fifteen thousand dollars respectively, and five hundred thousand dollars was voted to the Empress Frederick, of Germany, when she was married. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward and Master of Buck Hounds get twenty-eight thousand dollars per year each, seven Lords in Waiting get three thousand five hundred dollars each for a few weeks each year "in attendance." The Ladies of the Bedchamber have two thousand five hundred dollars a year each.

Business Department.

In sending money for Magazine, use post-office stamps in place of silver, for fractional parts of a dollar.

We have added another watch to our premiums. See our announcement in another part of this Magazine.

The Nutshell History of Ireland, by A. M. Sullivan, from the earliest ages to the present time. We will give a copy of this book to every subscriber to our Magazine who will pay their subscription on or before May, 1892.

Any person getting a new subscriber will receive one copy each for $1.50 a year.

When *change of residence* is to be made, it is *absolutely necessary* to send *old* as well as *new* address.

The following notices have been received. Will some friend let us know where they moved to? Before removing, always write to our office in order that the Magazine be sent to their addresses.

Post Office at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your Magazine, addressed to John Maugan, 48 Amity street, is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Removed. Geo. J. Collins, P. M.

Post Office at Southville, Mass.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your Magazine, addressed to James Coughlin, Southville, Mass., is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Is not living in this town. Paul S. Lincoln, P. M.

Post Office at Kewanee, Ill.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your Magazine, addressed to M. J. Brown, Kewanee, Ill., is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Not here any more. T. H. Chesley, P. M.

Post Office at Lawrence, Mass.

Sir: Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your Magazine, addressed to Mrs. Maria Cahill, 60 Chestnut street, is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Not there, address not known, not called for. L. G. Holt, P. M.

Post Office at Providence, R. I.

Sir: Pursuant to instruction from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your Magazine, addressed to John Hammond, rear 53 Randall street, is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

Reason: Removed. C. H. George, P. M.

OUR WATCH PREMIUMS.

New Orleans, February 29, 1892.

Mr. Donahoe, *Dear Sir:* My little boy has received the watch, and is very much pleased with it, as he thinks it is his first start in life, in a business point of view. He also feels proud of it for receiving it from you as his grandmother was a Donahoe. I would have answered ere this, but was ill and he felt too timid. In conclusion, I will say, if you ever come to New Orleans do not fail to call at 106 Washington street, where we will be pleased to see you. Yours sincerely,

Mrs. McAdam.

Boston Highlands, February, 9, 1892.

Mr. Donahoe, *Dear Sir:* I received the watch for the seven subscribers I sent you yesterday, and I am delighted with it; it is truly a little gem. I have several friends who are going to try for one. M. E. S.

FOR the first time in Irish history the existence of two hostile factions seems to be a positive benefit to Ireland. The Parnellite and McCarthyite factions are rivalling each other in the introduction of useful measures in the house of commons, and, as neither section can afford to oppose a good proposition, both are obliged to support bills introduced by either. In this way they are forced to act together.

MR. T. C. IRWIN, the notable Irish *litterateur* and poet, died recently in Mount Pleasant-avenue, Dublin, in his seventieth year. The deceased, who was a native of Warrenpoint, county Down, became a contributor to the Nation under the management of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, shortly after it was established, and the files of that journal, until a recent period, contain numbers of excellent literary articles and poems from his pen. No fewer than eight volumes of his poems, many of which are worthy of a place among the best collections, have been published, and have been highly praised by the press of all shades of opinions. The remains of the deceased were interred in Mount Jerome Cemetery.

THE sudden death of Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., at Georgetown, Md., University, occurred recently. Father Murphy was well known in Boston and vicinity, having taught in Boston College and in Holy Cross College.

IT is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the death of one of the oldest and most honored parish priests in the diocese of Down and Connor, Very Rev. Thomas Kearney, P.P., Culfeightrin Father Kearney was born in February, 1815, and consequently had completed his seventy-seventh year at the time of his death.

MISS MAY ABRAHAM, of Cork, is one of the lady commissioners appointed by the Royal Commission to inquire into, and report upon the condition of female labor. She will have charge of the Irish branch of this important question, and will also take her part in the inquiry regarding England.

FOURTEEN superiors of the houses of the Good Shepherd in the United States will sail April 23, on the Etruria for France to attend the chapter for an election of a Mother General, to be held in May.

THE Commonwealth Clothing Store, corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, is the best place in Boston to buy winter clothing, for young men, old men, or boys, and the cheapest in the city.

THE Boston Orange Growers Co., M. D. Brooks, general agent, 34 School street, Boston, is offering great inducements to capitalists. Read their advertisement in another column of this MAGAZINE.

THE Emerson Pianos have the finest tone of any pianos manufactured in this country; made from the very best material. Just think of it, over fifty thousand of them in use up to the present time. Warerooms, 174 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THOSE in want of furniture would do well to visit the store of S. Lewis & Co., 145 Broadway, and 95 B street, South Boston, before purchasing elsewhere. They have the largest stock of any dealers in South Boston, and their prices are so low they will astonish some of our city folks.

THE Boston Furniture Co. is selling furniture very low at 790 Washington street, Boston. Messrs. Kelly and Hayes will not allow themselves to be outdone.

THE New England Piano has an immense sale in every part of the United States and Canada.

MR. WM. RALPH EMERSON, 85 Water street, Boston, is the justly celebrated architect of this city.

MONUMENTAL ART WORKS can be bought very low of Messrs. John Lieben & Co., 17 and 19 Pynchon street, Boston, Mass., Roxbury Station.

THE only reliable and genuine Sarsaparilla is that prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists throughout the world.

How Much Will You Risk for One Cent?

THE difference in price between the Putnam Nail and cheaper brands amounts to one cent on each horse shod.

Are you willing to use the cheap, cold-rolled, and sheared nails, with all their manifest disadvantages in order to save that one cent.

The process of their manufacture is against them. The cold process disintegrates the iron and causes it to form in layers, so that after the point is sheared and the nail is driven into the foot, it is extremely liable to split, to ruin a valuable animal. But you have saved that cent.

Now, this is how you can save two or three hundred dollars you would have to pay for a dead horse, but you would not save your cent.

Use the Putnam nail. It is hot forged from the best Swedish iron rods while at a welding heat by the action of hammers alone, and then cold hammer pointed.

Thus the old hand process is followed, which was hot forging a nail under hammers, and cold hammer pointing them by the shoer, without any clipping or shearing whatever, and the nail cannot split.

But it will cost you one cent more for each horse shod.

The shoes will stay on longer, and your reputation will thereby be increased.

All for one cent. Send for samples to the Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, MAY, 1892. No. 5

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Two Catholic Explorers.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS — JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

TOLL, ye bells! ye holy bells of Genoa, toll!
Your saintly Mariner's friend is dead, —
To Shea 'twas given the genius to explore
The seas of glory round your Sailor spread.

His was the joy to tell how first the Sacred Sign
By loved Columbus blessed our darkened land,
And how he brought us Faith and Hope and Love Divine,
To cheer and light and save our desert strand!

Flowers of the South — buds by every Southern flow,
Send us your breath as incense for his grave;
Winds of the North! bring down your spotless snow
To shroud in whiteness a gentle heart, and brave!

Shea's name is linked fore'er with Genoa's son;
The twain were sailors on dark seas — unknown —
Both in new lands their highest glory won,
And now their New Found Land is lit with Heaven's Throne!

Swedesboro, N. J. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

St. Patrick's Day.

THE thistle may do for the braw bonnie North;
The rose of the Saxon is sweeter;
The Welshman may value the leek at its worth,
But the Shamrock than all is completer.
And so it's the Shamrock I offer you,
And wear it to-day for the glory
Of the dear little isle of your own where it grew,
And the preacher who gave it a story.

'Twas on Tara the Saint made it holy and blest,
An emblem forever to Erin.
Ah, do let me pin it just here on your breast,
There is not a posy so cheerin'.
For it speaks for your mother, and father, and all;
It speaks of the land you were born in;
It tells of the beautiful voices that call
From the earth to eternity's mornin'.

Right Rev. John Loughlin, First Bishop of Brooklyn.

It has been truly said that there is no subject on which Americans are apt to be so eloquent as the growth of their country. Nor is this at all surprising. Thirteen states become forty-four, three millions of people increased to sixty-five millions, and a material development unexampled in the history of nations, should naturally excite a pardonable pride. But marvellous as has been the progress of the Republic, the progress of the Catholic Church within its confines has been greater. During the first half century, while the state quintupled, the Church increased a thousand-fold, and since then, and to-day, she is increasing and expanding with undiminished vigor. And in no portion of the Union has this wondrous growth been so striking as in the diocese of Brooklyn, and it is rendered all the more striking as having taken place during the administration of one prelate — the late Bishop Loughlin.

John Loughlin was born in the townland of Drumbuniff, parish of Clanduff, county Down, Ireland, on December 20, 1817. His father was a comfortable farmer. In 1823, when the future prelate was six years old, the Loughlin family emigrated to the United States, and settled in Albany, N. Y. There the boy entered a classical school, known as the Albany Academy, and received his earliest tuition from the distinguished Latinist, Dr. Bullion. Having evinced a vocation for the priesthood, he was sent to St. Peter's College, at Chambly, near Montreal, Can., in his fourteenth year. He remained there about three years, during which time he made rapid progress in his classical studies, and learned to speak the French language with vernacular fluency. The vigorous climate of Canada not agreeing with him, he returned to Albany, and soon afterward entered the famous Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., aptly styled "the mother of bishops." His classical acquirements and remarkable personal qualities soon attracted the notice of his superiors, and while as yet pursuing his theological studies, he was given a professorship in the college. His class-mates numbered many persons who subsequently achieved distinction, among them being Archbishop Elder, the Rev. Dr. John McCloskey, Rev. Dr. John McCaffrey, and many others whose names are inseparably associated with the growth and development of the Church in the Republic.

Having completed a thorough course of theology, John Loughlin was ordained priest for the diocese of New York, by Bishop Hughes, in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott street, New York city, on October 18, 1840. Immediately after his ordination he was appointed assistant to Father Quarter, in St. John's parish, Utica, N. Y. His zeal and ability were soon discerned by Bishop Hughes, who recalled him to New York, and assigned him to old St. Patrick's parish. Here the future bishop labored with unremitting zeal for some time, his co-laborers in the parish being Father John McCloskey, and Father James R. Bayley, one of whom was to become the first American cardinal, and the other the archbishop of the primatial see of the United States. "Occasionally," writes Father James H. Mitchell, Chancellor of the Brooklyn diocese, "some of the good people of St. Patrick's who afterward came to live in Brooklyn, are still met with who knew Father Loughlin, as pastor of St. Patrick's, New York, and as Vicar General

of Archbishop Hughes, and invariably they wax eloquent when speaking of his indefatigable labors among the poor of that populous district, which, during the cholera plague especially, knew him so familiarly as an angel of mercy among the afflicted."

In 1852, the First Plenary Council of Baltimore was called, and Bishop Hughes selected Father Loughlin, who had previously acted as his

THE LATE RT. REV. JOHN LOUGHLIN.

secretary, as his theologian, on that occasion. On the elevation of Bishop Hughes to the archiepiscopal dignity, in 1850, that distinguished prelate determined to go to Rome and to receive the pallium from the hands of Pius IX. himself. Before leaving he wished to appoint an efficient Vicar General for the diocese, and he selected Father Loughlin, whose executive ability, untiring energy, and pious zeal had long commanded his confidence and admiration. The successful manner in which Vicar General Loughlin performed the duties of his arduous office, during the absence of the Archbishop, stamped him as a man pre-eminently fitted for an episcopal charge. One of the recommendations of the Council of Baltimore of 1852 to the

Pope was that a number of new dioceses should be erected, and Pius IX. approved of the suggestion. The suffragan sees of Brooklyn, N. Y., Newark, N. J., and Burlington, Vt., in the metropolitan province of New York, were accordingly created. Archbishop Hughes, with that keen discernment so peculiarly his own, recommended Vicar General Loughlin for first Bishop of Brooklyn, and the appointment was made by the late Holy Father, Pius IX., July 29, 1853. On the 30th of October, of the same year, the consecration took place in St. Patrick's old Cathedral, New York, the Bishops of Newark and Burlington being elevated to the episcopal dignity at the same time. The consecration was performed by the Most Rev. Cajetan Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, and Pro-Nuncio Apostolic of the Pope to the Imperial Court of Brazil. The Nuncio, who had been sent to Brazil, on an important diplomatic mission, was instructed to investigate the condition of the Church in the United States, on his way back; and on his arrival in Washington, he presented a complimentary letter of Pius IX. to President Pierce, by whom he was most honorably received.

The Nuncio's arrival here was at an untoward period. A tidal wave of Know-Nothingism was sweeping over the country. Murder, riots, and church burning were common incidents of the hour. A crusade of malice and bigotry was inaugurated by the leaders of that fanatical faction against Monsignor Bedini, who, it was pretended, had been sent to this country on a secret and wicked mission, namely, that of undermining the liberty of the United States. The Nuncio had long been known and detested by the revolutionary and anti-Christian party of Italy, whose designs he had understood and exposed; and Gavazzi, the characterless renegade Italian priest, came here from London, and led the campaign against the Catholic Church in general, and the Nuncio in particular. "The Nuncio's life," says a writer, describing the events of the time, "was in constant danger. During a visit to Cincinnati, on December 24, 1853, a Know-Nothing mob, desecrating the title of the "Society of Freemen," attacked the house in which he was living. A collision with the police followed, in which eighteen persons were killed and wounded. This threw the whole country in a turmoil, and, although on his return trip to New York, Monsignor Bedini was received with distinguished respect and honor at Washington, where he had an interview with the President, he announced that he would end his mission in the United States. When he reached New York, the ravings of street preachers, especially the incendiary harangues of the fanatic Parsons and "Angel Gabriel" Orr, almost brought about a repetition of the Cincinnati outrage. So great was the commotion that the militia had to be called out to preserve order. Such was the disgraceful conclusion of the Nuncio's visit." And such was the prevailing spirit of the hour, when Bishop Loughlin was appointed to his new sphere of labor, and in no city of the Union, except, perhaps, Louisville, was there a more satanic spirit of fanaticism rampant than in Brooklyn, at that time. The status of Catholics in this diocese of Brooklyn to-day, and the universal regret exhibited by the non-Catholic community on the occasion of Bishop Loughlin's death, afford salient testimony to the marvellous change that has since taken place, and to which Bishop Loughlin so abundantly contributed.

On November 9, 1853, Bishop Loughlin was formally installed in his

episcopal church of St. James, Jay street, Brooklyn. He was then thirty-seven years of age, and is described as a handsome man, of medium height, with a head of thick, wavy brown hair, an expressive, thoughtful face, and dark eyes that gave quick and searching, but, withal, kindly glances. Brooklyn at that time contained but one hundred thousand population, the Catholics numbering fifteen thousand. There were only two churches, one at Astoria, and one at Jamaica, outside of the city limits. The Bishop's coming was made an occasion of great rejoicing by the Catholics throughout the city. If those who participated in the welcome extended to the Bishop on that day could have looked into the veiled future, and seen the results of the labors of his life, their hearts would be still more gladdened. In his address of welcome, Archbishop Hughes paid a warm tribute to the character of the new prelate, whom he described as the partner of himself for many years, and one who was acquainted with the people and clergy of the diocese, with their piety and zeal for the propagation of their faith, and who would co-operate with him in all projects for that end. "I predict," said the Archbishop, "and look forward to great increase of piety and the erection of many churches and schools from the presence and example among you of one in whom the whole American hierarchy have unbounded confidence."

This prophetic vision of the great Archbishop has been more than realized. In this city of Brooklyn alone, during the first twenty-seven years of his administration, Bishop Loughlin dedicated no less than thirty churches. Almost every year of the thirty-eight years of his episcopacy witnessed the addition of one or more Catholic churches in the diocese. In 1853, one church was added; in 1854, three; in 1855, five; in 1856, three; in 1857, three; in 1858, one; in 1859, one; in 1860, five; in 1863, one; in 1865, one; in 1866, two; in 1867, one; in 1868, two; in 1869, four; in 1870, three; in 1871, five; in 1872, three; in 1873, four; in 1875, five; in 1876, two; in 1877, one; in 1878, five; in 1879, one; in 1880, two; in 1881, two; in 1884, one; in 1885, four; in 1886, five; in 1887, five; in 1888, three; in 1890, five; and in 1891, five. Besides these churches, various chapels and temporary stations were secured, and ninety-three schools, two colleges, nineteen select schools and academies, ten orphan asylums, five hospitals, two homes for the aged, one home for newsboys, and a magnificent diocesan seminary.* When the bishop came to Brooklyn, the Catholic population numbered only fifteen thousand; to-day it is not less than three hundred thousand. Bishop Loughlin in the early years of his episcopate often expressed a desire to be able to build fifty churches, before he died. His pious desire was more than fulfilled. He has justly earned for himself, among the American hierarchy, the title of the "Church Builder;" and we may readily accept the statement that one of the very foremost traits of his character was the skill with which he became an adept in all that pertained to the material side of his great responsibilities. Alluding to this financial and commercial acumen, which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in his sermon at the bishop's golden jubilee Mass, said: "Do you ever reflect, my brethren, on the immense weight of the monetary obligations that has been resting all these years on the shoulders of your bishop? . . . During all that time he

* "Growth of Catholicity on Long Island," by Rev. James H. Mitchell, A. M.

has been in business transactions for religious and charitable purposes. The property he has accumulated has amounted to thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of dollars. He has come out of the ordeal with clean hands and a clean heart, without a single note of his protested. . . . Now I want you to consider what foresight and tact, and sound practical sense and judgment must have been displayed by your chief pastor in passing through these financial operations with so much credit to himself, and such honor to the diocese over which he presides."

Two notable events in the bishop's life were the celebration of his silver jubilee as a bishop, October 30, 1878, and his golden jubilee as a priest, October 18, 1890. On both these occasions, his clergy and people left nothing undone to testify their love and veneration of their bishop, and their appreciation of his services in their behalf. Speaking of Bishop Loughlin, at the banquet given in his honor, on the former occasion, the late Cardinal McCloskey thus accurately epitomized his career. "I have known him, as he has well said, from his early life, when he was just entering his philosophy. I have known him through his priesthood and episcopate, and I can fully endorse what he has said, and said modestly, of himself, that he never was trained to idleness. He was the same industrious, hard-working man in college and in seminary; the same hard-working man, untiring in his zeal; the same industrious, disinterested, and self-sacrificing man, not only during all the days, but I may say during all the hours of his episcopate. I do not believe he knows what it is to be idle, I do not think that he knows how to give himself even proper rest. It is nothing with him but work, work, work, from morning until night."

The celebration of the Bishop's golden sacerdotal jubilee, October, 1890, was one of the most imposing civic and religious demonstrations ever witnessed in any city of the United States. The celebration began with a public reception at the Brooklyn Rink on Friday evening, October 17, and was attended by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Corrigan, Ireland, and Elder, several bishops, hundreds of the reverend clergy, and all classes of the laity. On the following day, the ecclesiastical celebration was held in St. James' Cathedral in Jay street. Bishop Loughlin celebrated pontifical Mass and Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon. In the afternoon an ecclesiastical banquet was given in the assembly rooms of the Academy of Music; and a parade in honor of the Bishop took place at night, more than thirty thousand men, representing all the churches of the diocese, and visiting bodies from other cities, marching past his residence. The next day, Sunday afternoon, twenty thousand children paraded in his honor, and a civic banquet given by two hundred men at the Academy of Music in the evening closed the celebration. The Bishop on the occasion of his jubilee was presented with a purse of twelve thousand dollars by the clergy of the diocese, and a purse of twenty thousand dollars by the laity, besides numerous gifts from Catholic institutions and a splendid gold chalice from the bishops of the New York province. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the character of Bishop Loughlin than the fact that of this money gift of over thirty thousand dollars, not a dollar remained in his possession two weeks afterward. Twenty thousand dollars of it went to pay off a mortgage on the Willoughby Avenue Orphan Asylum, and the rest of it went for kindred purposes.

From his advent to Brooklyn, Bishop Loughlin labored zealously in the cause of Catholic education; and the increase of opportunities for Catholic education has since kept pace with the growth of the Church. On his arrival in Brooklyn there were no Catholic schools in the city. A few children were taught in the basement of a couple of churches, but there was not even the beginning of a Catholic parochial-school system, properly speaking. At the invitation of Bishop Loughlin, the Sisters of St. Joseph came to Brooklyn in August, 1855. In September of the same year, the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of the Visitation also came and entered on their good work. In 1858, Bishop Loughlin applied for a few Franciscan Brothers to assist in the work of Catholic education. Two Brothers came in May of that year. Aided by the Bishop they multiplied in numbers and became prosperous and flourishing. Their headquarters is the monastery of St. Francis of Assisi, on Butler street. They are now educating about six thousand children in the diocese each year. So the work of educating our Catholic youth has gone on. To-day there is scarcely a church in Brooklyn that has not a school adjoining. Church and school have been simultaneously erected in many instances, and it may be safely said that to-day no city in this broad land has better facilities for Catholic education than Brooklyn. And it is but justice to the Catholics of this city to say that the schools are well attended. In the diocese there are over one hundred parochial schools, eighteen select schools, twelve academies, and two colleges. The parochial schools are attended by about thirteen thousand boys and more than that number of girls. In addition to this there are about eight hundred pupils in mixed schools, not classed, and the numbers in the select schools bring the total up to nearly thirty thousand. From these figures it may be realized how great is the amount of money Brooklyn Catholics pay in order that their children may receive a proper education. The work of Catholic education is steadily advancing, and the time is not far distant when there will be a Catholic school in every parish.

The hospitals founded by Bishop Loughlin are the pride of all classes of citizens. St. Peter's and St. Catherine's Hospitals are unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any institutions of their kind in the United States. The first is in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Bishop Loughlin was the first to give the Sisters a home in this country, and they have since spread all over the United States. St. Catherine's Hospital is in charge of the Sisters of St. Dominic, an order introduced by the Bishop from Bavaria, and is located in the German quarter of the city. The other three hospitals are also model institutions of their kind.

The charitable institutions founded by Bishop Loughlin shelter to-day over four thousand inmates, and the ordinary expenses for the orphans alone amount to about one hundred and ten thousand dollars a year. The entire church property of the diocese is rated by the census tables at about six million dollars, a very low estimate. The Bishop always took an extraordinary interest in the needs of the orphans and the aged. St. John's Home, at Albany, and St. Mark's Avenues, opened in 1870, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, shelters nine hundred and twenty boys, one hundred of whom are taught in the kindergarten. St. Joseph's Female Orphan Asylum, at Sumner and Willoughby avenues, opened in October, 1873, cares for six

hundred orphan girls; the Holy Trinity Orphan Asylum, opened 1861, has about four hundred boys and three hundred and fifty girls (German) within its walls, while the outflow from it is cared for in branches managed by the Sisters of St. Dominic, at St. Leonard's; St. Fidelis, College Point; St. Joseph's, Long Island City, and at Amityville, St. Francis Asylum, opened 1865, affords a home to four hundred orphans, under the Sisters of Mercy, and St. Malachy's Home, opened 1873, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, cares for about one hundred and twenty. There are other smaller houses, and in no quarter of the diocese have the needs of the orphan been overlooked or neglected. St. Vincent's Home, the newsboys' lodging house, opened 1869, is an admirable institution of its kind; as is also the Industrial School at Clinton and Congress streets, where over two hundred girls are instructed, and a boarding-house given to orphan girls who find employment outside. The Sisters of Charity conduct this institution, while a similar institution at Willoughby and Classon avenues, is conducted by the the Sisters of Mercy. The Loretto House and St. Peter's Home afford lodgings to girls who work and have no homes to turn to. The Seaside Retreat at Long Island was secured in 1883. The two Homes for the aged are admirable institutions, and shelter over five hundred of the friendless aged poor. The convent and reformatory under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd was founded in 1868, and the present enlarged institution opened in 1872. The object of this institution is to offer an asylum for the protection and reformation of women and girls who desire to reform their lives. All are received without distinction of faith and formed to habits of industry. The inmates are divided into three classes, the Magdalens, the voluntary penitents, and the preservation children; and all three are kept separate from one another. The first-named class is composed of those who chose voluntarily to remain for life; the second, of those committed by the police authorities; and the third, of young girls who are not yet vicious, but whose poverty or surroundings endanger their virtue. There are in this institution at present more than fifty of the first class, about two hundred and fifty of the second, and nearly a hundred of the third. The Sisters give these last a good common-school education, and teach them some useful trade. In addition to the religious orders already mentioned, the last to come into the diocese were the Sisters of Christian Charity in 1882; and the Sisters of the Precious Blood, a contemplative order, whose convent was opened May 1, 1890.

St. John's College was opened in September, 1870, and is an admirable educational institution; and the new seminary that adjoins the college was begun in September, 1889, and completed as the jubilee gift of the diocese to the Bishop, and opened, in September, 1891, with fifty students.

In 1868, the building of the New Cathedral, corner Green and Clermont avenues, was begun. It was destined to be the crowning memorial of Bishop Loughlin's zeal, and one of the glories of the City of Churches. This great effort of his career was not brought to completion. Work on the building was continued for some years and then stopped. The foundations remain massive and grass-grown, like a huge, dismantled fortress. St. John's Chapel, at the south-western end, was, however, finished and opened in 1878, and gives a faint idea of what the splendor of the grand structure will be

when it is all completed. It will be one of the largest and finest church edifices in the country, not even excepting St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. One of the reasons given why Bishop Loughlin was so slow in pushing to completion the building of the new Cathedral, and other ornamental and elaborate structures of the diocese was his anxiety for the completion and success of the asylums, hospitals, and homes, that have been instituted for the benefit and comfort of the poor, and for the building of new churches where needed. But though he did not live to see the great structure he began finished, it will, when completed, be none the less the memorial of the man, who, with wise forethought, secured the ground when opportunity offered, and laid the foundations of the work for his successor to finish.

During his long episcopate, Bishop Loughlin never took a vacation, in the real sense of the term. Recreation with him was simply change of work. He was never absent from Brooklyn more than two months at any one time. He paid four visits of duty to Rome; one of them to attend the Vatican Council of 1869, when he was raised to the dignity of Assistant at the Papal Throne. His last visit to the Eternal City was made in 1880, when he left Brooklyn, on May 17. He had a private audience with Pope Leo XIII., and presented him with thirty-three thousand francs as the Peter's Pence of his people. His Holiness was greatly interested by a recital of the wonderful progress of the Church in the Bishop's diocese. The Bishop came home by way of Ireland, arriving a little more than two months from the time he started.

Bishop Loughlin's life was ever marked by a severe simplicity, and the most unostentatious environment. His every-day life was a busy one. He usually said Mass at seven o'clock in the morning, and was up an hour before it began. He took a light breakfast about eight o'clock, read the news of the day, and then plunged into business. He was in the habit of going to the Post-Office every morning for his mail, instead of having it delivered to him. His familiar figure could be seen often about the City Hall section early in the day, as he had a great deal of business usually to transact with lawyers, and banks, and financial people. Although up so early in the morning, he sat up, as a rule, to a late hour reading. He was a hard student of canon law and theology, and was always ready with a solution for any knotty points that came before him. He exacted hard work of his priests, but he never made them work harder than he himself worked as a bishop. He never until the last feebleness of age and ultimate ill-health forced one upon him, allowed himself a secretary or any clerical assistance in the administration of the extensive affairs of his diocese. Once a friend asked him why he bothered himself with so many petty details? He answered that when he came to Brooklyn first the business of the diocese did not require a secretary. Hence, he performed all the duties himself, and when with the years they increased and multiplied, his powers of transacting the business seemed to suffer no decrease, and so he labored on alone. The idea of a helper was intolerable to him. One of his most pronounced traits was his self-reliance. He could proudly survey all the great evidences of progress in his diocese and say: This is mainly my work.

In the matter of garb, Bishop Loughlin was not particular. His flat-brimmed stove-pipe hat was of an antique style, and not infrequently seemed to have been brushed the wrong way. He looked like an old-fashioned country pastor, rather than a bishop. He was fond of walking when on outside business, and when he had to go far he always rode in the street-cars. He was once presented with a pair of horses and a carriage, but the horses were left in the stable, and the bishop either walked, or rode in the street-cars as before.

In the old house on Jay street, where the bishop spent thirty-seven years of his life, his cabinet or working room was next to the door, on the left side of the entrance hall. When the bell was rung, it was as likely to be answered by the Bishop, as by the servant. To one who did not know him, his manner might seem a trifle brusque ; but, in reality, he was one of the most courteous and affable of men. He had so many persons to see, both clergy and laity, daily, that he had necessarily to be brief or he could not get through his work. But no matter who called, or how busy the bishop was, he could be seen. He had a knack of getting at the root of one's business, in a few direct questions, and he could tell whether or not the application could be granted, without a moment's hesitation. The bishop was gifted with a prodigious memory, and, it is said, he could tell off-hand the financial status of every parish in his diocese, even to the most minute details. In his preaching, he always aimed to be clear, logical, and practical, rather than eloquent.

Bishop Loughlin was greatly in favor of small parishes, especially in a rapidly growing community. This he called " centralizing," which he interpreted by " making little centres " of the many divided parochial territories. The fundamental plan of the bishop's work was to have many churches, but none of them particularly rich. It was better, in his judgment to have one priest over one hundred people, than five priests over five hundred. It was his rule that no pastor should spend more than three hundred dollars for any purpose in his parish without consulting him. Though shrinking from publicity, he was singularly bold in a business way, and there were few real estate dealers in Brooklyn, to whom he could not have given points. Although a careful reader of the public prints, he never allowed his opinions to go forth on the questions of the day. Even in local politics, he seemed to take no special interest ; and it is doubtful if a dozen people in the city could say what his political opinions were. Yet, if he had wished, he could have wielded an immense influence in local affairs.

A little over a year ago, the Bishop moved into his new residence at Clermont and Green avenues, opposite the unfinished cathedral. This splendid mansion cost one hundred thousand dollars, and is of dark-gray Connecticut granite, to match the material of the new cathedral. The design is singularly handsome, and the building is not surpassed in beauty by any private residence in Brooklyn. The money wherewith it was built did not come from the funds of the diocese ; the whole was raised by voluntary subscription — a present from his people.

It was with much reluctance that the Bishop moved into it. He did not wish to leave the old residence on Jay street. It is said that it was only when his library was carried off, and his bed taken down that he realized

that he had to go at last. Any allusion to his removal from the old house only irritated him. There is a story that one of the Sisters of the Visitation Convent tried to "pump" him one day on the subject. The Bishop was in excellent humor, and she thought it would be just the time to ask him the question in which they were all so interested.

"When are you going to move, Bishop?" she asked.

"Just now, Sister," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, and a quiet smile, as he took up his hat and started for the door.

Bishop Loughlin, though of a grave and somewhat austere character, had a keen sense of humor, occasionally tinged with mild sarcasm. On one occasion, after the Diocesan Synod, the reporters were anxious to obtain the decrees that had been passed. The Bishop refused to divulge their nature, and the priests were very reticent. One reporter, a stranger to Brooklyn and Bishop Loughlin's ways, called on the head of the diocese, whom he found in exceptionally good-humor. "I'm in luck," thought he, as the Bishop began to converse with him.

"Mr. Bishop," said the reporter rather familiarly, "you must answer some questions I'm going to ask you."

"How long have you been in journalism?" queried the prelate.

His question was answered respectfully, as were numerous others about the reporter's antecedents and ancestry. The reporter was delighted, and satisfied with himself. He had made a good impression on the Bishop, and was certainly going to get material for a big story, so he thought; but just as he was about to put his questions to the Bishop, he was staggered with this statement: "Now, I have asked you a lot of impertinent questions, and you were not compelled to answer them, were you? That you did is no reason why I should answer yours."

Seldom was the Bishop thus severe; but although fond of a joke, he never broached familiarity that had not due regard for his dignity. A dude, with a great idea of himself, visited the Bishop one day, and wanted to pay the usual fee for the dispensation from having his marriage banns announced in the church. The Bishop wished to have him understand that it would be better for him to have the banns announced, but the young fellow wanted to avoid the publicity, and pulled out a roll of bills in an ostentatious manner, only to have his pride met with a severe set back in these words by the Bishop: "All right, young man, I'll take your money; but you may need it for a barrel of floor or a ton of coal, before the winter is over."

Another young man, who called on a similar mission, went out of the Bishop's presence greatly crest-fallen. He took occasion several times, without any reason, to introduce pompously high-sounding names of his relatives. The Bishop noticed it, and said innocently: "What did you say your father's name is?" The name was given with all due emphasis on the aristocratic prefix, and the Bishop remarked, in his peculiarly dry way: "We've got a cobbler of that name down the street. What was your mother's family name?"

It was even more aristocratic, and the young man was stunned as the prelate inquired:

"She's no relative of the little baker around the corner, is she?"

It has been suggested that a monument be erected to Bishop Loughlin in some conspicuous place, in the city for which he did so much. No man ever better deserved a monument, but it is certain that the Bishop, were he living, would discountenance the idea. However, he has left after him the best and most enduring monument, in the hundred and more churches he built, the charitable and benevolent institutions he founded, the schools and academies he established, and in the unexampled development of his diocese.

Brooklyn, N.Y. J. C. CURTIN.

Irish Wit and Humor.

IT would not be just to preface a paper on Irish colloquial wit and humor with a biting witticism of Dean Swift's. When, at some public dinner, the toast of Irish prosperity was proposed, the Dean turned down his glass, saying: "Sir, I drink no memories." Irish wit and humor of every kind is certainly not a mere memory; but the kind which was supposed to be distinctly Irish — the reckless and rollicking type — is extinct, or almost extinct among us.

But though this form of humor seems extinct among us, Irishmen have not ceased to be witty. They have as their birthright the quick-glancing eye, which catches a single point of likeness in things otherwise immeasurably apart; and this, I need hardly say, is the source and the secret of most forms of wit. In truth, the pleasure we feel at a display of wit, is of the same sort, and has the same source as the pleasure a child feels at the sight of some juggler's tricks.

If we analyze the sources of pleasure most sallies of wit give us, we shall find them to be the same as the sources of a child's pleasure in conjurer's tricks of this sort — *i. e.*, admiration of the person's dexterity — of hand in the conjurer, of mind in the wit — and surprise at the unexpectedness and at the incongruity of the grotesque association together of things in themselves so dissimilar. Of course, I do not say that the sources of our pleasure in all kinds of wit and humor can be analyzed adequately and exhaustively into these three elements. There are often other and higher elements even in puns. Take for example, the finest and profoundest pun I ever heard — the late Lord Chelmsford's exclamation at sight of a corpse lying in state in Westminster Abbey: "*Splendide Mendax*!" (Lying nobly) — a pun that pierces to the centre. Or, to come a good way down, take another pun from Horace, which I heard last summer at the Trinity College Dublinmen's dinner, given in the Temple. Mr. Digby Seymour in his speech recalled this incident of the days when he and the brilliant Crimean correspondent of the Times, Russell, and a man named Moriarty, who was the butt for his stupidity of the whole university, were fellow-students together in Trinity; Seymour had cut deep in the table of the examination hall, under his name, the line from Horace — *Non omnis moriar* — a boast which Russell burlesqued delightfully by cutting the letters "ty" after "moriar" thus moderating considerably Seymour's pretensions — *non omnis Moriarty*. "I am not altogether mortal," is slightly different from "I am not altogether a Moriarty."

Here, again, is another sarcastic Irish pun, admirable of its kind, which

also is founded upon a quotation. Some years since, a lady, well known and high up in Dublin society, married for her first husband an Italian Count, but for her second, a postman; who, however, had bitter reason to regret his vaulting ambition, since his noble spouse subjected him to indignities of all sorts. Among other mortifications, the wretched man was made to submit to that of wearing the old clothes of his Italian predecessor, which were "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," to the great scandal of his fellow-worshippers in the Parish of Bray. At last the witty priest of the parish, Father Healy, was pressed to interfere, whereupon he exclaimed: "Interfere! Why, it is the finest instance of woman's constancy I ever heard of! For what says our national bard?

"'Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the *clothes!*'"

Some time ago an old beggar-woman, having long vainly importuned a lady friend, who was walking with me, and whom she took to be my wife, exclaimed sardonically: "Ah, thin, God help the poor man that couldn't say 'No' to ye!"

Better and more bitter still was the comment of an old nurse of a friend of mine upon this passage in a letter from an ill-conditioned and eccentric youth, who had made himself universally unpopular, especially with servants. "I have toothache so badly," read out my friend from the letter, "I have toothache so badly that I think I shall go mad." "God sind it!" was the old nurse's comment. "Maybe when he's mad he'll be a bit like other folk." I hardly see how this could be bettered for cleverness and bitterness.

A friend, a brilliant journalist, told me that he once overheard this passage of arms between a coachman and a beggarman outside the Four Courts, Dublin. As the beggar was whining for alms at the carriage door, the coachman turned round to cry sharply to him, "Come, my man, take your rags out of that!" The beggar, with a withering glance at the coachman's livery, retorted, "Me rags! They're me own, me man!"

A most imperturbable friend of mine was beset the whole way from O'Connell Bridge to the Post-Office by two little street arabs, who importuned him for the end of his cigar. "Throw us the butt, sir. Ah, sir, throw us the butt. God bless ye, sir, throw us the butt," etc. As he did not betray the slightest consciousness of their existence, they gave him up at last in despair and disgust, at the Post-Office. "Yerra, let him alone, Mick," cried one, with the most scorching scorn. "Sure, it's wan he's picked up hisself."

Apropos of matches which light only on the box, Irishmen should beware of jesting with an average Englishman, and still more with an average Scotchman, without first preparing the surface for the match to strike. I never quite mastered this lesson myself during all the years I lived in England, and, indeed, I don't think any Irishman in England ever does quite master it. A friend of mine had a severe experience of this fact. He had applied to a local vestry for aid to a school, and the grant was made in most complimentary terms. "Gentlemen," he began, "in returning thanks I at least must say that I have been over-rated by the vestry to-day." The solid men looked amazed, and the clerk sprang up, took down the pon-

derous rate-book, found my friend's name and rating therein, and exclaimed, "You are only rated at five and ninepence, sir." My friend was so taken aback that he never explained that he was but making a poor pun; and to this day that vestry believes he was ungraciously grumbling at their assessment.

Every vulnerable spot in our character or conduct is now sought out and stung by each English Party in turn; yet judged at least by Goethe's test, we have little to blush for. "There is nothing," he says, "by which men betray their character so much as in what they consider ridiculous." I think we stand this test well, whether judged by our classical or by our colloquial wit and humor. Poverty is not ridiculous to us, nor infirmity, nor deformity. We never laugh with vice against virtue. While we are so far from thinking morality ludicrous, that we do not think immorality a subject for ridicule; and we no more ridicule it than we should ridicule murder. Again, we respect women; and respect for women is one of the chief tests and touchstones of civilization. The higher a nation rises above the brute, the less its respect for brute force, and the less its tolerance of brute passion; and the greater its reverence for women and for the virtues of which women are the symbol and the safeguard. RICHARD ASHE KING, in Belgravia.

A Methodist Preacher Paralyzed While Blaspheming God.

REV. JOHN WARD, a Methodist minister, while preaching at Nekoma, Kansas, recently, said that he would rather believe that God is a lie than the sensational blackguard preacher Sam Jones had not accomplished even more for the good of mankind than Jesus Christ. He carried on in his blasphemous manner for some time, when he brought things to a sudden climax by standing on his tiptoes, stretching his right hand toward heaven, with index finger pointed into space, and with a demoniacal laugh and vehemently: "I declare from this pulpit, and to all the world, that Rev. Sam Jones stands pre-eminent to Jesus Christ, and in evidence to this belief call upon God to paralyze me here and now if it is not so." Scarcely had the words died on his lips when he became perfectly rigid, and a ghostly pallor overspread his countenance, his hand remaining pointing to the ceiling. Strong men tried to move him from the position in which he stood transfixed, but all their efforts were unavailing. There he stood for twenty-four hours amid the prayers and supplications of people who besought God to restore him to his former condition, before he could be taken from the place where he stood, a silent monument to the wrath of God. The story is vouched for by Protestant authority. It was a Protestant editor who first gave it to the public. It will, therefore, be accepted as true. But we do not imagine that even the most incredulous Protestant would go further than to question the utterance of the words; these uttered, no one would be disposed to doubt that the swift punishment came to the wretched blasphemer. There are limits to God's patience with daring blasphemers, and Rev. Mr. Ward transgressed them.

THE children of a Christian people have a right by divine law to Christian education. — *Cardinal Manning.*

An Irish-American Signally Honored.

A SHORT time ago, Mr. John Rooney of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the recipient of an unusual honor, conferred for the first time on a citizen of the United States, namely, the decoration of the "Order of the Liberator," General Bolivar, by the Venezuelan Government. The decoration was presented by a special representative of the South American Republic, at a dinner at Delmonico's, New York, in the presence of over a hundred distinguished guests. This honor can only be bestowed upon those who have done some signal service for that country, or in the cause of right, civilization, and humanity, and with the combined approval of Congress and the President. Having touched upon the international significance of the occasion, and quoted the language of the President of the Venezuelan Republic, who characterized what Mr. Rooney had done as "services of the most signal merit performed in the cause of international justice," the Venezuelan Commissioner invested Mr. Rooney with the order amid tumultuous applause.

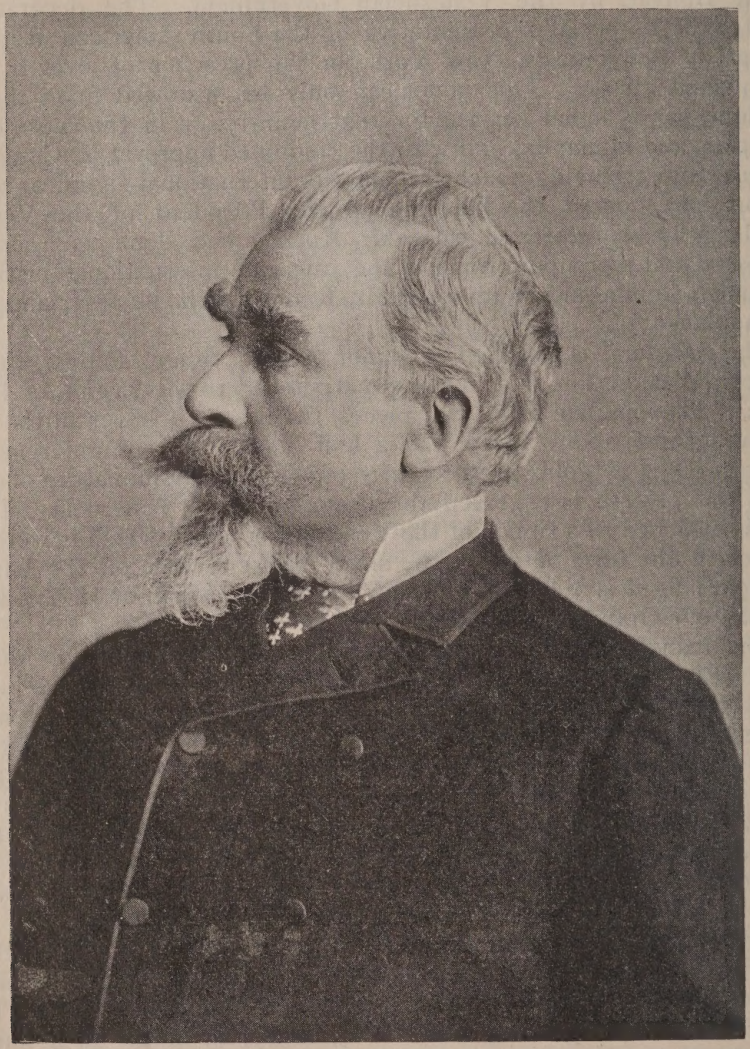
The "Order" is so-called in honor of Gen. Simon Bolivar, the South American Washington, and is somewhat similar to the Legion of Honor of France. The emblem is in two pieces, the larger of silver in the form of a sunburst, and about three and a half inches in circumference. The smaller piece is of gold, in the centre of which is a miniature of Bolivar, and on the reverse is engraved the coat-of-arms of Venezuela. The gold badge is attached to a ribbon of the Venezuelan colors, which is worn around the neck in the form of a tie; the silver badge is worn on the left breast. Accompanying it is a button of the Venezuelan Legion of Honor, which is worn like our Grand Army button.*

The man so signally honored, was born in the county of Monaghan, Ireland, in 1837. He received his early education in his native place, and while yet a mere boy became imbued with the sentiments of patriotism that were so ardently propagated by the literature of that stirring period. When only eleven years old he participated in the rebellion of 1848, by carrying pike heads from the blacksmith shop to the insurgent's rendezvous; and owing to his expert horsemanship he was employed to carry important dispatches between the leaders, when such a duty was as perilous as important. He came to the United States in 1856, and at once proceeded to carve out his future with his characteristic pluck and energy. Having studied law, he entered the office of Frederick A. Lane, the well-known railroad lawyer, where he remained several years, and became identified with several large financial enterprises. His success in this line was marked from the beginning, and he is, to-day, an officer in a number of large corporations. During the Land League agitation, Mr. Rooney occupied a prominent place, and in every movement looking to the prosperity and welfare of Ireland, he has generously contributed both of his time and money.

For some years past, Mr. Rooney has taken an active interest in the commercial relations of the United States and South America, especially the Republic of Venezuela. His attention was called some time ago by the representative of the latter's government in New York to the attempts

* See page 420.

on the part of England to annex a large portion — about one seventh — of Venezuelan territory to British Guiana, and of the futile efforts made during a period of many years to have the question of boundary lines settled by arbitration. Mr. Rooney promised to look carefully into the matter,



Mr. John Rooney.

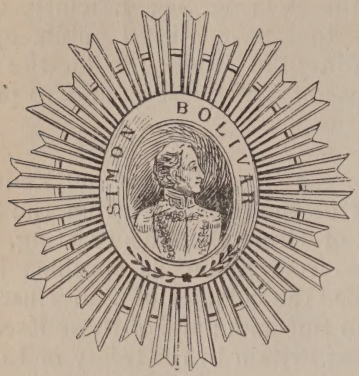
and to do what he could to bring it to the attention of the Government and people of the United States. Having secured the secret diplomatic correspondence on the subject, he delivered an address on January 29, of last year, at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, before the Kings County Protective League, of which he is president, giving a full exposition of the difficulty. The address attracted attention, and was widely commented on at the time. It was sub-

sequently published in pamphlet form, in English and Spanish, and extensively distributed throughout the two Republics.

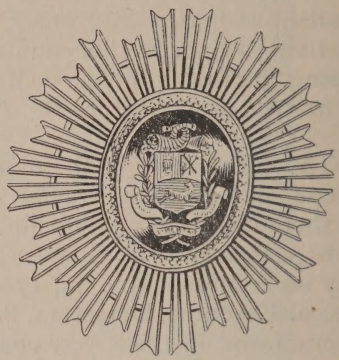
The spoliation of Venezuelan territory by Great Britain has not until recently received due consideration on the part of our government, and was almost an unknown subject to the mass of the American people. Yet it is of vastly more importance to us than the Behring Sea difficulty, or the Canadian Fisheries, and other questions that have stirred public opinion from time to time in this country. To Mr. John Rooney is due the credit of being the first to give a complete expose of this question and to present it in its true aspect before the American people.

The entire story of the difficulty between Great Britain and Venezuela is one of spoliation and fraud on the part of the former. From the beginning there has been no difficulty but that of Great Britain's creating. The Dutch possessions in Guayana, acquired from Spain, as specified in the treaty of Aranjue, June 23, 1791, embraced the colonies of San Eustaquio, Curacoa, Esequibo, Demerara, Berbice, and Surinam ; and of these Esequibo, Demerara, and Berbice were ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of London, August 13, 1814. Hence Great Britain can lay no just claim to any territory but that which was possessed by the Dutch previous to the cession. Now, the Dutch never laid claim to any territory north of the Esequibo, which was the recognized boundary of Venezuelan territory on the south. It was not till 1840 that Great Britain made any pretence to the ownership of lands north of the Esequibo. And even then she advanced no claim, but treacherously laid the foundation of a difficulty from which she hoped to reap future profit. In that year, the British government sent Mr. Schomberg, an engineer, to make a boundary survey, and this official proceeded forthwith to establish a line of posts and marks, within Venezuelan territory as far north as Barima and Amcuro. Against this high-handed proceeding, Venezuela naturally protested, and two years later succeeded in having the posts and marks removed. The British government at the same time declared that the marks in question had not been placed there as signs of ownership ; although the governor of Demerara, at the same time informed the Venezuelan commissioners, Rodriquez and Romero, that "the marks were placed by Mr. Schomberg, by the request of Lord John Russell, who at the solicitation of Lord Palmerston had asked him, the governor, to agree with the engineer in regard to the limits." And he added that "the work of the engineer was not an act of appropriation but a mark of pre-supposed limits," thus disproving the denial of the British government given to Dr. Fortique, the Venezuelan commissioner in London, — a fact of which the governor was, of course, ignorant at the time. A short time subsequently, Lord Aberdeen, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, proposed a treaty making the Morocco river the southern boundary of Venezuela, and conceding Venezuela the free title to the Orinoco river. This proposal Venezuela naturally refused to accept. Great Britain had no right or title to the territory lying between the Esequibo and Morocco rivers, and had never before asserted a claim to it. The difficulty thus remained unsettled, it being Great Britain's purpose to keep the matter open, so as to have a continual opportunity for further encroachment on Venezuela territory. Six years later,

Great Britain agreed by the Convention of 1850, a Convention, held at the request of the British Minister, under instructions from the British government, that she would not occupy or claim any lands beyond the Morocco, pending the settlement of the question. This stipulation also Great Britain has since flagrantly violated.

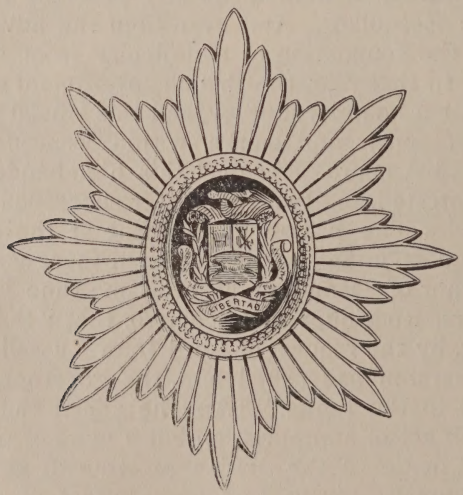


No. 1.



No. 2.

As far back as 1836, Venezuela granted Great Britain permission to erect a light-house at Barima Point, as it was otherwise impossible to obtain marine insurance, owing to the numerous shipwrecks at that dangerous



No. 3.

place. This voluntary concession, granted in the interest of humanity as well as of commerce, England has since used as a pretext for further seizures of Venezuelan territory. She has since navigated the Guiana, Morajuana, and Amacuro, and Braz-Barima rivers ; posted signs on the trees, promulgating her laws, appointed policemen, kidnapped a Venezuelan officer on Venezuelan territory for the alleged ill-treatment of a Portuguese ; imprisoned him at Georgetown, and condemned him to pay a fine of twenty pounds. She has established in Amacuro public offices. She keeps the sloop Transfer

guarding the coast between Amacuro and Barima; has appointed judges to decide on criminal and civil cases; has authorized the working of mines in Venezuelan territory, and is appropriating whatever she pleases on the pretended grounds of an undecided boundary line.

After the discovery of the Caratal mines, in 1858, the British made another advance into Venezuelan territory; but, with characteristic craft, they did not lay claim to the newly invaded territory. They simply established themselves in this rich mineral region, and set to work to build up "British interests" there, which would form a future subject for diplomatic settlement. Venezuela protested, but was unable to do anything more. In 1881, Lord Granville, then Foreign Minister, presented a new demarkation line, which left the Orinoco Dardanelles in the possession of Venezuela. As this proposition was more unacceptable than any of those previously made, the Venezuelan government rejected it. The affair remained unsettled, and after the expiration of a few years more, in 1884, the British made another advance, this time penetrating the great mouth of the Orinoco river, placing marks as they proceeded, and establishing by notices and proclamations, British jurisdiction in the regions along the great river. The Venezuelan authorities were removed by force, thus violating the agreement that had been entered into with Venezuela. After much diplomatic correspondence, the British government, in 1886, through Lord Rosebery, following the insidious example of his predecessors, proposed another boundary line. With each proposed boundary line, the territory of Venezuela was growing beautifully less. Venezuela, meantime, adhered to her original boundary line of 1810; but offered to submit the entire question to arbitration. This offer England refused; for it is not John Bull's custom to arbitrate with weak powers. The Venezuelan government adduced the various instances in which Great Britain submitted difficulties to the principle of arbitration; but Lord Granville answered that "Her Majesty's government adhered to their opinion, that arbitration is not desirable, or, indeed, a suitable mode of dealing with the long-standing question of limits."

After much persistence, the Venezuelan government succeeded in inducing the British government to agree to a rather one-sided scheme of arbitration; but just then a change of administration occurred in England, and Lord Salisbury came into power. Lord Salisbury, with characteristic duplicity, and in violation of precedent, and his own promises, refused to acknowledge the action of his predecessors, and proceeded to threaten and bully Venezuela. So brutal was his conduct, that the Venezuelan commissioner left London, and all negotiations ceased.

Lord Salisbury has been convicted of lying on more than one occasion, and his conduct in relation to the Behring Sea affair has been such as to afford Americans a fair gauge of his character, as a man and a statesman. The following words spoken by him on June 6, 1884, show his treachery, in relation to the Venezuelan difficulty. "It is not our business," he said, "to enter on controversial questions which may formerly have been raised. And still more, your lordships will observe the very material restriction on our action and on our statements, which arises from the fact that we have come into these matters right in the middle of them, and we are finishing

or furnishing the end of that which others have begun. The consequence of that is, that many pledges have been given and the first duty of any government, whether it is new or has lasted for a considerable length of time, or from whatever side of the house or party it is drawn, is to see that the pledges which the English government has given shall be observed." And, notwithstanding this declaration, Lord Salisbury has refused, and still refuses to carry out the agreement of his predecessor in office. The British journals and diplomats argue that the question does not involve American interests, and does not come within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine.

Apropos of this phase of the question, Mr. Rooney says: "Every country holds that there are certain territorial questions, in which, though the territory involved lies outside of its own immediate dominion, it has a peculiar and exceptional interest. Germany and Austria have repeatedly declared this about the fate of Trieste and Constantinople. England declares it to-day about Egypt and the whole group of territories that abut in any manner, however remote, upon the shortest sea route to India. Lord Granville, a few years ago, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, protested against a protectorate over Tripoli on that avowed principle, and Lord Salisbury did likewise a short time ago. The French Government is at this moment guarding by armed force its exceptional rights in North Africa, where it owns nominally only one province. The government of the United States, in precisely the same way, declares that political events on the American Continents have for it a special and separate interest. This is all it says, and the importance of the saying is in no wise increased by the habit of calling its intimation a 'doctrine,' and attaching to it a President's name. The United States Government recently served notice to all whom it may concern that it intends to uphold this doctrine, by its action in relation to the Samoan Islands' difficulty, and by Secretary Blaine's invitation to the Hawaiian Government to attend the recent Conference of American nations at Washington. Nobody questions that Germany is deeply interested in Trieste, or Austria in Salonica, though both lie outside of their respective dominions, France in North Africa, and Great Britain in the route to India; and the United States is entitled to make a similar claim touching these Western Continents. Nobody is bound by it any more than any one is bound by the British, German, or French; they are only informed of a possible danger of resistance under certain contingencies, and it is well to be so informed. If France resolves to threaten Egypt or Morocco, or Italy to menace Trieste or Tripoli, the German or British doctrine on the subject will be taken into as serious account as if it had been newly formulated in a dispatch *ad hoc*, no more and no less. If a European power has a grievance against Chili, or Colombia, or Mexico, or Venezuela, it will first consider whether it is worth while to risk American displeasure, as it would consider in a European quarrel the displeasure of a great power."

The above doctrine — that of defending and safeguarding national rights within a certain political or commercial orbit — has always been proclaimed and enforced by every nation powerful enough or wise enough to do so. It was the cause of the destruction of Carthage by Rome. The Mediterranean was then, what the Atlantic is to-day, the centre of commer-

cial activity, and, consequently, a determining factor in the acquisition and maintenance of political power. England to-day will resist Russian encroachment on Persia, and France will not tolerate British absorption of Siam, and both, from the viewpoint of their colonial interests are right. But no nation in the world is more justified than the United States in proclaiming and practising this doctrine. The peoples of the American Continents laid the foundation of their liberties, and established their national autonomy, partly in consequence of the "salutary neglect" of the mother countries, and partly in spite of them. These nations have never interfered in Old World affairs, and it has been the policy of the United States, in particular, since the days of Washington, to keep clear of all foreign alliances. Why, then, should we tolerate even the shadow of foreign encroachment on this hemisphere? Our rights and our interests forbid it.

But the government of British Guiana, not content with holding its territorial usurpations in Venezuela, is still extending its seizures in that Republic. The present Colonial Administration has recently gone a step further, and proposes to establish its jurisdiction in a portion of Venezuela, lying entirely outside of the disputed boundary line. It adduces no reason for this, but proceeds to appropriate this territory, as a burglar would appropriate the property of his victims. To add to the iniquity of the procedure, the territory in question is not an unsettled or unoccupied country, but a portion of the Venezuelan Republic, possessing an organized government. And in keeping with characteristic British methods, the government of British Guiana declares that this act is necessary as a matter of "convenience." That is the only argument that British greed, when dealing with weak nations, has ever advanced. The government of Venezuela has recently protested against this new outrage to the civilized nations of the world. This, however, will be of no avail, save the moral advantage it will give Venezuela in its resistance to British encroachment. This declaration of intention to make a further raid on Venezuelan territory was made last September, but as yet it has not been consummated. Possibly the British Governor and his Council have been temporarily restrained in their burglarious design by the unequivocal language of the President of the United States, in his message of the 9th of last December. The President's allusion to the difficulty was a plain intimation to Great Britain that the Monroe Doctrine is not a mere tradition, but a principle of vital importance to the United States, and that it will be upheld. England's advances on Venezuelan territory, however, are so skilfully and stealthily carried out that they attract little attention here, and she is slowly, but surely, swallowing her victim, as the boa constrictor disposes of its prey.

There is but one effective means of preventing this. It is for the Venezuelan government to cease its policy of protestation, and to actively resist any further British encroachments. There is only one way to meet and repel force, and that is by force. England knows no law but that of might in dealing with other nations, and she will yield to none other. Wherever England establishes her courts and police force in Venezuelan territory, the Venezuelan government should wipe them out. That would precipitate hostilities, and the matter would then come to a speedy and final settlement. The United States government would then be compelled to

act, and Great Britian is too wise to engage in war with the United States about a slice of South American territory. The United States can no more afford to allow England to invade and annex Venezuela, than it could to allow France and Austria a few years ago to set up an empire in Mexico. The fate of Maximilian should be a warning to European nations that this government will not permit, in the language of President Harrison, "any encroachment on territories long under the administrative control of American States." But before the United States government takes decisive action the Venezuelan government should take the offensive.

England's ultimate object is, as we have said, the control of the Orinoco, and this would give her a monopoly of the internal trade of the entire waterways of South America. How deeply interested the American people are in this question may be realized from the statement made by Mr. William E. Curtis, of the State Department, a few days ago, in reference to our former and prospective trade with the Latin-American countries. The annual imports of these countries average six hundred million dollars, of which the United States has usually furnished ten per cent. The annual exports of the same countries average also about six hundred million dollars, and of these exports the United States purchased last year nearly two hundred million dollars, or about thirty-three per cent. In the commerce of these countries with Great Britain, these figures are practically reversed. In the past ten years we have purchased merchandise from the Latin-American republics aggregating fully one billion five hundred million dollars, but we have sold to them merchandise to the value of less than five hundred million dollars. The vast difference of one billion dollars they have expended largely in England, but entirely in Europe, for the purchase of articles, nearly every one of which the United States could have furnished.

Under the provisions of our present and projected commercial treaties with these countries, we are likely to revolutionize entirely this situation. Within the next ten years we may expect not only largely to increase our purchases from the Latin-American countries, but to furnish them with at least two-thirds of the merchandise which they now purchase from foreign sources. England understands this clearly, and hence she is, to-day, exercising all her ingenuity to nullify our efforts in the direction of extending our South American trade. It is a well-known fact that since this country entered into a reciprocity treaty with the United States of Brazil, English influences have been at work to overthrow the Republican government in that country. "Rule or ruin" is the British motto in South America, and the nation which is not willing to take England's goods at English prices, and to obey Great Britain's dictation, must suffer the consequences. Balmaceda was overthrown in Chili because he was not sufficiently subservient to English interests; and British agitators are ever ready to stir up political convulsions in any of the Latin-American Republics that evince an intention of freeing themselves from their financial and commercial dependency on Great Britain. But Venezuela is the only country of South America that Great Britain has dared to invade, and she will dare much more before she will relinquish her grasp on that Republic, for, in seeking to secure the Orinoco Delta, she is playing for a mighty stake.

It is manifestly the duty of the United States, from the viewpoint of our political and commercial interests, to say nothing of our obligations toward a weak sister republic, to compel Great Britain to submit the question to arbitration, or to withdraw her preposterous claims. It is not a party question in any sense, it is an American question. And as such it is understood by our government. Ex-Secretary Bayard, during Mr. Cleveland's administration, took a strong and unequivocal stand in relation to the affair; and President Harrison, in his Message to Congress on the 9th of last December, defined the present administration's position on the question, in the following unmistakable language: "I should have been glad to announce some disposition of the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, touching the western frontier of British Guiana, but the friendly efforts of the United States in that direction have thus far been unavailing. This government will continue to express its concern at any appearance of foreign encroachment on territories long under the administrative control of American States. The determination of a disputed boundary is easily attainable by amicable arbitration where the rights of the respective parties rest, as here, on the historic facts, readily ascertainable." This unmistakable intimation that the Monroe Doctrine still holds good, has already been productive of beneficial results; for as we have remarked the project outlined and recommended by the Governor of Demerara, has since remained in abeyance, and no further encroachment on Venezuela has since occurred.

Mr. Rooney, in his comprehensive treatment of the question, points out another important feature intimately allied to it — that of the projected Isthmian Canal. The United States must, at any cost, control that Canal, so vital to our interests. With the exception of ourselves, no nation will derive such benefit from it as Great Britain. Not only will she employ it for her trade with our Pacific states and the western countries of the South American Continent, but it will open to her a new and short route to her Australian and Asiatic possessions, and serve as an alternative route in the event of the closing or destruction of the Suez Canal during time of war. That England will do her utmost to prevent our control of the Canal is self-evident; and it would certainly be the acme of folly for us to allow her to strengthen her position — already powerful by reason of her West Indian and Central American possessions — still further by seizing the key to the whole system of South American waterways.

The United States and Great Britain are not only rivals for the monopoly of the world's commerce, but they are by the very nature of their existence, natural enemies — a fact well known to the British, however much we Americans may at times forget it. And this condition of things instead of diminishing will become more accentuated in the future. Referring to the languor hitherto exhibited by us on external questions, Secretary Tracy pregnantly remarked a few days ago: "It is becoming time for us to look abroad. Hitherto we have been absorbed in home development, and have withdrawn our capital from all other parts of the world to use it at home, because at home it earned more than elsewhere. The indications are that that time has passed. The Americans will not become hereafter a merely internal people like the Chinese. We are growing rich faster than any

country on the earth; the increase of riches in the United States exceeds that of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France together. The whole energies of our people are applied to production and investment. When you see money in New York, even in Wall street, drawing but two to two and a half per cent. interest, and find money in London lending at from two and a half to three and a half per cent., you may be sure that the time has almost come when American wealth will go to the foreign place, where returns are the largest and equally secure. Then this lethargy on the subject of foreign affairs will be changed." This is clearly the fact. When our Pacific slope will be as densely populated as our Atlantic seaboard, and when the industrial and agricultural potentialities of the Southern states will be fully realized, we can only maintain our prosperity through our foreign commerce. And it is natural that we should begin by laying the foundations of our commercial supremacy, where our advantages will be the greatest. We are destined, in the not remote future, to embrace within our political fabric this entire Northern Continent, and within our commercial system the Southern Continent. And to bring about this desirable consummation, we must not only maintain the Monroe Doctrine in its integrity, but also leave no means unexercised to effect the total expulsion of British power and British interests, political, financial, and commercial from Alaska to Cape Horn.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. C. CURTIN.

Points about the Irish Crisis.

III.

SINCE writing, a month ago, there has been no important change in the position of affairs in Ireland. The minority of the quondam Irish Party still hold on, and seem determined to carry on their campaign of disruption and treason till the general election takes the power of evil out of their hands. Many honest men, through an overpowering feeling of sorrow and humiliation, at the continuance of the ruinous strife, have been adopting every means to bring it to a close, but in vain. As overtures were made and repeated, the courage of the pledge-breakers only grew into defiance; and there is a strong feeling in the country that mischief had been done, where peace had been intended; and that the time for overtures and Bologne conferences was long since gone by. I am aware of the existence of a strong and all but universal longing for peace, especially among our exiled countrymen; but they must give us credit for similar desires, and they will readily also acknowledge that we are in a better position to judge of the chances and conditions of peace. If peace is to come, it must be "peace with honor." I think I have already written that I see no chance of such peace by the reunion of the two sections of the once united Irish Party; and further experience gives me no ground to alter that conviction. We cannot make pledges more distinct, or more strong than those we have made for our members; when those pledges have been broken, and when we admit our inability to produce any stronger, it remains only, that we part company with the men, who have been unfaithful in the past, and whom we could not hope to bind in the future. It may be indeed that

those men themselves, better realize the position, than those who run after them with words of peace; for it sometimes must seem that their obstinate perseverance comes from the conviction that they have gone too far, and that they may never hope again to be members of a reunited Irish Party, or to be the trusted representatives of the people of Ireland. Let the friends of Ireland who long for union, look to the general election, and rally round the Irish Party: the former alone can now bring peace, and the latter will be once again the one Irish Party, when nearly every constituency in Ireland will return a member, to "sit, act, and vote," with the majority. If any reader should think me unrelenting in all this, let me quote an incident which has just happened here; it will suffice to indicate the state of feeling in this part of the premier county. A few evenings ago we had a meeting of our Federation branch; it was presided over by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Leary, V. G., and it was representative of the best nationalists in the locality. I thought that possibly there might be room for the return of a few of the rank and file of the minority — of those who had taken no prominent part in the revolt, and who, we might charitably suppose, had been led astray by others. Sterner views, however, prevailed, and it was passed unanimously, "That there could be no condonation of treason; that none of the minority could ever again have the confidence of the Irish people; and that the best reply to the foolish rumors of reunion, would be to prepare immediately for the approaching election, when trustworthy men should be found in place of those who had broken their pledges."

I come now to say a word on the subject of the evicted tenants. I have been insisting on the necessity of looking for deeds, rather than listening to gushing speeches.

"'Tis deeds must win the prize."

Now here is one of the deeds which must be a test, and to which I am glad to think, our American friends will insist on appealing. Well let them know the truth on this and on similar points, and then act accordingly. Many of us had no direct part in bringing about the desperate state of hundreds of families in Ireland at present; we were not consulted in many cases, and if we had been, we would have been slow to take upon ourselves so terrible a responsiblity as advising large numbers of families to quit their homes and take chance for the consequences. So wrote some of our bishops recently, in forwarding their generous subscriptions. But though not responsible, we stand not on technicalities; but we say, that in any case, as far as we can effect it, the fallen soldiers must not be abandoned. That is our position — the position of the Irish Party, and of the bishops, priests, and the far greater and better part of the people of Ireland. What is the position of the other side? The reverse in almost every detail. Some of those gentlemen had much to do with the eviction of the tenants, and now they abandon them to the tender mercies of the Clanricards. At first, indeed, there were great promises; Mr. Parnell would go round the earth to beg for the evicted; and the man that would abandon them should be court-martialled and shot. They are deserted now by his own followers, and not this merely. The collections for the evicted have been opposed by the Parnellites; and Mrs. O'Shea uses her technical position in law, to obstruct their relief, and to prevent, as far as she can, the substantial aid which the Paris

funds would supply. Mr. Dillon has been publishing the accounts of our relief funds; let Mr. Redmond give us his, and then we can judge accordingly. What have those latter gentlemen been giving us the while? "Sunburstery," as Mitchell would say, but that *galore*. At Cork, Mr. Redmond told them he wanted to be returned to be the "watch-dog of Irish liberty." Evicted tenants take that, and live on it. In Dublin, at what is called the Commercial League, some individuals, whose names read well far away, take up the same note and pass resolutions like this: "As the sunbeam of Irish Nationality has again shone forth with undiminished brightness, we believe it will illumine the memory of our dead, yet immortal chief, and make clear the vindication of his motives to the world."

That is statesmanship! It is not a question of Home Rule at all, nor of union, nor of support of evicted soldiers, but to "illumine the memory of our dead and immortal chief!"

The evicted themselves ought to be in a good position to know who are their friends; and about their views there can be no doubt; they have given expression to them at the recent elections in Ireland and on other suitable occasions. Mr. Roche, of Woodford, went down to Waterford to tell its deluded people that there were "not two Parnellites in Woodford;" to ask them, in the name of the evicted, to vote for Davitt and Ireland, and to challenge any friend of Mr. Redmond to point out a single pledge of his life which had not been violated. This much, then, is clear — that if any man, by word or deed, renders aid to the party of faction, he is no friend of the evicted tenants.

Referring to Waterford the number of Tory voters there were calculated variously; and it is fair to say that the number before quoted in your pages may have been too high. But, on the other hand, there were other causes and influences contributing to the deplorable result, and which have not been touched on. The Irish Catholic, a paper which has been doing yeoman service all through the crisis, charged that the real issue had been kept from the electors, and that the contest was left to turn almost exclusively on what they conceived to be the relative merits and qualifications of the candidates. This must not be allowed to happen again; we cannot afford to hide away the cause of the whole trouble, to please any one; unless we want to make ourselves ridiculous, as well as to court well-merited defeat by so doing.

"Truth is truth,
To the end of reckoning,"

said Shakespeare, and we must cling to the truth to the end of the contest whenever that may be. Some one wrote of the result, that it was the work of a "combination of Tories, publicans, and pig-buyers." Of two of those classes we have said something; but one may ask, "Why the publicans?" The answer will be of interest to explain many things outside the Waterford election. In touching on this point, I would like to guard myself by saying that I am very far from including all the publicans in Ireland. During the present crisis, as well as during all our agitations, there have been individuals and many, who were ever foremost in our ranks. But during this dispute we had reason to fear, from the beginning, the action of the "trade" as it is called. The Tory government had attempted to secure by law the prin-

ciple of compensation to publicans in the event of the much-needed reduction of the number of licenses. Leading members of the Liberal party on the contrary are pledged to the principle familiar to you in America of Local Option. Here, then, was a question of self-interest, and we must not so much wonder, if, in the larger centres, where the "trade" acted in a body, that self was preferred to Ireland. In America you have reason to know, I believe, what a power the drink traffic wields; and what has just been said will, perhaps, help us to understand the action of many people in high places and many public bodies in our towns. In all of the larger ones the "trade" is a great power, and without saying that it accounts for all, it certainly will go to explain much that otherwise would seem unaccountable in the actions of our lord mayors and corporations. In two cases, I have heard it stated that those bodies are absolutely in the hands of the publicans.

An Irish member has been publishing in the columns of the National Press, and is now publishing in pamphlet form, an account of the proceedings in the now famous Room 15. It is much to be regretted that it had not been compiled long since; but for obvious reasons it was not possible. It is a simple, bold narration of the events, during the earlier stages of the unhappy split, for Mr. D. Sullivan has been well advised not to make it a mere apology or defence of the actions of any section or party. His bare recital of facts is more eloquent than any pleading of his could possibly be, and had the "Story of Room 15" been written a year ago, it is impossible to measure the good it would have effected. How members were cajoled, how the country was wire-pulled, and how the whole terrible plot was sought to be effected, is made bare and transparent as Mr. Sullivan tells his simple story, very often in the words of the speakers and actors themselves. I would strongly recommend your readers to get a copy; in the meantime, I may at another time select some of the salient points for them. One word only will I here take from it. I have said some hard things of the Irish party; it is fair to say of them, as is suggested in first pages of the story, that in the beginning some of them may have clung on to the hope that Mr. Parnell had some defence in reserve, and that many more of them considered his election to the chairmanship, as merely formal, and trusted to his honor and patriotism to retire, and thus show that he preferred the cause of country to that of self.

The daily papers just now are filled with the great Irish debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond has taken up the cry of Chamberlain, Salisbury & Co., demanding details of the Home Rule Bill. The reader will know what this means. Mr. Sexton replied to a similar request of Chamberlain, "He affects to accept the principle, but he uses the particulars to attack the principle. He attacked the principle from behind the particulars, and he uses the particulars to obscure and defeat the principle." But the leader of the "independents" and the "boy of Wexford" has his reward — Colonel Saunderson is lost in admiration; and there is a chorus of praise from every Tory paper in the kingdom. Electors of the "*urbs intactà*," you have your reward!

JAMES HALPIN, C. C.

Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland.

ALCOHOL is the mother of sorrow. — *Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

Pilgrimages at La Chapelle Montligeon.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

PERHAPS our readers would like to hear about "All Saints' Day" at La Chapelle Montligeon. The Church every year sets apart a day to the special honor of *all* the Saints; it opens heaven, as it were, to our view to meditate upon this subject. True, they need not our suffrages for they are already in possession of the celestial kingdom, yet the Church (our mother and theirs) loves to show her esteem for these her children who have passed from her bosom to their final home, and recall to her sons and daughters who are yet in the flesh, the glorious memory of those who have gone before them, and who in heaven plead for those they have left to struggle on for how long or how short a time who can tell?

But who, then, are the saints?

They are the holy of the Lord, thro' all the ages; Abraham is amongst them, and Isaac and Jacob, the patriarchs and prophets of old, who foretold long ages ago the things that have come to pass. The just, who like Job, cherished in their hearts the hope of a redemption, and the belief that one day they would see with their own eyes the Saviour promised from the beginning; and who had their hopes so gloriously fulfilled when the crucified one descended into Limbo and set them free. These were the saints of the ancient law; now comes the Christian era. Who are its saints? To mention some, — the Blessed Virgin; St. Joseph, the tender foster father and watchful guardian of our Lord during His sojourn on earth, patron of the Church, and our revered protector; the good thief, who testified his faith by the side of his dying Redeemer, and was promised paradise as his reward; Stephen, the first to give his blood for Christ, who, before he fell beneath the stones thrown by his murderers, was favored by a vision of the heaven he was so soon to enter; St. Peter, the poor fisherman, who was appointed by Christ Himself as the first Vicar of His Church; Paul, the pupil of the learned Gamaliel, who, from a persecutor of the little flock, became its warmest defender, and with the former reaped the benefit of his generous advocacy by being martyred on the same day. The other apostles, the first disciples of Christ, throngs of martyrs and virgins who have counted the world's esteem as dross, and given up all for their Saviour, having nothing more to show their love by, have shed the last drop of blood in their veins, and suffered unheard-of tortures rather than deny the Lord who died for them, and in dying paid their ransom. The learned doctors, with St. John Chrysostom (the golden mouthed), St. Augustine, St. Thomas (the angelic), at their head, who have so eloquently defended and set forth the Christian doctrine; the confessors, the star-crowned St. Dominic, St. Francis of Assisi, with his glorious stigmata, our loved St. Anthony of Padua, St. Ignatius of Loyola, who has given so many valiant sons to the defence of the Church, amongst them St. Francis Xavier, who died alone in sight of the land, whose children he had hoped to bring into Christ's fold; and many another down even to our times whose merits are known only to their God. Who can count their number? Rich in faith, full of good works, have they not entered into the heavenly rest? And from our own loved country, too, so often called the land of saints, that holy band, who have fought and suffered

and died on its soil for the faith, may we not reckon them amongst its brilliant company? And do they not pray for us?

But our limited space will not permit us to linger over this thrilling theme, we must pass on to the day's festivities at La Chapelle Montligeon.

The curé (Rev. Paul Buguet), desiring to have the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary canonically erected in the parish of La Chapelle Montligeon, selected the day set apart for the feast of all saints for this ceremony. Having the necessary authorization from the General of the Dominican Order, the Rev. Father Pouché, O. P., came from the convent at Havre for that purpose.

The holy Mass celebrated by him at half past seven, on the eventful day, was largely attended by the parishioners, and numbers of them received the Holy Communion. The other Masses followed in succession, and the High Mass commenced at the usual hour, ten o'clock, the celebrant being the curé, Rev. Paul Buguet (Director General of the Œuvre Expiatoire), assisted by M. l'Abbé Guerret (sub-director), as deacon, and M. l'Abbé Legay (priest auxiliary), as sub-deacon.

The sermon was preached by the Dominican Father, who, in his impressive address, dwelt particularly upon the power our Blessed Lady possesses over the heart of her Divine Son to whom she tells our needs; naturally it becomes her to speak of her clients' wants to Him who alone can satisfy them and pardon all their offences.

A collection was made for the celebration of Masses for the dead both morning and afternoon.

At three o'clock the Vespers were sung, M. l'Abbé Buguet officiating, assisted as before by the auxiliary priests; after which the Rev. Father Pouché delivered an address, listened to by the assembled congregation with marked interest; the easy flow of his language, and his eloquent exposition of the divine doctrine, riveted their attention.

The Vespers for the dead were then sung, with the "Libera," and "Absolution" at the end, and the Dominican Father again mounted the pulpit for the customary allocution at a canonical erection of a Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

Setting forth, — first, the obligations of the associates (we quote the principal), viz., "To be inscribed upon its register by their Christian and surname."

"To have a rosary of five or fifteen decades blessed by the Dominican Fathers, or by a priest delegated by them, and provided with the proper faculties."

"To recite the fifteen decades in meditating the fifteen mysteries of the rosary once a week," etc.

Then he pointed out its advantages, the innumerable indulgences to be gained by the associates faithful to their obligations, when capable of fulfilling them; the immense profit to be derived by doing so, both for themselves and their beloved dead, to whom nearly all the indulgences gained can be applied; the honor that could be thus rendered to our Blessed Lady, who had herself revealed and counselled its practice to St. Dominic; the recitation of its prayers being especially powerful in procuring conversions, great good, therefore, might be done towards our fellow creatures, by bringing the err-

ing back to the true Church, and by this means rendering a greater glory to God to whom all honor and praise is due.

This discourse ended, the Reverend Father invested with the stole, pronounced from the pulpit the blessing of the altar for the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, and afterwards blessed the chaplets held by the congregation in their hands.

A procession was then formed, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary chanted, followed by a recitation of the five decades of the rosary at the altar.

After these prayers, "O Salutaris" was sung during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and six Paters, Aves, and Glorias said for the living and dead members of the Œuvre Expiatoire, then the "Inviolata" and "Tantum Ergo" was followed by the "Benediction," "Adoremus in Æternum," and the Angelus ending the beautiful and solemn ceremonies of this day, dedicated to the honor of all the saints who dwell in the full enjoyment of that celestial bliss to which we all aspire.* M. S. L.

To be continued.

Catholics in Congress.

I.

It is thought by many that an open profession of the Catholic faith is likely to prove a hindrance to success in public life, except in a few localities where Catholics happen to be in the majority, as, for instance, in New York or New Orleans. This may be, to a certain extent, true, for the old venom against the Church has not died out, and religious prejudice, though weakened, is by no means conquered in our separated brethren; still, a glance at some of the congregations that frequent our Washington churches during the congressional season, will show that some of our most distinguished legislators are familiar figures there; while a diligent research into the subject brings to light the names of a good many Catholic Representatives in the halls of our national legislature.

But if you expect to find them out by their attendance at church, or even by their genuine old Catholic names, you will be sadly mistaken. At first one is met by the assertion that there are not more than two or three Catholics at the Capitol. A Protestant member of Congress remarked to me a short time ago: "Of course, everybody knows that Senator Kenna is a Catholic; and as to Tracey of New York, why, he is a red-hot Catholic. He actually went to Italy years ago and fought for the Pope." Further inquiry elicited from various sources quite a lengthy list; there are, O'Neil of Massachusetts, and his namesake of Missouri; Brickner and Barwig, of Wisconsin; Weadock, of Michigan; McAleer, of Pennsylvania; Senator White, of Louisiana, and Mr. Mallory, of Florida, both old Georgetown College boys; Antonio Joseph, of New Mexico; McKenna, of California, and quite a large number from New York, and other states.

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire should be addressed, and P. O. O. *internationale* made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, La Chapelle Montligeon (in the department of Orne), France, upon the Post-Office there. Subscriptions *yearly, one halfpenny; twenty years. one shilling; and in perpetuity five shillings*, to have a share in the merits of over three thousand Masses per month. "Summary of Indulgences" free on application.

A remarkable feature of our present congress is its native American character, there being only twenty-one of its hundreds of members, who were born in foreign countries. Nearly half of these foreigners are Irishmen; there are three Germans, and four Canadians; and the remainder are natives of Norway, Sweden, Greece, England, and Scotland. Speaker Crisp himself, though of American parentage, was born in Sheffield, England.

Probably the leading Catholic in public life at the National Capitol is John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, who has been in the senate nearly ten years, having been elected, in 1883, to succeed Senator Davis.

Senator Kenna, like the majority of our distinguished men, was reared in a country home. He was born in Valcoulon, Virginia (now West Virginia), in 1848. His youth was an eventful one, for, before reaching the age of seventeen, he had seen years of hard service in one of the most disastrous wars which ever desolated a country, the war of the Rebellion. Entering the Confederate army when a mere child, he was wounded in 1864, and was surrendered at Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1865.

He was young enough at the close of that terrible experience to begin life over again, and he immediately turned his attention to hard, unremitting study. He attended St. Vincent's College, Wheeling, studied law with the firm of Miller & Quarrier, at Charleston, West Virginia, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two.

For five years he was prosecuting attorney for Kanawha county; and was chosen, in 1875, by the bar of Lincoln and Wayne counties to hold their circuit courts. He was elected to the house of representatives for the forty-fifth, forty-sixth, forty-seventh, and forty-eighth congresses; and it was just after his election to the forty-eighth congress that he was chosen to succeed Henry W. Davis in the United States senate.

He has a charming home on Capitol Hill, near the old mansion occupied by Senator John S. Barbour, of Virginia, whose family are Catholics, though he is not; and here he lives in unostentatious comfort, surrounded by a most interesting family of four sturdy little boys and two girls, one just entering young ladyhood, the other still very young. Mrs. Kenna is a lady of retiring disposition; and, though forced to take some part in the busy social life of a Washington winter, is devoted to her home and children. She has two sisters with her, Mrs. Jordan and Miss Tarr, both quite refined and accomplished ladies. Miss Tarr is very popular with her acquaintances; she assists in the choir of St. Joseph's Church, and is always willing to lend her talents whenever possible to the service of religion.

Senator Kenna is a man of sterling worth, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. His tall, finely formed figure and clean-shaven face, reminding one somewhat of Secretary Bayard, has become familiar, not only to frequenters of the senate gallery, but also to the devout worshippers at St. Joseph's Church, on Capitol Hill, for he is a zealous and edifying member of that congregation, always ready to give a helping hand to every good work undertaken for the benefit of the parish.

Senator Edward Douglass White is also a Catholic. This being his first winter in the social and official life of our capital, he is not so well known in Washington as Senator Kenna. His early career was very similar to that

of the gentleman from West Virginia. Born in the parish of Lafourche, Louisiana, in 1845, he, too, served in the Confederate army with distinction before he was twenty. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, the Jesuit College, New Orleans, and Georgetown College, District of Columbia. He was licensed to practise law in 1868, and ten years later was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He was elected to succeed James B. Eustis in the United States senate, and took his seat in that body in March, 1891.

Senator White is a man of fine physique, a thorough Southerner, and is very popular. He is an old friend of Cardinal Gibbons, by whom he is very highly esteemed. He is unmarried; his household being presided over by his sister. A veteran member of the house is John J. O'Neill, of St. Louis, Missouri, whose face has been familiar to the people of Washington for the last decade. He was born in 1846, and received a common-school education. He entered politics early in life, being elected to the state legislature from St. Louis in 1872, and for two successive terms. He was nominated for congress by the working men's party, in 1878, but declined; was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Missouri in the same year. He was a member of the Municipal Assembly of the city for four years; and was elected to the forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, and fifty-second congresses as a Democrat.

Mr. O'Neill has made many a gallant fight in the house in the interest of charity, being a warm and ardent friend of the poor. The working men have in him a champion for shorter hours of labor, and the charitable institutions of the District find in him a warm friend and a zealous advocate.

Washington, D. C. AGNES HAMPTON.

A Letter From Home.

WHEN far from our loved ones, the silent tears starting
Bedims the rough pathway where friendless we roam,
The balm that can soften the sorrow of parting
May often be found in a letter from home.

For who can have wandered, alone and a stranger,
And not felt his being with ecstasy thrill,
To know that through solitude, sadness, or danger,
The thoughts of his kindred have followed him still?

How treasured, how sweet are the words of affection,
When traced by the hand that was friendship's true gage;
And how swift, as we read, to our fond recollection
Comes back the dear face that bent over the page.

Oh, yes, there are ties that no distance can sever—
They girdle the mountains, they span the wide foam,
And love does but rivet them closer whenever
It speaks to our heart in a letter from home.

DRESSMAKING establishments want measures, but not men.

A Dish for the Young and the Old.

BAPTISM AND SPONSORS.—One of the laws of the Church says: "Baptism should not be deferred beyond the third day after the birth of the child." For a child, born of Christian parents, has the right to become a child of God, a Christian, and a member of the Church of Christ. The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore decrees: "We order the Pastors of souls to reprove often and severely the detestable carelessness of Catholic parents who neglect to provide soon the sacrament of baptism for their little ones, whose young life is liable to so many dangers." Parents should also be careful in the selection of sponsors for their children. For, should parents neglect the religious instruction of their children, or should they die whilst the children are still young, it becomes the duty of the sponsors to take, if possible, the parents' place, and to see that their godchildren be raised in the fear and the love of God and the knowledge of religion. The Church forbids to take as sponsors any one not a Catholic, or to select any one who belongs to excommunicated societies, or who leads a publicly scandalous and sinful life; for such persons are not able to fulfil the duties which may be expected of them. In baptism spiritual relationship is contracted, by which marriage is forbidden between the sponsors on one side and the child and its parents on the other side.

A CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—A most wretched lie-awake of thirty-five years, who thought himself happy if he could get twenty minutes' sleep in twenty-four hours, says in regard to his experience with hot water as a cure for sleeplessness: "I took hot water, a pint comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals, and one the last thing at night naturally unmixed with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours, then turned over and slept again till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened and went, the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and instead of each night being one long misery spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy."

A NOVENA is a daily exercise of devotion, including prayers and good works, continued during nine consecutive days. Novenas are made in honor of God and His Saints to obtain some spiritual or temporal favor. In their origin these exercises date back to the earliest days of the Church. The first Novena of which we have record was begun on the day upon which Our Lord ascended into heaven and continued until the feast of Pentecost. A favorite Novena is the Novena of Grace, which owes its origin to St. Francis Xavier, in whose honor it is made. Father Marcellus Mastrilli, of the Society of Jesus, was at the point of death when the Saint appeared to him, bade him renew a vow he had made to labor in Japan, and giving him a crucifix to kiss, said to him: "All those who implore my help daily for nine consecutive days, from the 4th to the 12th of March, inclusive, and approach the Sacraments during that time, will experience my protection and obtain from God whatever grace they ask for the salvation of their souls and the glory of God. Be of good heart now; you are cured." The Father arose instantly, cured. On his way to Japan, where he was to die a martyr's death,

he passed through Rome and related these facts to Pope Urban VIII. The practice of this Novena spread rapidly, and it was rewarded with such signal favors that it received the name it now bears, the Novena of Grace. Father Mastrilli's method of making this Novena was to say the following prayer to St. Francis Xavier: "Dear and loving St. Francis Xavier, with thee I adore the Divine Majesty, and, rejoicing in the thought of the wonderful graces granted thee on earth and the glory given thee in heaven, I give thanks to God for all these favors, and I beg thee, with all my heart, to obtain for me grace to live a holy life and to die a happy death. Obtain for me also (name the favor desired), if it be for God's glory and the salvation of my soul. Amen." Then he added three *Our Fathers*, three *Hail Marys*, and ten times *Glory be to the Father.*

A GREAT STATUE.— The famous statue of St. Peter at Rome, of which the statue in the Church of the Immaculate Conception of New Orleans is a copy, was erected in the fifth century. The colossal statue at Rome, known to fame as Jupiter Capitolinus, was melted and made into a statue of the Prince of the Apostles. This statue was destined to represent the two great eras of human history. The Jupiter that thundered at the Capitol was preëminently the symbol of the power of warlike Rome that conquered the world by the power of arms. But the Fisherman was raised to spiritual supremacy by the power of the word of faith and love. And this his statue well represents the power of that Rome whose empire has for its foundations, Faith and Love. The Apostolic robe was substituted for the triumphal toga of the old statue; the keys replaced the javelin; and the hand upraised to bless, the hand that launched the thunderbolt.

THE TEAR HANDKERCHIEF.— Among the Tyrolese, who are singularly careful in preserving old and quaint customs, there exists a beautiful practice. When a young woman leaves her mother's house to go to the marriage altar, she is presented with a handkerchief, which has been duly blessed by the parish priest. This is called the tear handkerchief, and its first use is to dry the bride's tears as she leaves the home of her girlhood. When she pronounces her marriage vows she holds this bit of cambric in her hand; and when she is taken to the home which is to be henceforth her own, it is put away among her most sacred treasures. Years pass, bringing joys and sorrows in their train. And when at last the bride of former days is laid in her coffin, with the benediction of the Church upon her, the tear handkerchief is brought forth and laid upon the closed eyes, which are to look henceforth upon the blissful scenes of Paradise.

THE CHINESE EXCLUDED. — Congress is making no delay in passing a Chinese exclusion bill. In the senate this week a bill passed which extends for ten years the operation of the Chinese exclusion laws. It is a substitute for a similar measure introduced by Senator Dolph. The bill has a wider scope than is indicated by its title, for, in addition to re-enacting the present exclusion laws, which are about to lapse, it contains a section intended to meet the difficulty the treasury officials have encountered in returning Chinese to China, through judicial decisions adverse to their right to return them further than to the country from which they entered the United States. Under this construction of the law the Treasury Depart-

ment returned a number of Chinese to Canada instead of to China, and they were again smuggled across the line, which it was impossible to guard at all times and places. Another new section provides several penalties for the return to the United States of Chinese once sent out of the country.

HONORING THE BLESSED VIRGIN. — During the festivities of the centenary of Columbus this year in the south of Spain, the coronation of 'La Virgen de la Rabida" is proposed. It was before this image of our Lady that those knelt to ask for her powerful intercessions who found apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way of setting out to discover the unknown world. Three hundred years ago the good Fathers, Juan Perez and Antonio de Marchena, the brothers Pinzon, intrepid sailors; Doctor Hermandez and Christopher himself found help and courage at the altar of this Madonna, and now, when honor is paid to the remembrance of Columbus, our Lady of Rabida, or more correctly, "La Virgen de los Milagros," is not to be forgotten.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY. — As good an instance of New York wit as can be found is told about the staff of the Roosevelt hospital. A dangerous operation was being performed upon a woman. Old Dr. A——, a quaint German, full of kindly wit and professional enthusiasm, had several younger doctors with him. One of them was administering the ether. He became so interested in the old doctor's work that he withdrew the cone from the patient's nostrils, and she half roused and rose to a sitting posture, looking with wild amazement over the surroundings. This was a critical period, and Dr. A—— did not want to be interrupted. "Lay down dere, voman," he commanded gruffly. "You haf more curiosity as a medical student." She lay down, and the operation went on.

LONDON AND DUBLIN. — Some assert that a city existed on the spot where London stands 1107 years before the birth of Christ, and 354 years before the foundation of Rome; that it was the capital of the Trinobantes, 54 B. C., and long previously the seat of their kings. In A. D. 61, it was known to the Romans as Lundinium, or Colonia Augusta, and the chief residence of the merchants. It is said, but not truly, to have derived its name from Lud, an old British king, who was buried near where Ludgate formerly stood; but its name is from Llyn-Din, the "town on the lake." It became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Essex, and was called *Lundenceaster*. In a note the following statement is made: "The original walls of London are said to have been the work of Theodosius, Roman governor of Britain in 379; but they are supposed to have been built about 306. There were, originally, four principal gates; but the number increased, and among others were the Prætorian way, Newgate, Dowgate, Cripplegate, Aldgate, Aldersgate, Ludgate, Bridgegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and the Postern on Tower-hill. Eight gates were removed in 1760–61, and the last of the city boundaries, Temple-bar (rebuilt 1670–2), was removed in January, 1878. Dublin, the capital of Ireland, anciently called Ashcled, is said to have been built A. D. 140. Auliana, daughter of Alpinus, a lord or chief among the Irish, having been drowned at the ford where now Whitworth bridge is built, he changed the name to Auliana, by Ptolmey called Eblana, afterwards corrupted into Dublana. Alpinus is said to have brought "the then rude hills into the form of a town" about the year A. D. 515.

Preserve Your Magazines.

O'Connor, Greeley Co., Neb., March 14, 1892.

Editor of Donahoe's Magazine: *Dear Sir*, — I wish to inform you that I got the draft safely. I read every number of your magazine, and am well pleased with it, and hope to secure you some new subscribers. I not only get much pleasure from reading the current number, but also from the back numbers. The older they become they get the more interesting.

During the winter I read some in the Irish Magazine for 1811, Watty Cox, editor, in which I found very many interesting things. The editor was tried and sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months by Lord Norbury, and also stood on the pillory for the publication of the "Painter cut."

You, Mr. Editor, have easy times in comparison with magazine editors in Ireland in those days.

In an account of St. Domingo, I see it states that "the remains of Columbus were removed from the Carthusian Convent of Seville, together with the chains which were put on him and which he wore in his passage home. When the island was ceded to the French, his descendants directed the brass coffin in which the whole was contained to be removed to Havana, which ceremony was performed on 19th of January, 1796. The ashes of this great man were carried down to the harbor in procession, and, under fire of the forts, put on board a brig which conveyed them to the capital of Cuba."

Notwithstanding all this I saw it lately stated in a newspaper that his remains are still in St. Domingo. And in a note in Barnes' Brief History of the United States, it is said that in excavating, in 1877, near the Cathedral in St. Domingo, a leaden coffin containing bones and with his name inscribed on it was discovered. It also contains the speech of Abbe Maury, Archbishop of Paris, delivered in the French National Assembly, on Saturday, November 27, 1790. In the August number is recorded the death of Gen. Stephen Moylan, commissioner of loans to the state of Pennsylvania, brother to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork and aid-de-camp to General Washington. He died at Philadelphia on 14th of April. In each number are discussed also some difficult but interesting mathematical questions. Mr. John Moran gives in it a solution of the question, — find three square numbers, the sum of every two of which shall be square numbers. His solution gives an infinite number of answers, while Euler in his algebra only gives one answer, and Mr. Moran was Irish and never, I dare say, inside of a public school.

So you see we should preserve our magazines, for the older they get, they become the more interesting.

Wishing you and the Magazine every success, I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

John McIlduff.

A young gentleman was complaining to the shopgirl of the doubtful freshness of a lemon cheesecake, when out rushed the pastry cook from the back shop in a towering passion: "I made tarts, monsieur, before you were born." — "I have no doubt you did," replied the customer, "and this must be one of them."

Sayings of the Saints.

In the sacrament of the Eucharist, Jesus Christ, says the Council of Trent, has lavished upon men all the riches of His love. This sacrament is the sacrament of charity. According to St. Thomas it is the pledge of the sovereign charity of Jesus Christ. It is called by St. Bernard the love of loves.

St. Magdalene of Pazzi said that a person who communicated often might well say: "All is consummated. God, in giving himself to me in Holy Communion, could give me nothing more precious than what He has given." When St. Philip Neri was dying, on beholding the priest with the holy Viaticum, he exclaimed: "This is my love, my love; give me my love!" Let us enter into these sentiments when we approach the table of the Lord.

By Communion we are united to Him whom the blessed spirits dare not behold, so penetrated are they with holy reverence. We become one body, one flesh with Him. Where is the shepherd who nourishes his flock with his own blood? We see many mothers who confide their children to nurses. It is not thus Jesus Christ does in our regard; He nourishes us with His own blood.— *St. John Chrysostom.*

"O my love!" exclaimed St. Augustine. "Jesus Christ has said, 'Eat My body,' that there might be a most intimate union between Him and me. Is not this the folly of love?" St. Magdalene of Pazzi asked a novice what were the thoughts which occupied her in Holy Communion. She replied: "I thought of the love of Jesus."—"That is well," said the saint; "but it is not sufficient to think of that for a short time only; we must think constantly of it."

If Jesus Christ is our daily bread, why do you receive Him so seldom? Live in such a manner that you may be worthy to receive this celestial bread each day.— *St. Ambrose.*

"Nothing so fills our hearts with love for the Sovereign Good as Holy Communion," said the venerable Father Olimpe. Another saint has said that to procure the happiness of uniting herself with Jesus Christ in Holy Communion she would not hesitate to pass through flames of fire to obtain it, if necessary. On the days that St. Catherine of Siena did not receive Holy Communion she was sick; it seemed as if she could not live any longer. When she received Our Lord she was strong again. Let us prepare ourselves for Communion by renouncing all irregular affections, by many spiritual Communions, and by the practice of different virtues.

The time that you pass with devotion at the foot of the altar before Jesus Christ is the time wherein you will obtain most graces, and which will be your greatest consolation at the hour of death and during eternity. There is no place where Jesus Christ hears our prayers more promptly.— *Blessed Henry Suzo.*

St. Magdalene of Pazzi made each day thirty visits to the Blessed Sacrament. St. Louis of Gonzaga passed all his time in the church when obedience did not call him elsewhere. Before leaving the church he would say lovingly: "Retire from me, O Lord; retire from me." It was always

at the feet of Our Lord that the apostle of the Indies rested from his fatigues. Having passed the day in laboring for the salvation of souls, he spent part of the night before the Blessed Sacrament. St. Francis Regis spent his time in like manner. When he found the church closed, he knelt at the door, no matter how severe the cold. St. Francis of Assisi undertook nothing without first going to the church to consult Jesus Christ. The Countess Féria was called the spouse of the Blessed Sacrament, because she spent all the time that the duties of her position permitted in adoration in the church.

Receiving Absolution Before Going to the Battlefield.

To perpetuate a memorable scene enacted at Gettysburg on the second day of that fierce struggle, Mr. Paul Wood, the artist, has been requested by Professor Edwards to paint a picture of the Irish brigade, of Caldwell's First Division, Second Corps, composed of the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, Sixty-Third, Sixty-Ninth, and Eighty-Eighth New York, and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. Patrick Kelly, in the act of receiving absolution from the hands of a Catholic priest, Father Corby. The picture is to be eight by eleven feet, and will be placed in one of the galleries of the "Bishop's Memorial Hall" at Notre Dame, Ind.

The scene will represent what took place on July 2, when the Irish brigade was sent to the assistance of Sickles' Third Corps, at that time defending heroically, Little Round Top. Father Corby, who had accompanied the Army of the Potomac from the first Bull Run, and who was in at the "Round Up" at Appomattox, stood out in front of the Irish brigade and gave each member present absolution, the men kneeling and receiving benediction. Chaplain Corby stood in front of the brigade on a large rock and explained what he was about to do for the soldiers, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition, and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins; urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought, ending by saying the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his country's flag. As he closed his address every man fell on his knees with head bowed down. Then lifting his right hand, Father Corby pronounced the solemn words of absolution. The scene was more than impressive, it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered to witness this unusual spectacle, bursting shells screamed through the air, the roar of battle rose and swelled through the woods, making music more sublime than ever resounded through cathedral aisles.

General Mulholland, a witness of this sublime scene says: "I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave-clothes; in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead. Who can doubt their prayers were good? That heart would be incorrigible indeed that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

The Importance to the Clergy of the Science of Comparative Religion.

We hear a great deal about modern progress. It is said that man is continually rising to higher and higher levels of civilization, and that the age and country in which we live represent the best results thus far attained. But, as a minor chord in this pæan of exultation, may be heard the voices of a few malcontents, who bewail the degeneracy of the times, and claim that the achievements of which we boast were the commonplaces of a prehistoric civilization which we have scarcely begun to emulate. *In medio stat veritas.* That there is much truth in the claims of the minority, cannot be denied.

It does not here concern us to compare the modern and ancient civilizations any further than to note that there is one feature which undeniably distinguishes our own age from all which have preceded it in history. This feature is the progressive unification of mankind. Remote parts of the earth are brought into the closest and speediest communication, and there is a growing reciprocity of trade, of thought, and of influence, between all nations, even those most widely separated in location and culture. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph, are coming into use even in the out-of-the-way corners of the globe, and between them, to use Lord Macaulay's happy phrase, are "annihilating distance."

These material agencies are vehicles of others of a higher order, which work towards the same end. The literatures, even the oral traditions and the household ballads of all nations, are becoming common property, and their books are being interchanged and translated. In this is involved a circulation of ideas which is still farther promoted by the missionaries of the great dynamic religions, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, and Buddhist, who are at once carrying on an energetic propagandism among the adherents of the older and more inert cults, and contesting among themselves every inch of ground at points where they come into contact.

Only one of these creeds, that alone which by all men is called *universal*, has a principle of unity; and, therefore, that one must be the principal gainer by the movement of unification. This consideration inspires the hope of an ultimate realization of the dream of the world's conversion. When this consummation shall have been reached, the circle of human history will be complete. In the primordial ages, before history began to be written, the human race seems to have formed but one family, and to have been united in one religion. The nations, like prodigal children, wandered away from that religion while the world was still young; and now, after the lapse of ages, they are returning to it again, wiser by the experiences of their exile. The story of their wanderings has never been told; their mother knows not when they went, or whither, or why. There is a gap in the history of the Church of God. We have the history of the present dispensation; we have the history of the Synagogue; but the history of the patriarchal Catholicity remains as yet to be written. The science of comparative religion is a questioning of the prodigals regarding their experiences —the collection of materials for the history of the Church of the patriarchs.

But many of the nations which wandered away from the household of

faith before the dawn of history have not yet learned their true parentage, and lift unfilial hands against the mother which bore them. Buddhism and Mohammedanism have their votaries among the learned men of Christian lands; and even in America, astounding as the statement may be, there are persons of the highest culture who are consciously adherents of the lowest form of African Fetichism. In Unitarian churches the pictures of the founders and saints of pagan religions are sometimes placed beside those of our Lord Himself, and equally reverenced. It is becoming truer every day that any religion, to hold its own in the face of modern scholarship, must be able to vindicate its claims, not against a single opposing system, nor against a single group of systems, but against all other cults the world over. The science of comparative religion is, then, in the second place, the form of Christian apologetics most adapted to present exigencies, and the only means of opposing the inroads of pagan religions or of waging successively upon them an aggressive war,

But some of the prodigal children have carried away with them precious family heirlooms. The principal Asiatic nations seem to have never fallen away from ancient civilization, or to have lost the main features of the patriarchal religion. In fact, many of the minute details of their doctrines and ceremonies show such a relation to Catholic doctrine, that they must be considered survivals of the primitive divine traditions. Our own ancestors, on the contrary, were for unknown ages sunk in barbarism, and had forsaken altogether the spirit and practices of the patriarchs. The results of our newly-discarded barbarism manifested themselves in the Middle Ages, in the disorders and corruptions which some short-sighted men have so foolishly attributed to defects in our holy religion. Would we not be justified in saying that some of our present customs and ideas — for instance, the full-dress costume of our society ladies — betray the lingering influence of our pre-Christian savagery?

We certainly cannot deny that among the Oriental peoples many excellent customs may exist, either associated with their present religions or not, which are derived from that period in which the world was united in the patriarchal Catholicity, and the whole structure of society was moulded by the influence of the true religion, untrammelled by pre-established customs, or false and noxious social traditions. Possibly, then, the study of Oriental religions, in connection with the social and other customs to which they have given rise, may guide us in eliminating more of the barbarian element in our own civilization, and in adjusting our manners, our mode of life, and our social organization, more perfectly to the teachings of the Church.

But the prodigal nations have not all been reduced to the level of swine herds, nor have they been idle since their revolt. If they have not accumulated wealth, they have, at least, gained experience. Is it possible for a whole race of civilized men, like the Asiatic Aryans, to give themselves for ages to speculations regarding the profoundest and most recondite of metaphysical and physical problems without contributing something, be it ever so little, to the sum of human knowledge? Science and philosophy have but two classes of material to work with — the truths of nature, attainable by thought and observation; and the truths of grace, revealed to us by our first parents, and committed by our Lord to our holy Mother the Church.

The truths of each order separately must be studied and classified, a duty which belongs to philosophy and natural science on the one hand, and to theological science on the other; and afterwards the two orders of truth must be correlated, and the facts of nature and of man interpreted in the light of them both. The Oriental peoples had the facts of both orders to use, though placed at a disadvantage, by not possessing the truths of revelation in the certainty, completeness, and purity with which they are known to us. If we take into consideration the whole historic period, say three or four thousand years, they have done a vastly greater amount of study and observation than we, and it is quite possible that the very defect of revelation as they possessed it, may have caused them to exploit more thoroughly those revealed truths which they retained, and to bring out some important aspects of their relations to natural truths, which we ourselves, with our wealth of truth, may have overlooked. Be this as it may, we must admit, at least, that if we are ignorant of their work, we cannot by any means be sure that we possess anything like adequate notion of the attainments of the human mind, and still less that we have made these attainments our own. But the Asiatic nations have never lost their hold of the great principle that religion is the most important element of human life; all their speculations, all their literature, all their social customs, centre around their peculiar conceptions of religious truth.

The science of comparative religion is, therefore, in so far at least as it involves the study of the literatures of the Oriental nations, the key to the treasures of natural truth which they have acquired and hoarded since their schism from the patriarchal church, and perhaps since an even earlier date.

To sum up, it is the science of comparative religion, and that alone, by which the early religious history of mankind can be reconstructed, the enemies of Christianity and the defenders of paganism refuted, the fragments of primeval tradition in matters not of Catholic faith gathered together, and the results of the studies and observations of the gentile world compared with, and added to, those of the Jewish and Western Aryan peoples which we represent.

After these considerations it is scarcely necessary to point out of what special importance this science is to the clergy of the Catholic Church. The ecclesiastical historian must depend upon it for the very first pages of the history of religion; the apologist without the weapons it alone can furnish, is powerless to contend with the most advanced and learned of his opponents; the moral theologian and the canonist cannot but gain from it multitudes of useful suggestions; by its means it becomes possible for the dogmatic theologian to compare the theologies of other religions with that of his own; and the Biblical student needs it for a proper comprehension of the pagan religions so often referred to in Holy Writ. Indeed, every priest, even though he be not a theologian or specialist of any kind, would profit by that thorough knowledge of the patriarchal dispensation for which we must depend upon this science.

While the great majority of the clergy must devote themselves exclusively to the cure of souls, there is always a certain number whose special vocation it is to represent the Church in the republic of letters, or to champion it in the world of thought. To these, in particular, it is of the

utmost importance to be equipped in that learning which, as has been observed, is, above all, the distinctive feature of our age. The theologian of the times is he who knows not only theology, but all theologies; who can defend and propagate his own, because he can show wherein all others are deficient, and can demonstrate the true causes of their aberrations. This is by no means the first time that paganism has been made to pay tribute to the Church of God by means of such studies as we are advocating.

One of the first students of comparative religion of whom we know seems to have been the patriarch Abraham — at least if we accept Max Müller's explanation of the plural form of Elohim, the name of God which is used in the very oldest portions of the Pentateuch. His theory is so interesting that the passage containing it is worthy of being transcribed:

"Elohim is a plural, though it is followed by the verb in the singular. It is generally said that the genius of the Semitic languages countenances the use of plurals for abstract conceptions, and that when Jehovah is called Elohim, the plural should be translated by 'the Deity.' We do not deny the fact, but we wish for an explanation, and an explanation is suggested by the various phases through which, as we saw, the conception of God passed in the ancient history of the Semitic mind. Eloah was at first the name for God; and as it is found in all the dialects of the Semitic family except the Phœnician, it may probably be considered as the most ancient name of the Deity, sanctioned at a time when the original Semitic speech had not yet branched off into national dialects. When this name was first used in the plural it could only have signified, like every plural, many Eloahs; and such a plural could only have been framed after the various names of God had become the names of independent deities, *i. e.*, during a polytheistic stage. The transition from this into the monotheistic stage could be effected in two ways: either by denying altogether the existence of the Elohim, and changing them into devils, as the Zoroastrians did with the Devas of their Brahmanic ancestors; or, by taking a higher view, and looking upon the Elohim as so many names invented with the honest purpose of expressing the various aspects of the Deity, though in time diverted from their original purpose. This is the view taken by St. Paul of the religion of the Greeks, when he came to declare unto them 'Him whom they ignorantly worshipped;' and the same view was taken by Abraham. Whatever the names of the Elohim worshipped by the numerous clans of his race, Abraham saw that all the Elohim were meant for God; and thus Elohim, comprehending by one name everything that ever had been or could be called divine, became the name with which the monotheistic age was rightly inaugurated 'a plural,' conceived and treated as a singular. Jehovah was all the Elohim, and, therefore, there could be no other God. From this point of view, the Semitic name of the Deity, Elohim, which seemed at first not only ungrammatical, but irrational, becomes perfectly clear and intelligible, and it proves better than anything else that the true monotheism could not have arisen except on the ruins of a polytheistic faith. It is easy to scoff at the gods of the heathen; but a cold-blooded philosophical negation of the gods of the ancient world is more likely to lead to deism or atheism than to a belief in the one living God, the Father of all mankind, who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if happily they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from each one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also His offspring: —

"*Deus stetit in synagoga deorum in medio autem deos dijudicat.*" (*Psalm lxxxxi. 1.*) *

Making due allowances for the inaccuracies of expression inevitable in a work written from Müller's standpoint, we can hardly help agreeing that the explanation is more than plausible, and we feel almost justified in adding to the title of Father of the Faithful that of Father of Comparative Mythology. Undoubtedly the word Elohim was more readily adapted because of the limit it contains of the doctrine of the Trinity, which is surely implied in the נעשה *faciamus* of Genesis i. 26.

* Chips from a German Workship, vol. i., pages 369-371.

What Abraham did for the Semitic religions of his day, what Clement of Alexandria, and Thomas of Aquin did for the philosophies of Greece, remains to be done for all philosophies and theologies. Every one of them must be brought into the service of the Divine Master. All the gods of the nations must be summoned before the bar of Divine Truth, that the words of the Psalmist may be gloriously verified.

Catholic University, Washington, U. S. MERWIN MARIE SNELL, in Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

Ireland Aided America.

IN a stirring article, appealing for funds to enable the Irish party to return its eighty-five representatives to Parliament, the New York Sun says:

"But not by any means is our appeal confined to Americans of Irish lineage. There never was a time when it was not easy to obtain from all American citizens liberal, and even lavish contributions to the Irish Nationalists' cause. The enemies of the Irishmen are now, as they have always been, our enemies, and the only friends we have in England are those who have determined that justice shall at last be done to Ireland. The British aristocrats and oligarchs, who are inflexibly opposed to granting Ireland self-government, are the same men who but yesterday viewed with malignant satisfaction our controversy with Chili; they are the children of the men who desired to recognize the Southern Confederacy to break up the Union; they are the descendants of the men who, in the early days of this century, kidnapped our sailors and destroyed our commerce, and who, in the resultant war, committed acts of vandalism at Washington, such as they would have been ashamed to perpetuate in any European capital.

"On the other hand, the present English defenders of Ireland are the lineal representatives of the small but able body of Whig patriots, who, headed by Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox, regarded the legislation which provoked the American Revolution as a tissue of blunders and iniquities, and who, in the negotiations leading to the treaty of 1783, dealt with us far more generously than our French allies desired.

"To Irishmen themselves it is impossible to overrate the magnitude of our national indebtedness. When we were weak they were strong, and, in our struggle for independence, they threw their whole moral weight of Ireland upon our side. The sympathy of Irishmen with Americans had, by 1782, become universal and outspoken, and it was their insubordinate and mutinous posture which, more than the surrender of Cornwallis, and more even than the threatening combination of European powers, wrung from George III. a reluctant acquiescence in the loss of colonies which he rightly considered the jewels of his crown.

"Neither did men of Irish birth restrict themselves in our hour of peril to verbal expressions of good will. When our Continental Congress was powerless, and our troops were starving at Valley Forge, the most unstinted contributions for the support of the Continental army came from the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in Philadelphia; and, according to the testimony taken on the conduct of the Revolutionary War before a committee of the House of Commons, one-half of the Continental army serving on the side of the revolting colonies were men who had been born in Ireland.

"That is the way the account stands — we do not say between Irish-Americans and their mother country, but between native Americans and the people which, for upward of a century, have been its zealous and unflinching friends. We do not believe that this city holds to-day a descendant of the men of '76 who, with these facts brought home to him, would not eagerly deal a blow at his old English enemy by succoring his Irish friend. We do not believe that there is in New York a native American banker, merchant, or professional man who, recalling our indebtedness to Irishmen and the rancorous attitude taken by the British governing classes toward this country in the Chilian affair, will not be willing to strike the Tories where they can be most easily hurt, by furthering the speedy triumph of Home Rule."

In Memoriam of Thomas Irwin and Henry Doyle.

DEATH which lately removed on the same day, from the strange, busy scene of this life, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Simeoni, and has just now summoned a third great and eloquent Prince of the Church, Cardinal Mermillod — death during the last days of February, 1892, has, here at home, taken from us two very different men whose names ought to be remembered for their services to Irish art and literature.

Henry Doyle was the son of the famous H. B., whose political caricatures are of historical importance, and the brother of the still more gifted "Dicky" Doyle, the designer of the perennial frontispiece or title-page of Punch, which has, perhaps, been reproduced oftener than any other bit of artistic work whatsoever. It is not easy to mention Richard Doyle without recalling the great and permanent sacrifice he made as an Irish Catholic. When the so-called "Papal Aggression" craze turned the heads of the British public, Punch pandered to the silly bigotry of its patrons by caricaturing the Pope. Though that celebrated journal was the best, and practically the only outlet for Doyle's peculiar genius, he gave up his position on its staff, little thinking that, forty years after, an earnest and uncompromising Catholic, Mr. F. C. Burnand, would fill the editorial chair of Punch. Mr. Henry Doyle's best memorial is the National Gallery of Ireland. He was acknowledged by experts to be among the foremost judges of art in the world; and his discrimination, perseverance, and devotion, enabled him to do wonders with the limited sums at his disposal for enlarging our collection. One of his favorite achievements was the creation of the National Historical and Portrait Gallery. No doubt there soon will be added to it some memento of Henry Doyle himself.

Thomas Irwin was born at Warrenpoint, the seaport of Newry, county Down, in the year 1823. He was thus sixty-nine years of age when he died, in Dublin, on the 20th of February. His father was a physician who died in the poet's childhood. True poet he was outwardly and inwardly, and in the unworldly helplessness of his perpetual struggle with the hardships of life. He published some eight volumes of verse, or of prose which is almost poetry; but we fear that his fame would not suffer if it rested solely on his first slender volume of Versicles published nearly forty years ago. Our opinion of his poetic gifts was put forward when he himself could read it —

as he did. Two long papers were devoted to him at page 757 of our fifth volume, and at page 80 of our sixth; and the copious extracts there woven together justify abundantly, we still think, the conviction expressed in the conclusion of the study, that Thomas Irwin was a true poet of an exceptionally poetical cast, remarkable for his vivid picturesqueness of conception, and only too dainty and too richly poetical in expression. His muse kept utterly aloof from politics and the affairs of common life. Except for affectionate allusions sometimes to Omeath and Rostrevor, and other places consecrated by memories of childhood, one might read his books without knowing he was an Irishman. He never deals with the more solemn concerns of this world or the next. All his literary work was written and published in Dublin. He never seems to have attempted an incursion into the London market. He was not included in Mr. H. D. Trail's recent census of living poets; but we are convinced that the present Laureate's successor will not be as true a poet as the Irishman who has just been laid to rest in the graveyard of Thomas Davis.

Irish Monthly.

Improper Pictures.

THE practice of using tobacco packages as a means of scattering indecent pictures throughout the country has become a crying evil. They are employed as an attraction to draw purchasers for the merchandise. Their appeal is to the baser appetites, to the cravings of a prurient imagination. If such pictures were sold as separate material, the boldness of the immorality would probably call public attention to the evil influences of so questionable a traffic; the motive of the enterprise would be unmistakable. Is the fact of their being mingled with other material sufficient to alter their character? Does it render them any the more harmless?

These nude studies of the female form are scattered by the thousand among all classes of the male sex. They necessarily fall into the hands of youths and young boys. Imagination at their age is active enough without being educated and stimulated. The effect may not, as a general thing, be very marked, but, so far as it goes, it will be productive of precocity. A premature experience will take the place of that simplicity and modesty which nature is slow to dissipate.

Indecent pictures are not permitted to be disseminated through the mail; neither ought their traffic to be fostered under the protection of a state or national license. Such facilities could be, and ought to be withdrawn. A manufacturer of tobacco is not a manufacturer of pictures, and if he prostitutes his legitimate business to the circulation of obscene or indecent or suggestively immodest pictures, he could be suppressed by taking away his license. The business might be limited to those persons who would confine themselves to its legitimate exercise. This policy would not result in extirpating the evil, but it might materially check it, and that is all that legislation can aspire to do in dealing with social evils.

N. O. Morning Star.

THE case of Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., and his wife shows the folly of mixed marriages.

The Waters of the Lee.

O'ER my soul the mystic dreaming
Of that day returns to me,
And I see the bright sun gleaming
In the waters of the Lee.

Cross and spire and turret glowing,
Distant castle, fell, and tree,
Idle sails their gleams bestowing
In the waters of the Lee.

Warm and bright the sun low setting
Left its last good-by to me;
Leaving purpling clouds regretting
In the waters of the Lee. JAMES RILEY.

The Study of Civil Government.

BE what it may, the study of any branch of learning is conducive to good. Some certainly are superior in importance and utility, yet all have their advantages. Many are often inclined to glance with pity, or perhaps with scorn, on that zealous student delving with patient endurance into the depths of some outlandish-sounding ology. They deem his time misspent and all his labors gone for naught. Grumbling old Sapiens smiles at his seeming lack of sense, and shaking his withered head, thin bespent with gray, mumbles a silly malediction on the student. Yet that very disciple of learning, to such wiseacres wondrous stupid, may, in after years, utilize well the knowledge that he gleaned from books and sober thinking. No; nothing is lost. Time employed on any science or study will one day produce its fruits. The wisdom garnered up from studious toil is continually on the *qui vive* to do good. The hours spent amid friendly books will come back unfailingly freighted with a rich argosy.

However much we may vaunt the entire category of science and learning, there is one that, not withstanding its patent worth, and excellency, has been and is more or less unappreciated. It is not geology whose probing hand and scrutinizing glance searches the wondrous earth. It is not astronomy that discloses to our vision the boundless wealth of heaven. It is not physiology that waxes eloquent on the divine formation of the human frame. Nor is it philosophy that shows to us the matchless profundity and strength of our intellectual powers: To none of these do we refer. What study, then, is it that is of such vast import and to which such little regard is paid. The answer may seem trivial to thoughtless minds, but to men of brain it is one of truth and deep consideration. We mean the science of civil government.

The science of civil government! Where is he who does not in some measure know it? With it are we not all acquainted? Is it not inherent in our very selves? Does not the air about seem to whisper continually its principles? Is it not inculcated to us from our very infancy?

A free country, is its knowledge not absolutely necessary? Much, however, we may flatter ourselves on our intimacy with civil government, yet the fact is striking that there are but a scanty few who are even superficially acquainted with it. It is a branch that is wofully neglected in our schools or where it is mentioned in the curriculum, the students and professors alike seem placidly indifferent to its necessity; deeming it, like Egyptology or Syriology, an elegant appendage, and as useless. Such it is considered in many of the colleges, and, no doubt, it is the same in the majority of institutions throughout our land. Catholic educational institutes have been more than once taunted with teaching disloyalty to the constitution and laws of this country. Slavish fealty to the Pope, even to the detriment of civil power, has been thrown up to Catholics as their peculiar prerogative. What more important then, to Catholic schools, than to study with due diligence and zeal the science of civil government. Studying earnestly the laws of our land, the intricate workings of the government, showing thuswise a visible love for the constitution, would be an efficacious means of silencing the tongues of prejudiced and unprincipled termagants. It would prove that Catholics take an interest, warm and active, in the government, and that they are not the hidden emissaries of the Pope, but loyal upholders of the constitution and the laws.

We do not mean to say that Catholic schools are alone derelict. Protestant institutes can likewise bow their heads and murmur, *Peccavimus*. Much and as often as they sneer at Catholics, denouncing them for their lack of loyalty, affirming that the constitution is not even so much as known by them, yet they could well take to heart themselves a great deal of their denunciatory expressions. It is known that till late years even Protestants, constituting, as they do, the vast bulk of our people, were sadly and culpably negligent in regard to the proper study of civil government. What greater evidence of this than that great blunder — the senseless Civil War? Were our constitution and laws rightly understood such a thing as a demoralizing internecine strife would never have furnished material to the historian of our states to swell the rapidly increasing tome. Yet the Civil War had the good effect of opening our eyes to the state of affairs; and, since the close of that dreadful struggle, the study of civil government has been treated with something like the proper consideration.

Our government is young. Scarce more than a hundred years have passed since first it sprung into being. It is not as intricate as governments that boast of centuries of existence. It is perhaps the most perfect in the world. It is the accumulation of the united wisdom of all governments; and, if allowed to add, the *summa perfectio* of human laws. It has been the admiration and the surprise of the noted statesmen of the age. They have examined it, scrutinized it sedulously, and only, after due deliberation, have they affirmed it to be such. How proud then should we feel in possessing such a treasure! It should be our greatest boast. And what humiliation is ours, when asked by foreigners for a brief outlining of the constitution, and we have to plead ignorance of such a knowledge. From a common-sense standpoint, it is vastly of need to every citizen to acquaint himself with the laws of his country. Be the laws just and equitable, he should be acquainted with them, that he may faithfully comply with them;

be they iniquitous and tyrannical, the greater then the necessity of studying them to avoid every trouble, and guard himself against every danger. Here in our land, of vaster importance is it that the citizen should familiarize himself with them. It is he that frames the laws, and is directly amenable to them. Every legalized citizen has his say in the formation of every law; and he should consider it a duty, strictly incumbent on him, as a legislator, to thoroughly comprehend the significancy of every law.

It is comparatively no difficult matter — this study of civil government. Undertaken with a little assiduity and zeal, but a brief time will elapse ere one becomes, at least, conversant with its principal headings. One truly interested and desirous to master this study, will soon find himself proficient, and the gradually unfolding beauty of the theme will burst upon him, and more than compensate for the pains and troubles expended in its perusal.

Many may imagine, however, that it would be a useless waste of time. Are there not lawyers to explain the difficulties, and unfold, if needs be, the mystic arcana of every law? True; but what would we say of that man who would entrust his life to the equivocal promises of one totally indifferent to his fate, when fully able to preserve it himself? Undoubtedly, we would assert, that such carelessness should rightly be punished. There is no reason why the study of civil government should be neglected, because, forsooth, there are a sufficient number of lawyers. Let every man be his own lawyer by studying the laws, and knowing what to do and what to avoid; and, if troubles may arise unintentionally, he will then be well equipped to meet and vanquish them. A democratic land, one knows not when he may be called upon to accept a nomination to a judicial or government office. Disgraceful would it be if it had to be declined through simple ignorance of one's duty. To be dubbed an ignoramus! None would not resent the insult with something stronger than a mere expletive. Yet the name would certainly be applicable to the citizen who is totally deficient of what is so necessary to his social well being — a knowledge of the laws of his land — a familiarity with the science of civil government.

Let the heads of institutions consider well this study. They cannot fail to observe its usefulness. And, unless a love of this study, or unless its rudimentary parts are engrafted in the student, there is little likelihood that, grown to man's estate, he will begin its perusal, — a task that would be supremely irksome and unavailing. Too long have institutions neglected this branch. Too long has it been considered of no practical utility. There is need of a change. It is time to notice its importance; and its importance can alone be recognized by making it a compulsory study, — one that neither professor nor pupil may look upon with utter indifference or ill-concealed contempt. And then our college graduate, with his pompous A. B. or M. A. proudly dangling from his name, need not stand abashed when questioned concerning even the very a b c of such a useful and important study as — civil government.

JOSEPH NOONAN.
Allegany Seminary, N. Y.

A WOMAN is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.

God's Irish Brigade in Great Britain.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Irish Catholic, in England, sends to that paper the following interesting summary of the number of Irish names to be found in the last published list of the clergy of England:

Cardinal Manning once declared that, without the Irish, or persons of Irish descent, there would be no Catholic Church in Great Britain; for parts of Lancashire, parts of Durham, and parts of Northumberland, in England, and districts in Argyle, and the Western Islands of Scotland, are the only regions in which the Faith has lingered, or where the people, like the Irish, withstood persecution and the sword.

All this is already known; but even those proudest of the big battalions of Irish in the Church in Great Britain and British Colonies are unable to realize what an overwhelming majority Ireland's sons and daughters — bishops, priests, and nuns — are in the community of the faithful in England and Scotland, and the British possessions in four continents. In arranging the following lists, I have taken only those names which are obviously Irish, and have omitted many Smiths, and other names, many of the bearers of which are from the Green Island, or descended from Irish parents — certainly very many more than the number of English-born ecclesiastics whom I may have included under names common to both countries.

There are twenty-six archbishops and bishops in Great Britain, and two "English" bishops *in partibus infidelium*, residing in Rome; the Bishop of Liverpool being the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly; the Bishop of Middlesborough; the Right Rev. Dr. Lacy, a native of Meath; and the Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan is one of the two prelates at the Eternal City.

There are ninety-six archbishops and bishops in the colonies and dependencies, thirty-one (probably more) of whom are Irish, or of Irish descent; being — Cardinal Morân, Archbishop of Sydney; Dr. Higgins, Assistant Bishop of same place; Dr. Murphy, Archbishop of Hobart; Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne; Dr. Dunne, Archbishop of Brisbane; Dr. Reynolds, Archbishop of Adelaide; Dr. Colgan, Archbishop of Madras; Dr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax; Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto; Dr. Flood, Archbishop of Port-of-Spain; Dr. O'Byrne, Bishop of Balthurst; Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, Victoria; Dr. Crane, Bishop of Sandhurst; Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, Canada; Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Grafton, N. S. W.; Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Willcannia, N. S. W.; Dr. Gaughran, Vicar-Apostolic, Orange Free State; Dr. Gibney, Bishop of Perth, Australia; Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goulburn, N. S. W.; Dr. Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic, Cape Colony; Dr. Rooney, Coadjutor, same; Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ballarat; Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, N. Z.; Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland; Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, Canada; Dr. O'Mahony, Assistant-Bishop of Toronto; Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Port Augusta, South Australia; Dr. Power, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland; Dr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham, N. B.; Dr. MacSweeny, Bishop of St. John's, N. B.; and the Most Reverend the Archbishop of South Burmah bears the strikingly Burmese name of Joseph Patrick O'Byrne!

But it is when we come to the "English" priests, secular and regular, that we find every Irish county represented, and every Irish clan vying in

the conquest of England for God; and, it must be remembered, that most of the regulars serving in England are absent from amongst the following names, because their religious names are, as a rule, only given, and their surnames seldom printed; but, if inquiry were made of the several orders, it would be found that the proportion of Irish friars and monks to their English brethren would be even larger than that of the Irish secular priests to the total number of secular clergy. The seculars and regulars of Great Britain numbers two thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of those no fewer than eight hundred and twenty-six are Irish soldiers of the Faith. It is curious, and somewhat amusing, to observe how some clans compete, as it were, for the greatest number of missionaries to the British; and I began to feel a mild excitement myself when marshalling the names, as sometimes the Ryans were ahead and sometimes the O'Reillys; and then the same excitement reigned, as either Walsh or O'Kelly led; but at the end the Walshes numbered twenty-two, followed by Clan Kelly with twenty, and the Ryans with eighteen representatives, in the "British" priesthood.

There are three Aherns, three Bannons, ten Barrys, two Blakes, two Bolands, fourteen Bourkes, nine Bradys, five Bradleys, two Brophys, twenty-one Browns, four Brennans, and one of each of the following: Baldwin, Barrett, Beggan, Bonner, Boylan, Breen, and Brody; but, no doubt, there is an English minority amongst the twenty-one Browns. In any case, we can concede a few of our *soggarths*, they are so numerous, for there follow seven Buckleys and five Butlers in this second letter of the alphabet. There is one each from the Caffreys, Cantwells, Carews, Crillys, Currans, Carrigys, Caseys, Cassidys, Clerys, Codys, Curtins, Condons, Conlons, Connells, Connerys, Considines, Cooneys, Corbetts, Corkerys, Corrs, Corrigans, Cosgroves, Costelloes, Coyles, Cranes, Cregans, Crottys, Cuffes, Culhanes, and Cullens; two each of Caldwells, Callanans, Careys, Carmichaels, Carolans, Cusacks, Cologans, Cummins, Currans, and Cooneys; three each of Colemans, Cotters, and Cunninghams; there are four Conways, five Carrs, five Carrolls, five Coghlins, seven Collins, and ten Clarkes in the third part of this Irish roll of honor. There are four each of the Donnellys, Donovans, and Dowlings; two each of Duffys, Downies, and Dwyers; three Duggans, three Dunnes, five Doyles; and of the Donohoes, Doodys, Dorans, Downes, Drumgooles, and Durnans, there is one each, ministering in Britain; the letter E contributing but two names — one Ennis and three Egans. But the F's are strong, there being one each of Fagans, Fallons, Feeneys, Finnegans, Fitzherberts, Flanagans, and Foys; two Fitzpatricks, three Foxes, four each of Fannans, Flemings, and Forans; there are five Flynns, and five Foleys, and seven Fitzgeralds.

Amongst the "English" priests we have the Gallerans, Gallweys, Gaules, Gearys, Giblins, Gibneys, Gildeas, Gills, Gilligans, Greanys, and Griffiths, one each; of Glancys, Grogans, Gradys, and Gormans, two each; and four Grants, and five Griffins. Priests whose names begin with H, make a long list, there being seven Hayes, six Hickeys, six Hogans, four Higgins, four Hughes, three Horrigans, three Hacketts, three Hannans, two Hennessys, two Hanleys; and one of each of these names — Hegarty, Hallahan, Halpin, Hamill, Hand, Harrahan, Hartigan, Hassett, Hayden, Haynes, Head, Heafy, Hearne, Heffernan, Heery, Hennelly, Henry, Hepburne, Holohan, Horan, Horgan, Houlihan, and Hussey.

The letter K is well represented; the Keenans, Keelans, Kierans, Kerrins, and Kilmartins, furnishing one priest each; the Keegans, Kellehers, and Kirwans, two each; the Kearneys, Kirbys, and Kiernans, three each; the Kennedys, Kings, and Kennys, four each; and there are five Kavanaghs. The Lynches are strongest of the L's, having six priests at the aitar in Great Britain; the Lennons and Lawlesses, four each; the Lanes, Loughnans, and Lonergans, two each; and the Lyons, Looneys, Leavys, Lavertys, Lavelles, Larkins, Lanigans, and Lalors, one each.

By Mac and O'
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
And, if they lack
Both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

This is strictly correct, although so many good Irishmen are without the prefixes, through false modesty in not taking what their forefathers dropped, or were refused; but there is an array of "English" priests with "Mac" and "O'" that does one good to read. Here is the roll: MacArdle — I don't know what "M'" means, for, little as "Mc" spells, "M'" spells less — MacBrearty, MacCann, MacCoy, MacDermott, MacDonough, MacGaheran, MacGarritty, MacGeough, MacGee, MacGuinness, MacGuirk, MacCormack, MacKeown, MacLaughlin, MacManus, MacOscar, MacSherry (one each); MacEvoy, MacCartan, MacCartney, MacCloskey, MacDaniel, MacEniry, (two each); MacCabe, MacMahon, MacNamara, MacSwiney (three each); MacGrath, MacMullan (four each); there are five MacKennas; the southern Hy-Nial gives eight MacCarthys, and the northern, in addition to the foregoing, no fewer than ten MacGuires.

The O's number one hundred and forty-four, just double the strength of the Macs, and comes as follows: O'Connor, O'Doherty, O'Dowd, O'Farrell, O'Flynn, O'Grady, O'Hagan, O'Kane, O'Keeffe, O'Laverty, O'Loughlin, O'Malley, O'Shea (one each); O'Halloran, O'Shaughnessy, O'Rourke (two each); O'Carroll, O'Donnell, O'Donoughue, O'Hanlon, O'Leary, O'Toole (three each); O'Gorman, O'Meara (four each); there are five O'Riordans, from Cork or Kerry; and, from six representatives upwards, there is a race between the O's, the O'Callaghans and O'Sullivans tying with seven each, the O'Hares mustering nine for the good work, the O'Neills ten, O'Briens eleven, O'Byrnes twelve, and the O'Reillys muster sixteen, only to be ultimately put in second place by the twenty O'Kellys guarding Christ's banner.

As supports to the "Macs" and "O's," come the Molloys, Morans, Moriartys, Moynihans, Muldoons, Mularkeys, Mulligans, and Murrays, with one priest each; there are two Maloneys, and two Meaneys; the Monaghans, Morrissys, and Mulcahys, send three soldiers each to fight the good fight; four Martins fight as bravely, as well they may with five Meaghers, ten Moores, and sixteen Murphys in reserve to aid them; and the weak N's, — one Nagle, two Noonans, three Nugents, and four Nolans. Father Owens, of Beaumont College, Old Windsor, being the solitary O'-less "O" in the Irish brigade.

Only for Waterford, the P's would cut a poor figure, the two Purcells, one Phelan, and one Prendergast — although Father T. J. Prendergast,

Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, is a magnificent young giant — being weak, indeed, before eleven Powers coming marching into the fight; and there are just four Q's, — one Quin, one Quaid, one Quinlan, and one Quirke.

But if there is only one Tipperary Quirke, there are eighteen Ryans within call, and we know what eighteen Ryans mean in any struggle, spiritual or temporal, not to speak of a Rafferty, two Rooneys, a Regan, a Ring, and a Rogan, backed by six Roches. Munster has all the S's, — Sullivan and Scannell, four each; three Sheehans; Sheehys, Sheils, Sherlocks, two each; and a Slattery, Spillane, Stacy, and Stack; and, with the exception of a Taggart and a Tynan, the southern province sends the rest of the T's, — a Tracy, a Tierney, two Toohigs, and two Toomeys. There are five Vaughans, but, I am told, two at least are English.

Finally, comes the rear guard, to protect the brigade from all surprises — a Whelahan and a Whitty; two Walls, three Wades, three Wards, three Whelans, and four Whites; and, last of all, shoulder to shoulder, the twenty-two Walshes, the strongest company in that Irish brigade of God. Eight hundred and twenty-six Irish priests out of two thousand eight hundred and thirty! — more than one out of three — but, it must be remembered, as previously mentioned, that of the two thousand eight hundred and thirty a very large number are priests of regular orders, whose names cannot be learned from the materials at hand, and that fully half of their number are Irish, or of Irish descent.

I have no means at hand of learning the number of Christian brothers in Great Britain; but I do know that, out of their hundreds, there is only *one* English *confrère* — Brother Augustine, of the college of the order, at Tooting; and five-sixths of the thousands of English-speaking nuns are Irish ladies, the Order of Nazareth being almost composed not only of Irish sisters, but Tipperary sisters to boot.

Reading such a statement as the foregoing, it is impossible not to recognize the splendid work which Irishmen have not only done, but are still doing, in the reconstitution of the Church in Great Britain.

THE Macgillycuddy of the Reeks is, doubtless, a very well-meaning gentleman; and his efforts to interest the public in the question of Irish fisheries are deserving of some commendation. But, when he spoke, at the Fishmongers' Hall in London, a few days ago, his remarks about the absence of Irish priests from the gathering might have been pitched in a more serious key. He is a Protestant landlord, and a Conservative, and as such he ought to have been extremely cautious about venturing on a joke about the Irish Catholic clergy, before a London meeting. He, doubtless, meant no offence, but the fact that he excited roars of laughter from the London fishmongers, by saying that he would have been accompanied by some priests from Ireland if they had not been taken up with the duties of Shrove, and that, if those duties were neglected, there would be nobody to catch fish in Ireland, might have caused him to reflect that he was treading on delicate ground. There is much room for development in the fisheries of Ireland, but the required reform cannot come from individual efforts of men like The Macgillycuddy. It must come from a National effort.

Irish Items of Interest.

All Hallows' College, Drumcondra, has been placed under the direction of the Vincentian Fathers.

At a meeting of Dublin merchants, the Lord Mayor presiding, a strong committee was appointed, consisting of members of the Corporation, of the Loyal Society, and of the Chamber of Commerce, to arrange for an adequate representation at the Chicago World's Fair.

By census returns for the several counties of Leinster, we are enabled to pass in review the whole province. The population, which is now 1,187,760, is 7.1 per cent. less than it was in 1881. The Roman Catholics number 85.2 per cent. of this total, and they have decreased during the decade by 7.6. The number of births registered in the province during the ten years was 291,151; the number of deaths 254,834; and the number of marriages 60,506. The emigration from Leinster since 1881 reached the enormous total of 138,282.

The last of the old Irish schoolmasters, to us famous in tradition, song and story, has passed away in the person of Michael Donnelly, who died at his residence, Main street, Wexford, at the advanced age of one hundred and six years. The deceased was born near New Ross, and spent nearly all the years of his life in Wexford town. He belonged to a race of those old instructors of the people at a time when teaching was criminal on the part of a certain portion of the population. In his day the deceased educated the great bulk of the business men of Wexford, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. The deceased had the honor of being the teacher of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

Kerry. — The population of Kerry, according to the county census returns just issued, has decreased by 10.9 per cent. since 1881, and now reaches the total of 179,136. The inhabitants are almost altogether Roman Catholics, no less than 96.7 per cent. of them being of that religion. The Protestant Episcopalians number 2.8 per cent., and the Presbyterians 0.1 per cent. During the decade ending 1891, the Catholics decreased by 10.8 per cent., and the Protestant Episcopalians by 13.9 per cent., while there was an increase of 49 in the number of Methodists. The progress of education, judging by the increased number who can read and write, and the considerable fall in the percentage of illiterates, has been very marked. In 1881 only 47.7 per cent. of the population could "read and write;" in 1891, 60.6 per cent. could do so. The percentage of illiterates fell, during the same period, from 43.2 to 32.8. Nowhere, perhaps, are the evils of emigration so patent as in Kerry. Since 1881 the enormous total of 50,855 have left the county, or well over 5,000 yearly! And, counting for the past forty years, we have the appalling figure of 173,043. It is not easy to chronicle week after week the continuous drain of the best blood of the country, as shown in the census returns, without a sincere feeling of sorrow, mingled with indignation, against a government that can, in the teeth of such evidence, not only continue its shameless misrule, but actually point to the country as being in a prosperous and healthy condition.

The Irish National Church.

IRELAND'S GIFT TO LEO XIII.

OUR people everywhere will learn with gratification that hopes are not wanting that the Irish National Church, now in course of erection in Rome, may be ready to be opened for divine ceremonies during the proceedings connected with the celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. That the solemn opening of the Basilica of St. Patrick should synchronize with, and form a portion of the proceedings in question, would be indeed a fact of which we should have every right to feel proud. Under such circumstances the beautiful church would become Ireland's jubilee gift to the Sovereign Pontiff — a gift worthy of her who gave, and of him who received. We doubt not that our people here at home, as well as in distant lands, will recognize the appropriateness of such an offering, and, at the same time, the necessity for making every effort to enable its being rendered possible.

To us, the church in question appears to have peculiar claims on the generosity of Irishmen. Its erection means the planting beneath the shadow of the Vatican and of St. Peter's of a standard which will bear the record of Ireland's glories. Other nations may boast victories won on the field of battle, and their flags may droop heavily beneath the burden of their own glory. For Ireland, however, — though such trophies are for her, too, and she has no will to forget them — there is another flag which she can bear into the presence of the Vicar of Christ, with no dread that by so doing she offends in aught against the charity which should reign in the temple of Christian unity. The ensign is one gemmed with the blood of martyrs, and jewelled with the tears of saints; the threads whereof have been drawn from the hearts of a suffering people, and every strand in the warp or weft of which tells of the cruel, dread travail of a tortured land. The day will come when the walls of the Basilica of St. Patrick will serve such end; when, in splendid marble and fretted gold, the story of Ireland's century-long martyrdom will be told on mural pages, which will endure while Rome itself shall last.

It can scarcely be necessary to make appeal to Irishmen everywhere, to be instant and earnest in endeavoring to bring about such result as this. Our people are ready to give, even out of their poverty, for the beauty and adornment of God's temples. On the present occasion they will be, however, as we have just pointed out, fulfilling a double duty. They will be securing the place of Ireland by the tomb of Peter, and by the chair of the Vicar of Christ. Alone amongst the Christian nations she has been, heretofore, unrepresented in the Eternal City by any material memorial of her fidelity to Faith. The time has undoubtedly come to end such a state of things. It is well that the period of its ending coincides with one wherein it is possible for Erin to offer the Sovereign Pontiff a noble and enduring pledge of her fealty and love.

We are glad to learn that the priests of the Augustinian Order, who are now visiting America and Australia, with a view to obtaining the funds necessary for the completion of St. Patrick's, have been able to report a

generous welcome from the Catholics of the rich and prosperous lands whither they have gone on a mission of love. Several of the Irish dioceses have already contributed liberally for the same purpose, and ere long all will have done so. The Catholic press, however, can do much to aid the special effort which is now being made to secure the completion of the church by 1892. Is it too much to ask our brethren of the pen in the great Republic and under the Southern Cross to lend their help in a work which is most fittingly theirs? By its advocacy they can do much towards securing a result of which Ireland may well be proud; and to all who will have assisted in bringing it about she will, undoubtedly, be grateful. The journalists to whom we address these words can do much to smooth the path of the priestly ambassadors who are now within their shores; they can bring before their readers the need which exists for speedy help if it is to be useful; and they can give publicity to the fact that subscriptions may be sent, if so desired, direct to the Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O. S. A., St. Patrick's, Rome, Italy.

[We copy the above from the Irish Catholic and Nation. In our next issue we will give an engraving representing the great church.]

Death of Rev. J. J. Murphy, S. J.

THE death of the Rev. J. J. Murphy, S. J., which took place at the rectory of Trinity Church, Washington, D. C., is greatly regretted. Father Murphy was born in the county Kildare, Ire., on January 17, 1844. He received a classical education at Carlow College that enabled him to matriculate at the early age of eighteen at the famous college of Maynooth, where he studied theology for four years. Coming to this country in 1866, he entered the Society of Jesus on December 24th of that year. After his noviceship at Frederick, Md., he was appointed, in the August of 1868, a professor of Boston College. Here he remained — one year at Holy Cross College, Worcester, excepted — till the summer of 1872, when he went to Woodstock College, Md., to review his philosophy and theology. He was ordained priest in the latter college on June 20, 1874, by Cardinal Gibbons, then Bishop of Richmond; then followed some months of study, and, in the spring of 1875, he came to Georgetown College as lecturer on Christian Doctrine, and prefect. He left Georgetown at the beginning of the scholastic year 1875–76 to become professor of rhetoric in the juniorate at Frederick, an office he relinquished the following year to take the chair of Scripture at Woodstock College. He was then assigned in the summer of 1877 to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Georgetown. He held this position for a year, when he was called to Holy Cross College to become professor of philosophy. Two other years followed at this college as prefect of schools and vice-president, respectively. In 1881, he was appointed for a second time professor of rhetoric at Frederick. In the spring of 1882 he was for a few months minister of Woodstock College. On July 8th of that year he was made rector of Gonzaga College, and pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, this city. He held this office until August 20, 1885, when he was promoted to the responsible position of rector of St. Francis Xavier's College and Church, New York city. He went to Europe in 1888 for the benefit of his health. On his return he was appointed professor of philosophy in Georgetown Col-

lege. He took a leading part in the imposing exercises of the centenary of the college in 1889. In the August of that year he was attached to the staff of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Philadelphia. His last appointment was in March, 1891, when he succeeded the late Father Robert Brady as pastor of Trinity Church, Georgetown. Father Murphy was not only a good theologian and an eloquent preacher, but was deeply versed in modern and ancient literature. His contributions to the Messenger of the Sacred Heart and the Georgetown College Journal gave striking evidence of his excellent literary taste. He was a true friend of the Catholic press. The only book which Father Murphy published was a volume on the Sacred Heart, which ran through several editions. The deceased was well known as a true friend, willing to serve others, even at the cost of personal comfort. He took special interest in the poor, and his charity sermons were powerful appeals in behalf of the suffering. Father Murphy was an exceedingly eloquent preacher and differed in some respects from the majority, as his best discourses were entirely extempore.

The funeral was largely attended. His body was interred in the Georgetown College cemetery, where so many members of the Society of Jesus await the final judgment. May he rest in peace.

Evictions in Free America.

NOTHING is more suggestive of the magnitude of the struggle for existence among the poor of big cities than the eviction figures of New York city, given by a World reporter.

In the year 1890 there were thirty-two thousand and seven proceedings in eviction in the civil justice courts of the metropolis. In the same year the total number of eviction cases in Ireland was eight thousand two hundred and forty-two. There are over one hundred evictions in New York for every working day in the year.

The process of eviction is very simple. The landlord can go to any civil justice court clerk and obtain a "dispossess precept," which is the polite term for a writ of eviction. A city marshal serves it on the persons to be evicted, if he can find them; if not he nails the precept upon the door and goes away. This document summons the tenant to appear in court, and show cause why he should not be evicted, and, failing to do so, his goods are put out upon the street.

The picture drawn by the World man of the scores of wretched creatures constantly before the courts pleading for mercy constitutes an impressive drama, full of pathetic scenes; and the justices who issue the final orders for dispossession in mid-winter, from day to day, must have nerves of steel.

All this is justice in the strict business sense; nor are the harrowing scenes of a crowbar brigade eviction in Ireland present. But that which makes these scenes most painful to reflect upon, is the fact that many of the evicting landlords are themselves boldly evading the law by refusing to comply with sanitary regulations. Many of their rookeries are unfit habitations for human beings, and they refuse to make them otherwise.

The number of evictions from year to year in New York increases at

an astonishing pace. In two districts alone the number in 1891 reached ten thousand four hundred and three; and over thirty-six thousand cases are reported for the whole city, or four times the number recorded in all Ireland during the preceding year.

There is certainly nothing more pressing in the line of philanthropy in our great cities than attention to the habitations of the poor. It is a suggestive fact, that many of the city marshals of New York have lately refused to go into certain districts to serve eviction notices, for fear of contracting contagious diseases.

The "sweating system" investigations now going on are eminently proper. But ultimately the whole broad question of the habitations of the poor in our cities must be grappled with by our public-spirited and philanthropic citizens.

Boston Daily Globe.

A Word for the Irishman.

THE brightest side of the Irishman's character is seldom seen in the States. When he comes to this country, he has to enter the battle of life with many competitors, and fight his way to the front as best he can. People have not time to look under the surface for those fine traces of pathos and feeling which are only exhibited in times of misfortune, sickness, or death. Then, however, the true Celtic nature is seen in all its strength, and the man who was ready to quarrel with you when fortune smiled upon you, is now ready to sacrifice his last dollar to save you from want, or bury you decently, if you have gone the way of all flesh.

The depth and intensity of Irish heart-love is only fully developed in the Green Isle, and there alone it is fully appreciated. Surely men and women who continue to remember friends, neighbors, and relatives, for twenty, thirty, forty and even sixty years, have something lovable in their composition, and yet any one can see in our newspapers from week to week, instances of this love and friendship for relations and companions, who have been lost for many years in this strange land. Thus taking the Boston Pilot of last week, we find inquiry for John Healy of county Waterford, who emigrated to America forty years ago. Poor John is no doubt sleeping in the "narrow house" but his memory has not yet passed away. Next we find inquiry made for Edward Duggan, of county Down, who left the land of his birth sixty years ago! How affectionate must the heart be where Mr. Duggan's memory found a resting-place for sixty years! There, too, is inquiry for Harry O'Neil and William Conlin, who left their native land forty years ago. Is there not something noble and chivalrous in the character of a people who will thus cherish the memory of lost friends, through the average life of two generations? It is their undying love for Ireland, and deep-rooted affection for their kindred, that have made the Irish race so noted in every country on the face of the earth. Their faults are many but their virtues are equally numerous, and while we blame the former, we are in duty bound to credit them with the latter, remembering that the Lord prized David for his loving heart, though he was guilty of many grievous short-comings.

The Catholic Sentinel, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

The Enchanted Mill.

CHAPTER I.

"And ever as the night wears more and more
New groups throng into the mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor;
The wheels redouble their din,
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar,
And the flour o'erflows the binn." — *James Clarence Mangan.*

"THE enchanted mill may sound very odd to your ears; but, sure no wonder it would, sir, for didn't I hear you confess a while ago that you had no belief whatever in the power o' the 'good people' — in fact, you almost as good as said there never was such beings in existence — but I'll go bail when you hear me through to the end of my story, you'll be purty well cured o' your disbelief — that is, barrin' you're an out an out haythen intirely.

"Many years ago, sir, there lived in these parts a miller's daughter, by the name of Honor O'Neill. She was the most beautiful crature in the four provinces. She had good luck on her side, too, for whatever she touched or handled turned into money, or its value at laste. Her father owned a big mill, but as Honor was the lucky star o' the family, she was appointed to take charge of everything, because when she gave orders to the work-people in the mill, prosperity was always sure to follow. She controlled fifteen acres of rich land, as well as the mill, and through the charm she was said to possess, all the rent her father had to pay for the farm, was sixpence an acre, as long as the mill wheel turned.

"An' besides the mill, an' the fine acres, they had sheeps, pigs, an' cattles galore. But as I towld you before, everything Honor put her hand to was sure to thrive; and if any o' the men employed in the mill chanced to let any oatmeal or flour dhrop on the floor in the darkness o' night, why, sir, before the first peep o' light the next mornin,' 'twould be all gathered up an' put into the binns where it belonged, an' the place where it fell would be swept till it looked just as clane an' bright as a new pin.

"Now it happened that there was one o' the miller men who, like yourself, sir, hadn't a grain o' faith in the power o' the fairies. So one day after his work, a notion got into his head just before lockin' up the room for the night, to shake down a big sack o' flour in one corner o' the mill, just to test the power o' the 'good people;' with that, he began to grin, as he said to himself, 'I think the fairies, with all the respect they have for young Honor O'Neill, will hardly condescend to clear up that big hape o' flour an' put it into the binn before mornin'.' After that clever schame, as he thought it, he went to bed, but he couldn't get a single wink o' sleep that night — he couldn't even close an eye. There was something troublin' him that he was at a loss to account for. His bed was in one o' the lofts, but as he could find no rest, up he gets and strolls out foreninst the mill door. There was a bright moon that night, casting her bames on the mill stream. Well, sir, there stood my bowld boyo, with his cunning eyes fixed on the frothy dash o' the wather over the dark mill-wheel, and watchin' the shadows o' the green trees in the strame, an' wondering to himself where all the wather

came from, and where it went to, when all of a sudden, what should he hear but a great whiz — whir — buz — roo, goin' on inside o' the mill itself, but instead o' havin' the knowledge an' common sense to understand the rale cause o' the hub-bub, he says to himself, 'Tis the rats! 'Tis the rats!' So straight away he walks up to the door, from where the noise came from, an' peepin' through a big chink that was in it, he soon changed his tune; an' maybe he didn't turn pale at what he spied goin' on inside the room before his eyes, an' small blame to him, for if there was one, there was at laste three regiments o' downy little cratures no bigger than the stem o' this pipe that's in my hand, workin' away as busy as nailers, filling the flour into every binn, big an' little, that came to their hands. Yes, sir, the little men an' women, young an' ould, worked hard an' fast, an' all the while there was something over this curious miller, so heavy an' strong, that he hadn't the power to move hand or foot — indeed, he would have given the whole kingdom, if it was his own, to be back again in bed, but the villain couldn't budge an inch. At last, when the little people got through with their work, an' swept the floor o' the mill, whoo! Open flies the door, an', would you believe me, sir, without as much as sayin' 'by your lave,' they grabbed howlt of him, and, before he knew where he was, tied him hand an' foot an' whipped him off to the mill strame, proddin' him with pins an' pinchin' him, till he hadn't a sound bone left in his body. An' when he came to himself the next mornin' he began to repent his curiosity, for, to tell you the truth, he was more dead than alive."

. . . . . .

CHAPTER II.

"But with the morning's pearly sheen
This ghastly hub-bub wanes,
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window panes;
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power —
'Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground,
Come hither and take your flour!'"— *Mangan.*

"THE next morning, sir, it wasn't long before the news of how Honor O'Neill's work would all be done by the 'good people' was spread far an' wide, and it created such a big sensation through the land, that very soon after a fine, handsome, strange, young man came from a distant part of Ireland, to thry an' win the miller's purty daughter for his wife. Now it was said that from the very first minit this strange young man came near the mill, Honor O'Neill couldn't walk a step in her own flower-garden without hearin' sighs an' lamentations out of every flower that grew in the place, an' as to the young man himself, the quarest tricks were played upon him. If he attempted to make a beautiful speech, he would be saized with a fit of stammerin' till he wasn't fit to say boo to a goose; and, again, if he tried to ait a potato, by the time he got it on the top of his fork, there it would stop, an' if he was starvin' with the hunger he could get it no farther. And another time, if he was going to sit down, the stool would be whipt from under him, an' down he'd fall on the floor as flat as a floundher. Now, wasn't that mighty strange? For all that, there was some sort of enchant-

ment over Honor O'Neill that was even stronger than the influence of the 'good people.' So strong, in troth, that before many months went by, she was engaged to be married to the strange young man. An' before the weddin' took place, she settled all the property she was worth upon him. At length the weddin' day arrived, an' 'tis said that she was the loveliest bride that ever was seen; her blue eyes were shining like diamonds, an' the leaf near the heart of the purtiest June rose wasn't purer than the blush on her young cheeks. But, sir, the words that made them husband an' wife was hardly spoken, before the veil of delusion fell from her eyes. The spell was broken. It was then she began to see for the first time that it wasn't herself, but her house an' land, that the strange young man was so deeply in love with. Still, she had her kin, some o' the proud race o' the O'Neills, to stand up an' take her part, an' troth, they would have stretched the villain where he stood but for the kind-hearted old priest, who did all he could to save him. After that, the beautiful young bride left the chapel along with the bridesmaids, an' led the way into the little flower-garden near the mill strame. She then sat down to rest on a mossy bank; it was a still, warm night, an' the moon was peepin' down at her from behind a soft, white cloud, an' the mill-wheel was turnin' an' dashin' the wather off into a thousand sparkles. Poor Honor sat quietly rocking herself backward and forward, saying nothing at all, but just thinkin' to herself how simple-minded she had been to throw away the riches that properly should be kept in the family o' the O'Neills. There she sat moanin' an' sighin', with the moonbames lightin' up her beautiful features, saying to herself:

"'Ochone! 'tis too late — too late, too late.' The bridesmaids were lookin' on all the while out o' pure pity for poor Honor. They thought it very strange an' mournful, but they didn't attempt to interrupt her. There they sat whisperin' to one another, sayin' how mighty odd it was that the mill-wheel never stopped. 'Don't you know there's a prophecy' says one o' them, 'that if the wheel was to stop for any length of time, the property of the O'Neills will be lost to them forever!'

"Well, sir, as soon as them words were said, a lull seemed to come over them all, an' what should they spy but a great white sheet, as thin as if it was made of spiders' webs, comin' down an' coverin' from their view, the darlin' young bride, Honor O'Neill. It glittered for all the world like a silver cloud. The next minute they heard a rush through the air, an' the softest an' sweetest music, an' the shining screen folded itself an' floated up till it reached the sky. The eyes o' the bridesmaids were so fixed on it that they forgot all about poor Honor, so when they looked down again she was nowhere to be seen. The mossy bank where she sat moanin' was still there, but Honor O'Neill herself was gone forever. The mill-wheel was stopped, an' to this day the strongest man in Ireland isn't able to turn it. The strange young man had to pack up his traps an' lave, without either money or bride. There's the ruin standin' in the same spot, an' 'twill always be known as the Enchanted Mill." BARRY O'CONNOR.

"WHY do you carry your purse in your hand," asked a husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

The Betrayer of the United Irishmen.

A VERY important contribution to the voluminous literature of the period which immediately preceded the Act of Union, has just made its appearance. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, whose industry, in sifting the vast mass of state papers and documents, in which lies buried the real history of Ireland, has already fructified in several valuable works, has now given to the public what is likely to prove to be the most remarkable achievement of his historical investigation. Secret Service Under Pitt (London: Longmans), is the title of the work, and it is almost picturesquely expressive. Mr. Fitzpatrick professes to have supplied a companion volume to Froude's English in Ireland, and Lecky's great work. The Secret Service is that and something more. Its author tells us that he had originally intended to entitle the work, A Lanthorn Through Some Dark Passages, With a Key to the Secret Chambers. It certainly sheds a strong light upon deep recesses that have remained hitherto unexplored. Secret doors have been opened, and stones, coated with the moss and grime of ages, turned over, and the sights revealed are slimy, repulsive, and sickening. For example, one of the mines upon which Mr. Fitzpatrick recently alighted, were papers, ranging from 1795 to 1805, which filled two iron-clamped chests in Dublin Castle, guarded with the government seal, and bearing the words "Secret and Confidential. Not to be opened." These chests were for a long time familiar objects exteriorly; and when it was at last permitted to disturb the rust of lock and hinge, we can well conceive that peculiar interest attended the exploration. Among the contents were one hundred and thirty-six letters from the notorious Francis Higgins, substantially supporting all that Mr. Fitzpatrick had said in the celebrated work in which he portrayed the arch-informer's career.

But the most notable feature of the present volume, is its revelation in connection with the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In various instances throughout the work, as we are promised in the preface, a veil will be found lifted, or a visor unlocked, revealing features which prove a surprise. But students of that ghastly time of abortive patriotic effort, infamous and dastardly treachery, broken hopes, wholesale subornation of perjury, judicial murder, and Ministerial crime, will discover fresh and even sensational interest in the clear identification of an informer, whose name and features have for a century remained clouded in mystery. Readers of Froude's English in Ireland will remember how, towards the close of that work, the author relates a story of the betrayal of the plans and organization of the United Irishmen, "remarkable," as Mr. Froude himself describes it, "for the ingenious perfidy with which it was attended, for the mystery which still attaches to the principal performer, and for his connection with the fortunes and fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

One night, as we are told, early in October, 1797, a person came to the house of Lord Downshire, in London, and desired to see him immediately. Lord Downshire went into the hall, and found a man muffled in a cloak, with a hat slouched over his face, who requested a private interview. He was taken into the library, and when he threw off his disguise, the visitor was recognized as the son of a gentleman of good fortune in the North of

Ireland, with whom Lord Downshire was slightly acquainted. The two men speedily understood each other; the informer, who was in the confidence of the leaders of the revolutionary movement in Ireland, and steeped to the lips himself in its work, was able to divulge everything that was worth knowing in the organization, for which he received his ample reward, and his stipulation for absolute secrecy was marvellously kept. Throughout all the historical correspondence he appears as Lord Downshire's "friend." Mr. Froude's work has been for several years before the world; it has passed through various editions.

Thousands of readers have been interested by his picture of the muffled figure, gliding at dark, to breathe in Downshire's ear most startling disclosures, but no attempt to solve the mystery enshrouding it has, until now, been made. The person, Mr. Fitzpatrick declares, was no other than Samuel Turner, Esq., LL. D., barrister, of Turner's Glen, Newry — one of the shrewdest heads of the northern executive of the United Irishmen. Turner's name never appeared in any printed pension list, and his name was kept so close a secret that the members of the cabinet — save and except Pitt — never knew it. Mr. Fitzpatrick solves the mystery, and the narrative concerning Turner is full of wide historic interest. Froude has suggested that we may find behind the mask of Lord Downshire's visitor, the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but Mr. Fitzpatrick shows that this suggestion is erroneous. He fixes the crime of the traitor's act upon one Francis Magan, M. A., son of a woollen draper in High street, the friend and boon companion of Higgins. From this glance at Mr. Fitzpatrick's new volume, it will be seen it is one of surpassing interest. It exposes the hideous infamies under which the blood of Irish patriotism was spilt, and the means which were adopted to pave the way for the Union. It is the historical verification of the late Judge O'Hagan's familiar lines:

"How did they pass the Union?
By treachery and fraud,
By slaves who sold their land for gold,
As Judas sold his God."

The Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Ire.

The Late Bishop Loughlin.

We give in this issue of our Magazine a biographical sketch of the life and labors of the great Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y. A successor has been appointed to succeed in the person of Mgr. McDonnell, secretary to Archbishop Corrigan. Telegrams and letters of congratulations have been steadily pouring in every day since the official announcement of his promotion was made public. Nearly every priest of the Brooklyn diocese has either sent a message of congratulation, or made a personal call upon the bishop-elect. The different sees throughout the country have all sent well wishes to Dr. McDonnell. Nothing has been definitely settled concerning the consecration, but it is the general opinion that it will take place early in May, His Grace Archbishop Corrigan officiating. A well-known layman of Brooklyn, when seen by a representative of The Catholic Review, said: "I have closely followed the career of our new bishop, and, although I am not one of the 'I told you so class,' yet I always thought that, sooner or

later, Dr. McDonnell would receive a mitre. I have had the honor of a personal acquaintance with the late Bishop of Brooklyn, and I can assure you, that Dr. McDonnell is just the kind of a man he would select for the position." After expressing great regard for Mgr. McDonnell's great learning and tact, my informant concluded by saying, "mark my words, although he will be the youngest, he will take a place in the front rank of the hierarchy of the United States." The sentiments expressed above voice the opinions of the clergy and people, as it is the unanimous belief that Dr. McDonnell will ably fill the position left vacant by the death of the first Bishop of Brooklyn. The new bishop will be consecrated by Archbishop Corrigan at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the 20th of April.

Berry and Barr—The Hangman Resigns.

In consequence of the recent order, authorizing the medical officers of her Majesty's prisons to decide on the length of drop required for a condemned prisoner, Berry, the public executioner, has resigned his position. The following is a copy of the remarkable letter sent to the Home Secretary, to be forwarded to the high sheriffs of the different English counties :

1 Bilton Place, City Road, Bradford, Yorks, March 4, 1892.

To the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, Q. C., M. P., Home Secretary, Whitehall, London. *Dear Sir*—I herewith tender my resignation as executioner for Great Britain. My reason is on account of Dr. Barr interfering with my responsible duty at Kirkdale Jail, Liverpool, on my last execution there. I shall therefore withdraw my name now as being executioner to England. Trusting this will be accepted by you on behalf of the sheriffs of England—I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant, James Berry, Late Executioner of England.

Berry, in the course of a conversation with a "Lloyds" representative, stated that the reason of his resignation was the interference he had received from prison doctors in regard to the length of drop he considered necessary. In a recent case he had arranged for a three feet six inches drop, and on arriving at the prison he found that the medical attendant had decided on one of six feet eight inches. "Very well," said Berry, "you do as you like; but if the man's head is cut off, I'll never hang another one." In spite of the warning thus conveyed, the medical officer, who, in a private letter bears testimony to Berry's efficiency, insisted on his directions being carried out. As Berry had foreseen from an experience gained in over two hundred executions, the prisoner was decapitated on the fall of the drop, and he therefore tenders his resignation, as he is unable to find who is responsible for the order of which he complains.

Berry stated that he would commence a lecturing tour through England. The subject of his lecture will be "Capital Punishment," in which he will deal with both sides of the question. In America he said he had already received guarantees for one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, for twenty lectures, and his experiences will also be embodied in a book, which will shortly be published. In regard to his professional work, there are two points on which Berry specially prides himself. These are the abolition of steps to the scaffold, which inflicted unnecessary suffering on the criminal, and the addition of a spring, to prevent the rebounding of the flaps of the scaffold on the withdrawal of the bolt. Under the old system

followed by Calcraft, Marwood, Binns, and other executioners, the doors of the trap sometimes used to fly back and batter the head of the criminal, as the body fell into the pit. This is now averted by Berry's invention, which has thus robbed a very gruesome ceremony of at least one of its worst details. Personally, Berry is a strong opponent of capital punishment, and expresses a hope that he may live to see the day when it will be expunged from the statute book.

Bishop Ludden on Dancing.

THE Lenten pastoral which was read in the churches of the See of Syracuse, N. Y., by order of Right Rev. Bishop Ludden, was devoted exclusively to the subject of dancing. It says there are repeated violations by Catholics, of the Church regulations against dancing, and that the sin is often coupled with drunkenness. "The manners approved and adopted in the modern dance as graceful and artistic, would not be tolerated outside of the dance and its accompanying sensuous music, by persons of the simplest and crudest notions of good morals and decorum. It is primarily and intrinsically, an unintellectual, animal, and sensuous form of amusement, instinctively indulged in by the grossly superstitious and untutored savages of every country and every clime. Still, I do not urge or even suggest a crusade against the dance. I know that nice people, and good people, and, in fact, all sorts of people, dance, and do so on all occasions. In fact, you cannot trust your presence in any social gathering, unless you are prepared to be unceremoniously brushed into some useless and obscure corner to make room for the dance. It were imprudent, then, and to no purpose, to inveigh against a habit so universal. You cannot successfully swim against a strong current. Better remain on dry ground, and industriously try to save from the torrent, the driftwood that turns aside in its eddies or is tossed up by the violence of the swollen stream. Moreover, dancing is not in itself an evil, and cannot be universally condemned as such. But since it is most certainly a profane and dangerous amusement, because of its accompanying fashions, forms, and familiarities, the Church forbids it in connection with any Christian, charitable, or Catholic name; and no society honored with the name Catholic, can honestly or lawfully bring the name into dishonor by connecting it with a ball or dance."

THE English Catholic Directory, edited by Canon Johnson, gives some interesting statistics of the Church in Great Britain. In England and Wales there were, at the beginning of the year, 17 archbishops and bishops, 2,573 priests, 1,362 churches, chapels, and stations. Scotland had six archbishops and bishops, 356 priests and 388 churches, chapels and stations, The Catholic church in England is strong in the higher and better educated classes. There is a list of ninety-two Catholic peers and baronets, one, Lord Petre, being a priest. In the House of Commons there are eighty-four Catholic members. The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,357,000; Scotland, 343,030; Ireland, 3,549,956. With the Catholics in the British colonies, the total number of Catholics under the British flag is probably about ten millions; and with those in the United States we have a total of about twenty-two millions in English-speaking countries.

Easter Sunday.

"O Death! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" 1. Cor. xv. 55.

"No man taketh away my life from me: I lay it down, of myself, I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again." (St. John, x. 18.) Thus spoke our Redeemer to the Jews before His Passion; now is the hour for the fulfilment of His words, and death shall feel their whole force. The day of light, Sunday, has begun, and its early dawn is struggling with the gloom. The soul of Jesus darts from the prison of Limbo, followed by the whole multitude of the holy souls that are around Him. In the twinkling of an eye, it reaches and enters the sepulchre, and reunites itself with that Body, which, three days before, it had quitted amidst an agony of suffering. The bruises have disappeared, the blood has been brought back to the veins; and from those sacred limbs which had been torn by scourging, from those hands and feet that had been pierced with nails, darts forth a dazzling light that fills the cave. The holy angels had clustered round the stable, and adored the Babe of Bethlehem; they are now around the sepulchre, adoring the Conqueror of Death. They take the shrouds, and, reverently folding them up, place them on the slab, whereon the Body had been laid by Joseph and Nicodemus.

But Jesus was not to tarry in the gloomy sepulchre. Quicker than a ray of light through a crystal, He passes through the stone that closes through the entrance of the cave. Pilate had ordered his seal to be put on this stone, and a guard of soldiers is there to see that no one touches it. Untouched it is, and unmoved, and yet Jesus is free! Thus, and whilst this Jesus, this Man-God, thus breaks the sceptre of death, the still of the night is unbroken. His and our victory has cost Him no effort. O Death! where now is thy kingdom? Sin had made us thy slaves; thy victory was complete, and now lo! thou thyself are defeated! Jesus, whom thou didst exultingly hold under thy law, has set Himself free; and we, after thou hast domineered over us for a time, we, too, shall be free from thy grasp. The tomb thou makest for us, will become to us the source of a new life, for He that now conquers thee is "the First-born among the dead," and to-day is the Pasch, the Passover, the deliverance, for Jesus and for us His brethren. He has led the way, we shall follow; and the day will come when thou, "the enemy," that destroyest all things, shalt thyself be destroyed by Immortality (1 Cor. xv. 26). Thy defeat dates from this moment of Jesus' resurrection, and, with the great Apostle, we say to thee, "O Death! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?"

But the sepulchre is not to remain shut; it must be thrown open, and testify to men that He, whose lifeless Body lay there, is indeed risen from the dead. As when our Jesus expired on the cross, so now, immediately after His resurrection, an earthquake shook the foundations of the world; but this time it was for joy. "The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. And his countenance was as lightning, and his raiment as snow. And for fear of him, the guard are struck with terror," and fall on the ground "as dead men." God has mercy on them; they return to themselves, and quitting the dread sepulchre, they hasten to the city.

Meanwhile, our risen Jesus has been seen by no mortal eye. He has sped to His most holy Mother. He is the Son of God; He is the vanquisher of death, but He is, likewise, the Son of Mary. She stood near Him to the last, uniting the sacrifice of her mother's heart with that He made on the cross; it is just, therefore, that she should be the first to partake of the joy of His resurrection. The Gospel does not relate the apparition thus made by Jesus to His Mother, whereas all the others are fully described. It is not difficult to assign the reason. The other apparitions were intended as proofs of the resurrection; this to Mary was dictated by the tender love borne to her by her Son. Both nature and grace required that His first visit should be to such a Mother, and Christian hearts dwell with delight on the meditation of the mystery. There was no need of its being mentioned in the Gospel; the Tradition of the Holy Fathers, beginning with St. Ambrose, bears sufficient testimony to it; and even had they been silent, our hearts would have told it to us. And why was it that our Saviour arose from the tomb so early on the day He had fixed for His resurrection? It was because His filial love was impatient to satisfy the vehement longings of His dearest, and most afflicted Mother. Such is the teaching of many pious and learned authors; and who that knows aught of Jesus and Mary could refuse to accept it?

But who is there would attempt to describe the joy of such a meeting? Those eyes that had grown dim with wakefulness and tears, now flash with delight at beholding the brightness which tells her Jesus is come. He calls her by her name, not with the tone of voice which pierced her soul when He addressed her from the cross, but with an accent of joy and love, such as a son would take when telling a mother that he had triumphed. The Body, which three days ago, she had seen covered with blood, and dead, is now radiant with life, beaming with reflections of Divinity. He speaks to her words of tenderest affection, He embraces, He kisses her his Virgin Mother. Who, we ask, would dare to describe this sacred scene, which the devout Abbot Rupert says so inundated the soul of Mary with joy, that it made her forget all the sorrows she had endured.

Nor must we suppose that the visit was a short one. In one of the revelations granted to the seraphic St. Teresa, our Lord told her, that when he appeared to his blessed Mother immediately after his resurrection, he found her so overwhelmed with grief that she would soon have died; that it was not until after several moments had passed, that she was able to realize the immense joy of his presence; and that He remained a long time with her, in order to console her.

THE queer case of John Sousley, a farmer living near South Bend, Ind., is attracting much attention. Sousley follows threshing in season, and quit last September with a badly imflamed eye. It had pained him continually since until, the 23d of last month, an oculist found that a grain of wheat had lodged in Sousley's eye, and its growth had forced a passage up between the scalp and the skull, and had found an outlet near the apex of the right eye. The stalk was carefully removed and transplanted to a hot-bed, where it is expected to grow. Sousley is doing finely.

Notes on Current Topics.

MAY — Month of Mary Immaculate.

THE importance of Catholic literature and the Catholic press must not be forgotten. They are schools; and schools not only for the days of youth, but for the entire time of life, and they deserve and should obtain, our warmest encouragement. — *Archbishop Ireland.*

THE Lætare Medal, — the crowning honor within the province of the University of Notre Dame, — has been bestowed upon Mr. Henry F. Brownson, LL.D., of Detroit, Mich., this year. A worthy son of a worthy father, Dr. Brownson is now, in thought and word and act, a leader among the Catholic laity; and from his discretion, judgment, and zeal, much has been realized, and much is expected.

As a result of General Miles's recent visit to Washington, it is stated that thirty-five hundred United States troops will be ordered to Chicago, to take part in the dedicatory services of the World's Fair. They will come from various Western posts. The United States Band will also be there.

THE Brazilian Government intends to make a magnificent display at the Chicago Exposition, and will invest not less than a half a million dollars in carrying out the plans for its representation. It is proposed not only to erect a building in which to display the magnificent resources of Brazil, but to surround that building with practical illustrations of the methods of agriculture and industry. There will be a sugar mill in operation, a coffee quinta, at which the method of gathering and curing coffee for the market will be illustrated; and the manner in which rubber is gathered and prepared for market will be shown in a similar way. There will be also several facsimiles of native huts, with native families living as they live at home, and pursuing their industries. It is proposed also to have the National Band of Brazil in attendance.

FIRST MASS IN MARYLAND.— In March, 1634, the Maryland colonists reached Chesapeake Bay, and landed on St. Clement's Island, where Mass was celebrated, March 25, for the first time in that colony. Father White, the Jesuit, in his Story of the Journey (Relatio Itineris), says: "This had never been done before, in this part of the world. After we had completed the sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great cross which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the governor and his associates and the other Catholics, we erected a trophy of Christ, the Saviour, humbly reciting on our bended knees, the Litanies of the Sacred Cross, with great devotion." This was the founding of the "Land of the Sanctuary," as Maryland came to be called, a land where all were free.

A "PATRICK'S DAY" INCIDENT.— An incident of the St. Patrick's Day celebration occurred in Savannah, Ga., during the parade of the "Irish Jasper Greens." Captain Flannery had halted the company on Liberty street, near East Broad. It was at rest, when the beating of a drum was heard on one of the side streets. A moment later a colored funeral procession, with an escort of colored soldiers, wheeled into the street in front

of the "Greens." Captain Flannery immediately brought the company to "Attention," and gave the military salute to the escort. The incident was an unusual one. It is probably the first time, since the war, that a white and a colored military company have met on the streets of Savannah. The manner of the meeting shows the strict adherence to discipline that is enforced in the companies of the First Regiment. The salute was required by military usage, and it was given with the same respect with which it would have been given to a superior command.

THE most beautiful of all prayers is the Lord's prayer, which teaches how to pray, and what to pray for.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying that they made a man forget all his other troubles.

MR. N. R. O'CONNOR, who is appointed to succeed Sir John Walsham, at Pekin, and thus bounds from fifteen hundred pounds per annum to fifty-five hundred pounds, is one of the most fortunate as well as ablest of the men in the Diplomatic Service. He was only promoted to the rank of Secretary of Legation in 1883, and was sent in that capacity to Pekin. While there the Minister, the late Sir Harry Parkes, died, and Mr. O'Connor was left in charge of British interests during the critical period when Upper Burmah was annexed to the British Crown. In 1886, soon after the retirement of Prince Alexander from Bulgaria, Mr. O'Connor was sent to Sophia as agent and Consul-General, where he has had ample further opportunities of exhibiting his capacity. Mr. O'Connor is an Irishman and a Catholic.

MONDAY, February 22, the rector of the North American College gave a small banquet in honor of the birthday anniversary of the "Father of his country," George Washington, in homage to whose illustrious memory the flag of the American Republic floated above the entrance to the college. Amid the guests present were Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; the Consul-General for the United States, Bourne; Colonel Windsor, of Boston, Mass.; Messrs. Maynard and Cochran, of Marquette; Phelps, of Montana; Dahlgren, of Washington; A. J. Tuckerman, of New York; Speakman, of Philadelphia; J. S. Heywood and G. W. Millen, of Rome, and others. Speeches, proper to the occasion, were pronounced by Archbishop Ireland and by Consul-General Bourne, highly applauded by the patriotic auditors. The assemblage was purely American in character; no other nationalities being amid the invited guests.

REV. FATHER MCNAMARA, assistant pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Charlestown, Mass., has been appointed by His Grace Archbishop Williams, pastor of the parish of Saxonville, Mass. The Charlestown people will be sorry to lose such a good priest as Father McNamara has proved himself to be.

RESPECT yourself first if you wish others to respect you. Never belittle anybody, better do like the assessor who never under rates any one.

A STATUE of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman is to be presented to the United States Government by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and Congress is to appropriate fifty thousand dollars for the selection of an appropriate site upon which to place that tribute of his old soldiers to their commander.

IRISH VILLAGE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—An interesting feature of the Chicago exhibition is to be an Irish village, an exact reproduction of those existing on the west coast of Ireland. In each cottage some industry, such as weaving, spinning, embroidering, lace-making, or wood carving will be seen in active operation by Irish peasants. An Irish round tower, a ruined castle, and a large Celtic cross will be the features of the village street.

THE Catholic Columbian: The right man to edit a Catholic paper is one who is fit for the work, whether he has received Holy Orders or Matrimony. Each sacrament, in its way, adds to his fitness, but the whole seven would not make a good editor out of a dolt. —— The son of a printer is to be the next Bishop of Brooklyn. The Catholic Church is the most democratic of institutions. It is no respecter of persons. It honors merit wherever found. Its first leaders were fishermen, and, along through the centuries, it has taken men from the humblest walks of life to clothe them with its purple. —— From a study of Hoffmann's Catholic Directory, for 1892, we learn that there are published in the United States one hundred and seventy-seven Catholic papers. Of these, one hundred and fourteen are printed in English, thirty-seven in German, fifteen in French, five in Polish, one in Spanish (Las Vegas, N. Mex.), one in Portuguese (San Jose, Cal.), one in Italian (New York), one in Bohemian (St. Louis, Mo.), two in Hollandish (both at Depere, Wis.) One hundred and twenty-two are weeklies; three are dailies; others are monthlies, bi-monthlies, quarterlies, etc. The State of Ohio is represented by ten Catholic papers.

THE Western Watchman: Our venerable Archbishop of St. Louis enjoys excellent health, and has resumed his walks. When spoken to recently on the subject of a coadjutor, he said he wished all *coadjutation* to cease during Lent. —— It is a singular fact that all the Catholic papers edited by priests in this country, took little part in the late controversy on the school question, beyond an occasional smile at the fury of the onslaught. The battle was confined to the drummers and fifers of the Church's raw recruits. It was very noisy, but no blood was spilt.

THE construction of the world's longest railroad is progressing rapidly along the river valleys, and across the steppes of Siberia. The western extremity of the road is the mining town of Miask, on the eastern side of the Ural range, and its eastern terminus is at Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan, making a total length of 4,785 miles, which is nearly twice the length of the Canadian Pacific. It will cost $183,350,000.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has received a letter from Bishop Beffl, of Carthagena, Colombia, in which the Bishop promises to send a bell seven hundred and eighty-eight years old for exhibition at the World's Fair, and the Bishop says that an inscription about its rim, in Spanish reading, "Mary Conceived Without Sin," seems to support the theory that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was believed in centuries ago and accepted.

MOST REV. WILLIAM SMITH, Archbishop of Edinburgh, Scotland, died, March 16, at the archiepiscopal residence, St. Beunet's, Greenhill, Edinburgh. Archbishop Smith was born on July 3, 1819, and was consecrated an archbishop on October 28, 1885. The See of St. Andrew was founded before

900. It was erected into a Metropolitan See by a Bull of Pope Sixtus VI., on August 17, 1472. On April 7, 1571, the Most Rev. John Hamilton, the eighth Archbishop, was executed at Stirling, and the See then remained vacant for three hundred and seven years, or until 1878.

A PIECE of secret history, well kept for nearly one hundred years has just come to light. The man known in 1798 as "Lord Downshire's friend," the scoundrel who betrayed the Revolutionary Committee in Dublin and their Paris agent, who betrayed Father Quigley and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was Samuel Turner, of Turner's Glen, Newry, a barrister at law, a Doctor of Laws, and one of the heads of the Northern Executive of the United Irishmen.

SISTER MARY PERPETUA died of paralysis on March 24, at the Visitation Convent, Brooklyn, N. Y., aged eighty-two years. She was a former Baltimorean, and in early life was known as Miss Margaret V. Jenkins. In 1848 Sister Mary Perpetua made her religious vows at the Baltimore Convent of the Visitation; but, subsequently, she was transferred to Brooklyn, where she remained thirty-five years. She was one of the oldest Catholic sisters in the country. She was buried in Brooklyn.

THE entire garrison of Cambria recently turned out without orders to attend the funeral of the devoted nun of the congregation of St. Paul of Chartres, whom the soldiers knew as Sister Borgia. She had served in Tonkin as a hospital nurse with such intrepidity and meek self-sacrifice that the president wished to present her the local Dragon of Annam while waiting for the cross of the legion of honor. But the humble nun only smiled and said the good God would give her the only decoration she wanted — at least she hoped so — in another world. She set no store by metallic dragons or crosses.

A TERRIBLE scene was recently witnessed at a menagerie and circus. While an exhibition was being held at Hednesford, near Wolverhampton, Eng., Delhi Montarno, a lion tamer, was in the act of entering a cage containing three bears and a hyena, when he slipped and the animals pounced upon him. The hyena first attacked him and threw him savagely across the cage. The bears then worried him for about fifteen minutes, biting at the poor fellow savagely. He was still living when taken from the cage, and was removed to a neighboring hotel; but his injuries were of a shocking nature. He lingered until about seven o'clock, and then expired. The scene in the menagerie during the unfortunate man's struggles with the savage beasts was one of the wildest excitement. The female portion of the audience screamed loudly, and men and women rushed about in the vain endeavor to get out of the place. Delhi Montarno, the lion tamer, was a negro, had long been a tamer of wild beasts, and had never before met with an accident in the pursuit of his calling. He stumbled and fell as he entered the bears' cage, and the brutes at once attacked him. Everything possible was done to get him out of the clutches of the animals; but he was so seriously injured when eventually removed that he died within twenty minutes.

OUR HOLY FATHER, the Pope, is in the enjoyment of excellent health, for the which God be thanked. Nor is his bright intellect suffering from

any premonitory symptoms of the dimness or dulness of age. His Holiness retains his fondness for Latin composition, and but the other day wrote a hymn, which was set to music by the Maestro Mustafa, and sung with effect in the Sistine Chapel. The characteristics of Leo XIII.'s style are sweetness and smoothness. In fact, some of his skilful Latin verses are quite classical in their aroma, and might serve as a pattern to the more advanced students in our Catholic colleges.

SINCE the state has no religion, and cannot teach morals on the authority of Divine Truth, its incapacity to educate is beyond doubt. — *Bishop McQuaid.*

MR. JAMES RILEY delivered his lecture, "The Mission of O'Reilly," in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Middleboro, Mass., the evening of the 17th of March. No one is more competent to speak of the dead poet than Mr. Riley, who is a poet himself. The lecture was well attended, and was well received by the audience. The lecturer was introduced by the rector, the Rev. J. H. O'Neil, as one who needed no introduction in the town where he had grown from boyhood to manhood, but upon whose brow genius had set her stamp.

THE HALL OF TARA. — A reader asks: "When did the kings and nobles of Ireland hold their last gathering in the hall of Tara?" The Irish Catholic answers: Tradition has it that the last assemblage in the hall of Tara, took place in the year A. D. 544. The great triennial council of the Irish nation was held there for several centuries previously; but, because a criminal, who had fled for safety to the monastery of St. Ruan, had been dragged to the hall and executed, the holy abbot and the monks cried aloud against the sacrilege, and pronounced a curse upon its walls. "From that day," says an old chronicler, "no king ever again sat at Tara."

SECRET SOCIETIES. — In the course of his Lenten Pastoral, the Lord Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Logue, reminds his people that "there is unusual activity among the members of the secret societies of the continent, — those impious adversaries of all supernatural religion, who endeavor to supplant the faith and law of Christ by the dreams of materialism, and the mandates of the lodges. They have managed, by the secret machinations of their leagues, to seize upon civil authority, which they shamelessly abuse for the destruction of religious freedom, and, indeed, for the ruin of the best interest of the state. To them it is due that the bonds are daily drawn more closely around the august Head of the Church. The disgraceful disturbances at Rome in September last, so carefully planned, and so patiently connived at by the civil authorities, make it clear that his children are no longer safe in assembling around his throne to offer their homage, and receive his benediction."

A BILL passed its second reading in the House of Lords, London, which authorizes church courts to dismiss from their livings, clergymen who are convicted of drunkenness, felony, and other immoralities.

THE Rev. Francis Ryan, one of the best known Jesuits in this country, has resigned from the order, and has become a secular priest. A year ago, Father Ryan came to St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, from Baltimore, to become one of the editors of a magazine the Jesuits were to publish.

For a time he was a professor of philosophy at St. John's College, Fordham. Some months ago his health began to fail, and he decided to leave the Jesuit Order. He is to become connected with the Cathedral in Toronto.

ALL Catholics who wilfully neglect their Easter duty are guilty of mortal sin, and are liable to be deprived of Christian burial.

DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA'S private library is very valuable, not only on account of the number of volumes, but still more so on account of the many rare editions of works bearing upon American history; the original manuscripts obtained by hard labor and expense from monasteries and state departments; and copies obtained from learned societies and national institutions. This splendid library of over twelve thousand volumes goes to Georgetown College and the Jesuits.

THE Episcopal jubilee of Pope Leo will be celebrated all over the world on the 19th day of February, 1893.

LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN occupied faldstools near the altar at the High Mass of requiem for Cardinal Manning at Rome. It was a surprise to find the representatives of the Queen assisting at a Catholic religious ceremony, and marks a decided change in the spirit of the rulers in England towards the Catholic Church.

REGARDING the recent atrocious outrages on Catholic missionaries in China, Father Chauvin, S. J., rector of the Jesuit College at Zi-Ka-Wei, China, in a letter written December 20, 1891, and just received at the Georgetown College, says: "After the troubles and disasters of which our mission has latterly been the victim, we are once more at peace, and can now repair our ruins, which consist of twelve churches, with residences, burnt down, seven destroyed, and fourteen sacked and pillaged. We have been indemnified for our losses by the mandarins, but the guilty have not been brought to punishment: hence we cannot count upon security hereafter.

ACCORDING to the Piedmontese Gazette, the Holy Father has expressed to Cardinal Rampolla, a wish to see at Rome during his Jubilee fetes a congress of Catholic bishops discussing social problems. He would like that a sort of catechism on the subject should be drawn up for the benefit of workingmen throughout the world.

STATE AID FOR SCHOOLS. — We have no objection to state aid for Catholic schools. On the contrary, we claim our share of the school taxes as our just right. What we object to is the purchase of state aid by the surrender of our children's right to a thoroughly Catholic education.

A GOOD deal of interest is being directed in English Catholic circles to the establishment of what is described as a "New Apostolate." At this moment a band of controversialists is being organized in England, Scotland, and Wales, whose members pledge themselves to resist all attacks on their faith. The significance of this movement is revealed in the fact that, though its most active expression is restricted to London, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham, the Midland, and the Western counties, its adherents already exceed a hundred. Thirty-two of these are connected with the London Catholics, and, of the remainder, eight are

connected with Lancashire. Three of these eight are members of the Manchester priesthood. Particular importance is attached to Lancashire, not merely because it contains a larger number of Catholics than, perhaps, any other single county in England, but also because religious controversies there, have of late demanded a vigilant attention.

A PHILADELPHIA paper states that at a drill on St. Patrick's Day, Private O'Grady, of the Second Welsh regiment, appeared with a shamrock in his cap. He was ordered by his captain to remove it, and O'Grady refused, whereupon the captain sent him to the guard-house for forty-eight hours.

To inaugurate a temperance crusade one thing must be accepted as an axiom: That is, that total abstinence is the best preventative of intemperance, and that is a heroic remedy absolutely necessary for many.

IN the February number of Nature Notes, Mr. Robert Morley vouches for the accuracy of a story which seems to indicate the possibility of very tender feeling in monkeys. A friend of Mr. Morley's, a native of India, was sitting in his garden, when a loud chattering announced the arrival of a large party of monkeys, who forthwith proceeded to make a meal off his fruits. Fearing the loss of his entire crop, he fetched his fowling-piece, and, to frighten them away, fired it off, as he thought, over the heads of the chattering crew. They all fled away, but, he noticed, left behind upon a bough, what looked like one fallen asleep, with its head resting upon its arms. As it did not move, he sent a servant up the tree, who found that it was quite dead, having been shot through the heart. He had it fetched down and buried beneath the tree; and on the morrow he saw, sitting upon the little mound, the mate of the dead monkey. It remained there for several days bewailing its loss.

CRIME AMONG THE COMMONERS. — The sentence of five years' penal servitude passed upon Hastings, M. P., for embezzling trust funds, has moved the Pall Mall Gazette to remark sententiously and truthfully: "There have now been three members expelled from the house of commons, and the only party in the house which has not had a member expelled, is the one which two of the three other parties agree in denouncing as a pack of disreputables." It should be explained that Captain Verney, expelled for criminal immorality, was a liberal; Hastings was a liberal-unionist; and De Cobain, the most loathsome of scoundrels, was a tory. The party referred to is, of course, the Irish nationalists.

A PROJECT is on foot, and has been favorably received, for the establishment of an "Irish Literary Society," which is intended to form a centre of intercourse among Irishmen living in London, for the delivery of lectures on Irish history and literature, for meetings, and other purposes. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has accepted the place of president, and Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. J. Redmond, and other well known Irishmen, have promised to join. The honorable secretary *pro tem.* is Mr. J. W. Rolleston. The society is intended to be of a wholly non-political character.

THE practice of sending discharged convicts from England to America, has recently been made the subject of a bitter complaint by the American

Immigration Commission, and Mr. Henry Huetts Gibbs has given notice of a motion on the subject. Mr. Gibbs apparently fancies that no such practice exists, and he fondly hopes to get a disclaimer from the government. But it is an undoubted fact that the government, in some cases, directly promote, and in others connive at, the systematic deportation of English criminals to the United States. Moreover, if Mr. Gibbs is really anxious for information on the subject, and presses the Home Secretary sufficiently hard, that official cannot deny that the most loathsome description of criminals are freely despatched under the *ægis* of the Home Office, to North and South America.

CATHOLIC HONORS TO COLUMBUS. — Cardinal Gibbons has addressed the following circular letter to the archbishops and bishops of the United States: "My attention has been called to the suggestion that it would be eminently fitting to celebrate with solemn religious observances, the 12th day of October next, commemorative of the discovery of America. The Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, and other prelates, with distinguished laymen, have made the request that the archbishops and bishops be addressed with a view to taking of some concerted action in the matter, so that, on the day mentioned, in all the dioceses special religious services be held. It has also been thought that these might be supplemented, wherever practicable, by some civil celebration in the evening. With all deference, I take the liberty of submitting the subject to your Grace's consideration. A united action on the part of the hierarchy would enchance the glory of the celebration, and invest the day with particular solemnity. I need not say that I myself am in favor of the proposed celebration."

PRIOR GLYNN, of the Irish National Church in Rome, was given a special audience by the Pope, on the 17th, and presented to him a number of shamrocks that had been sent from Ireland. They were enclosed in a coffer of crystal bearing the Papal arms. The Pope expressed his gratification of the gift, and promised to wear a sprig of the shamrock next his heart.

MISS NINA J. SMITH, daughter of Mr. Milton E. Smith, late editor of the Church News, recently received the habit of the Sisters of Charity at the mother house, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmittsburg, Md.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, superintendent of the Carlisle School for Indian Children, has seen fit to lower his hitherto enviable record, by a base and unwarranted attack on the Catholic Church. He carried his resentment so far as to make extremely ugly remarks against Congress in the matter. The outcome is, the House of Representatives took up the matter, very promptly, and sat down on the superintendent by lopping off his salary of one thousand dollars per annum as superintendent. In only this way could the House show its displeasure, as Captain Pratt being an officer in the United States Army, his rank and place as captain are beyond the reach and regulation of Congress.

A MYSTERIOUS ringing of electric bells in a Swiss house was traced to a large spider, which had one foot on the bell wire and another on an electric light wire.

THE celebration of St. Patrick's Day in New York was grand. His Grace celebrated the Pontifical Mass and gave the papal benediction at its

close. Dr. Brann, of St. Agnes, preached the panegyric of the patron saint. The Sixty-ninth Regiment never appeared to better advantage. They performed a very beautiful ceremony at the time of the consecration. One company stood in fours in the centre aisle. All the officers stood between them and the altar rail in twos with Colonel Kavanagh at their head. The moment the warning bell rang, a bugle salute accompanied by a roll of drums was sounded. The men presented arms, the officers saluted, and in this posture all knelt during the time of the consecration and elevation. This is the traditional military ceremony at the Mass; but it is so rare in this country that it excited a good deal of admiration. There was a grand parade in which there were about twelve thousand men in line, in Brooklyn, too, there was a parade, in which about ten thousand persons participated.

Dr. Herbert Vaughan, who succeeds Cardinal Manning as Archbishop of Westminster, is one of a family of seven brothers, who all became Catholic priests. Dr. Vaughan was once a member of the crack British Life Guards, and in his bearing he still preserves some of the dash and erectness of the soldier.

In Georgetown, Rev. W. J. Scanlon, S. J., who was lately appointed by the provincial of the Jesuits, as the pastor of Holy Trinity Church, preached his first sermon. The new appointment gives universal satisfaction to the congregation; and the new pastor has received a warm welcome. The people of Holy Trinity parish feel deeply the death of Father Murphy, coming, as it did, so closely after the death of Father Brady; but Father Scanlon does not come among them as a stranger, being well remembered as an assistant at St. Aloysius'. In personal appearance Father Scanlon strongly resembles the late Father Brady. He was born and educated in Boston, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1859, at the age of nineteen. His first college work after finishing his novitiate was done at Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he remained from 1863 to 1870, when he began his theological studies at Woodstock, where he graduated in 1875. He was then appointed to Boston College, where he had received his early education, and later was at St. Aloysius' Church, in this city, from which church he was sent to St. Thomas' parish, Charles County, Md. His most successful work was at St. Mary's Church, Boston, to which he was sent in 1882. Here he had a sodality of men and boys, with a membership of over two thousand, said to be the largest in the country. His last appointment prior to Georgetown was at Leonardtown, Md.

The fusion of the two morning papers in Dublin, is now an accomplished fact, and they will be published as one paper hereafter, under the title of the Freeman's Journal and National Press. The credit for this arrangement is largely due to Captain O'Connor, who married Mrs. Dwyer Gray, widow of the former proprietor of the Freeman's Journal, and soon afterward saw that his wife's property would not be worth much if the war continued. The National Press was started in opposition to the Freeman's Journal, when that newspaper declared for Parnell. Although the Freeman's Journal soon afterward again changed its coat, the Press made rapid progress, and had recently been a paying concern. It practically dictated its own terms to the Freeman's Journal, and on the new Board of Directors

its nominees are in the majority. Mrs. O'Connor, formerly Mrs. E. D. Gray, — if rumor be correct, — received thirty-six thousand pounds, the value at par of her shares in the Freeman company, which were handed to the National Press shareholders. Thirty-six thousand pounds make a nice little nest-egg, says the Irish-American.

One reason of hard times in Ireland is to be seen in the fact that no fewer than nineteen steamers landed live stock and dead meat at Liverpool during the week ending March 19, from American ports. The imports were the largest for many months past, making a total of 9,378 cattle, 1,272 sheep, and 25,175 quarters of beef. As compared with the arrivals of the previous week, they show an increase of 6,679 cattle, and 14,080 quarters of beef.

The general elections for members of the British House of Commons will be held in June or July.

Mother Vincent Whitby, a distinguished member of the Order of Mercy, and founder of the Order in Brisbane, has just died. She was born in county Wexford, 1819, entered Baggot street Convent in 1829, and embarked for Australia in 1860.

Responding to the toast of "The Irish Party," at the St. Patrick's Day banquet at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Thursday, Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy, M. P., described his reply as, "in a certain sense, a farewell speech." This, says the Star, is the first public intimation given by Mr. M'Carthy, that he intends to retire from Parliament at the general election, though the fact was known for some time to his colleagues, who much regret his determination.

The Abridged Gospel of Christ. — The Rosary of Mary, says Leo XIII., is the abridged Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a most complete, and explicit revelation; it exhibits in full relief the true place that Mary occupies in the ensemble of the Divine plan of man's redemption; and, at the same time, it gives to the Divine Mother the worship that belongs to her, and declares to us, that, after God, all our hope is to be placed in her. From even a superficial examination of the component parts of the sublime devotion, we shall readily see that only the wisdom of Heaven could have devised it, and that it is the will of Heaven that Jesus and Mary must ever be considered as inseparable from each other.

The Drink Plague. — Archbishop Ireland says: The evil is the drink plague. Plague I will call it, not finding a better name to express its inhuman hideousness, and its demon-like power to harm men. It is ubiquitous. It has shot through the land its poison-bearing arrows. It holds in cities, pompous courts, riots amid wild revelry in burgh and village, breaks in with savage howls upon the quietness of rural homes. It obtains dominion among all classes in the social scale. The poor man's garret, the marble palace of the wealthy, open equally their doors. Peasant and prince, merchant and laborer, man and woman, child and adult, are in turn stricken down. Not the ignorant alone feel its deadly touch; over brightest minds it casts its Stygian shades. Wherever it enters, the plague debases and degrades. It scatters broadcast disease and death. Poverty and vice form its retinue. It demolishes homes, blasts the happiness of wife and

child, laughs at the purest affections, delights in the ruin of virtue and innocence. It fills jails and asylums, carts victims to morgues and gibbets. It eats into the very foundation of civil society, and defies strong governments, whose arm it paralyzes. It annuls the potent ministrations of religion by locking against them the minds and hearts of men. All forms of evil and misery are its allies, and march in its track.

THE annual account of the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund for the year 1891, has been presented to Parliament. The total number of loans advanced in the different counties, is as follows: Clare, 368; Cork, 590; Galway, 1,972; Kerry, 876; Leitrim, 4; Limerick, 9; Mayo, 1,787; Sligo, 375; Roscommon, 1; Tipperary, 1; total, 5,983. The total amount advanced in the above different counties was, to 31st December, 1890, £100,448 4s. 1d.; during the year 1891, £7,049; total to 31st December, 1891, £107,497 4s. 1d.

THE PARNELL-O'SHEA SETTLEMENT. — The details of the Wood-O'Shea will case settlement are as follows: Mrs. Parnell (formerly Mrs. O'Shea), obtains the whole of her aunt's freehold property, situated in Gloucester and Suffolk counties, and valued at nearly ten thousand pounds; also half of the one hundred and forty thousand pounds in cash and securities left by the testatrix. The other half goes to the other litigants.

Mrs. Parnell is required to give Captain O'Shea a half life-interest in her seventy thousand pounds. When Mrs. Parnell and Captain O'Shea are both dead this money is to be divided among the children of their marriage.

The legal expenses of the settlement amounted to one-sixth of the entire property involved. Sir Charles Russell, Solicitor-General Clarke, Sir Henry James, and Attorney-General Webster each received one thousand pounds. Mrs. Parnell's costs were ten thousand pounds, towards which she was granted five thousand pounds from her marriage settlement. The expenses of the other side were mainly met by the wealthy brewer, Coorage, who is related by marriage to the parties in interest.

PROGRESS IN THE FAR WEST. — Science has made one important and beneficial step from the sea-beaten cliffs of Connemara out to that breakwater of the Atlantic, the Arran Islands. We allude to the completion of the electric telegraph cable joining the outside world to ancient Arran of the Saints, and to the first telegram despatched from that distant shore. The limestone precipices on which are perched Dun Ængusa, Dun Ochil, and the other cyclopean fortresses of the first century of our era, and against which the eternal surges of the Atlantic beat with thundering sound, are now joined in a community of thought with the English-speaking inhabitants of Dublin and London. And the first message is one of good news and congratulation to the Rev. Michael O'Donohoe, the late parish priest of the islands, now stationed at Carnacon:

ARRAN ISLAND.

TO FATHER O'DONOHOE, P. P., CARNACON, BALLYGLASS, COUNTY MAYO: Thousand congratulations. First telegraphic greetings. All the mackerel fishing vessels here.

From FATHER M'PHILPIN, P. P.

The telegraph itself is an excellent thing for the poor islanders, and the news of the first telegram is also an excellent thing. For it tells of the commencement of an industry most conducive to the welfare of the coast population.

Recent Publications.

A PILGRIMAGE to the Holy Coat of Treves, with an account of its history and authenticity, by Richard F. Clarke, S. J.

"O, seamless robe for Mary's child
By skilful fingers deftly spun,
How can we praise as we ought
Robe of God's only Son."

Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., 45 East Sixteenth street, New York.

THE STORY OF A PARISH. 1847. The first Catholic Church in Morristown, N. J. Its foundation and development. 1892. By Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, R.D. Morristown, N. J. The book, three hundred and twenty-five pages, is embellished with engravings of the church, institutions, etc., and portraits of Rev. L. D. Senez, Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, D.D., Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Rev. L. Hoey, Rev. P. McGovern, Rev. James D'Arcy, Rev. M. A. Madden, Rev. James Sheran, Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, Rev. M. A. McMannus, Rev. R. Whelan, Rev. J. J. Hennessy, Rev. A. J. Henry, Rev. Ronald B. McDonald, Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, V. F., Rt. Rev. Winand Michael Wigger, D.D., Rev. James J. Brennan, Rev. Eugene A. Farrell, Rev. Eugene P. Carroll, Gen. Joseph Warren Revere; his grandfather was Col. Paul Revere, of Revolutionary fame. The book throughout is extremely interesting.

THE OWL, conducted by the students of Ottawa (Canada) University, is among the very best of our numerous college journals. From a recent issue we clip the following: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The March and April issues of this popular monthly are more than usually bright and interesting. A splendid portrait of Cardinal Manning adorns the former number; and his career, death, and burial are sympathetically sketched. Joseph W. Gavan continues his pen-pictures of the literary men of New York. There is one article of surpassing interest in the April number — The Importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life, — from the pen of Hon. Edwin Arling. It is clear that the Irish have a strong grip on both the Democratic and Republican parties in the Empire state. Present Outlook of Negro Catholic Missions in the United States, sets forth a startling array of facts, and shows what a vast field for missionary zeal exists in the Southern states.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND HOME MAGAZINE, for April, edited by Rev. Thomas Conaty, D.D., and published in Worcester, Mass., for 50 cents a year. Single copy, 10 cents.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, a handsomely illustrated magazine, is furnished for $1 a year. Address, 401 Courtland street, Baltimore, Md.

THE following music has been received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston. *Vocal:* "Life's Good Angels," by C. C. Stearns. "Molly Aroon," words by B. M.; music by J. H. Wadsworth. "Hope and I," words by R. J. McHugh; music by Moses Carpenter. *Piano:* "La Serenata Waltz," by H. D'Arcy Jauine. "World of Song Waltzes," by C. A. White. "Christmas Roses Waltz," by same. "C. A. White's Funeral March," by F. E. White. "Captain Therese Waltzes," by B. M. Davison.

"Meadow Brook," by Lover Bragdon. *Books*: "Mass in G," in honor of St. Peter, for quartette or chorus, by C. C. Stearns. "The Folio," for March.

Vocal: "Ta Ra Ra, Boom de Ay," words by Richard Morton, music by Angelo A. Asher. "Funeral Hymns," by Belcher. "Lift Your Glad Voices," by C. C. Stearns. "Mother's Lullaby," Female Quartette, by C. S. Steele. "Spring Song," Female Quartette, by same. "Serenade," by B. M. Davison. "The Sailor Boy," by A. S. McKenzie. "Jamie, Dear Jamie," by same. *Piano:* Over the Waves Waltzes," by Juventina Rosas. "Lusitaria Waltzes," by Florence Tase. "La Cigale Waltz," by B. M. Davison. "Marguerite, Good-by Waltz," by same. "Canteen," Quick March by Percy M. Hewitt. *Books:* "Par Excellence Song and Chorus Selections," a fine work containing many excellent vocal selections. "The Folio," for April.

Lord Aberdeen's interest in Irish affairs is no less keen and sympathetic than that of his gifted wife, whose unabated zeal in the promotion of Irish industries, has kept her memory green in Irish hearts. On Tuesday, in the House of Lords, Lorb Aberdeen moved the second reading of the Laborers' (Ireland) Allotments Bill, the object of which is to extend from half an acre to one acre, the power of the Poor Law Guardians to make allotments for laborers' cottages. That crusted type of his order, Lord Oranmore, moved the rejection of the Bill, but he does not appear to have got anybody to second him. Lord Cadogan expressed the attitude of the government towards the Bill to be one of "benevolent neutrality," and after this the second reading was carried.

Banks and Railways in Ireland. — The statistical returns of the banking and railway interests in Ireland for the year ending December, 1891, contain some important information. At the date just mentioned there was, we learn, an increase of deposits and cash balances in the Irish Joint stock Banks, as compared with the corresponding period in 1890, amounting to £1,207,000. As compared with June, 1891, there was still an increase of £832,000. In the savings banks in Ireland there was an increase in the deposits in December, 1891, as compared with the same period of 1890, of £236,000 or 4.1 per cent; and an increase of £82,000 as compared with the amount for June in that year. In the amount of Government and India Stocks, on which dividends are payable at the bank of Ireland, there was a decrease of £826,000 in December, 1891, as compared with the same period of 1890; and a diminution of £825,000 as compared with June of the former year. The average amount of bank note circulation also decreased in December, 1891, as compared with the same period of 1890, by £455,000; but increased to the amount of £478,000 on the circulation of June, 1890. With regard to the statistics of the railway returns a review of the weekly traffic returns shows that in thirty-two weeks the receipts exceeded those for the corresponding weeks of the year 1890; and that in twenty instances the receipts were below those for the corresponding weeks, with the net result that the total receipts for the year 1891 (fifty-two weeks) amounted to £3,146,352, as compared with £3,069,901 for 1890, and formed the highest annual amount on record for the railways of Ireland.

Business Department.

In sending money for Magazine, use post-office stamps in place of silver, for fractional parts of a dollar.

We have added another watch to our premiums. See our announcement in another part of this Magazine.

The Nutshell History of Ireland, by A. M. Sullivan, from the earliest ages to the present time. We will give a copy of this book to every subscriber to our Magazine who will pay their subscription on or before May, 1892.

Any person getting a new subscriber will receive one copy each for $1.50 a year.

When *change of residence* is to be made, it is *absolutely necessary* to send *old* as well as *new* address.

We have scarcely a subscriber on our list that could not get a new subscriber if they tried. It is not a very hard matter to get a new subscriber. Try it every one and get our premiums.

All publishers like to get such letters as the following :

Idaho City, March 17, 1892.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq., *Dear Sir:* Enclosed find postal money order for sum of four dollars, being amount of my subscription to Donahoe's Magazine for the years 1891–2; thanking you for your kindness in forwarding it when not paid for. I would not miss it, (the Magazine) for double the price. Yours faithfully,

Patrick Moriarity.

Montreal, Canada, April 1, 1892.

To Patrick Donahoe, Esq., *Dear Sir:* Herewith please receive the sum of three dollars in payment for the Magazine, being my subscription for two years ending April, 1894. Yours truly,

Richard Gahan.

Look at the directions on your Magazine and see if you have sent your money for 1891. If not, please send it at once.

Before moving from one place to another, you should write us where you are going, and, if you owe anything, send what thou owest.

The following persons have removed without notifying us. Will some of their friends let us know where they have gone to?

Mrs. Burke, 77 Carver street, Boston; Minnie Donovan, 215 Huntington avenue, Boston; Mary Doherty, 9 Greenwich street, Dorchester; Mary O'Rourke, Watertown, Mass.; Mrs. McMullen, 12 Second avenue, Taunton, Mass.

Now is the Time. For the month of April, Mr. Donahoe will sell second cabin tickets to Ireland and Scotland for $25.

The Irish court of probate has ordered the English letters of administration of Mr. Parnell's estate, to be sealed for Ireland. Mr. Parnell died intestate, and administration has been granted to Mrs. Catherine Parnell, "the lawful widow and relict of the intestate." The gross personal estate is entered for probate purposes at £11,774. The personal assets in Ireland included in the above sum are valued at £6,074.

Juvenile Department.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro from errands,
The little maiden hies.

Now she is washing the dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in a garden,
Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl;
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf;
Riding Don to the pasture,
With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whenever you call her,
Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

MIRACLE OF THE CROSS.

In worldly affairs, success and blessings come from the cross, the tree of life. From the top of a high hill in France, a cross looks mildly and peacefully down upon the valley below. Up to this lofty cross a delicate girl made her way over a rough frozen hillside, towards the close of a cold day in winter. Her heart was heavy with grief; for besides her own misery, she had the charge on her troubled mind of an aged, sick mother. Tired after her long journey, borne down with care, she threw herself at the foot of the cross. As her tearful eyes ranged over the landscape beneath her, and rested on the little village where she lived, she saw the smoke rising from the chimneys of all the cottages, and as it curled in the air it seemed to tell her of blazing hearths and warm, comfortable rooms, where the contented peasants were preparing their evening meal. One only chimney sent out no curling smoke; one only cottage showed no light glistening in the window. It was the cottage in which her mother lay sick. "Alas!" sighed the lonely girl, as she shivered in the keen icy mountain air, "my poor mother is freezing on her bed of straw. Not a drop of warm nourishment

have I been able to offer her to-day. All my efforts to obtain work have failed. I have made known our poverty; I have begged. But I am a stranger in the place, and doors and hearts are closed against me. The people nowadays have no pity for widows or orphans." The poor girl's heart beat aloud with grief and weakness, keeping time to her sighs. Then, looking up at the cross now lit up by the pale wintry light of the slowly rising moon, a ray of hope seemed to be reflected from its arms and to kindle a gleam of hope in the gloomy night of her clouded heart. She seemed to hear a soft, sweet voice saying: "Trust in me; I will not abandon you." Then she threw herself at the foot of the cross, embraced it with both arms, and prayed: "O my crucified Saviour! exhaustless fountain of mercy, do not let my poor sick mother perish. If thou wilt not help us no one will." A miracle! Suddenly, from the frozen snow, at the foot of the cross, a fresh green sprig sprouted forth, and began at once to push forth buds, branches, leaves, and flowers. The wondering girl timidly broke off one of the twigs and hastened home to her ailing mother. As soon as the girl, twig in hand, entered the little dark room, lo! it was suddenly filled with a supernatural light; the mother got well at once, and arose from her bed. Blessings both temporal and spiritual came upon mother and daughter, and remained with them till the end of their days. So says an old tradition.

THE VIRTUES OF WALKING.

NOTHING is so agreeable to the spirit as motion, says a recent magazine writer. The large portion of our enjoyment of life comes from transition from place to place, more or less rapid. No recreation is more agreeable than travel, and no punishment so cruel as imprisonment. And of all sorts of locomotion, voluntary or involuntary, none is so satisfactory and refreshing as that which comes from the use of our feet. The body is not the only beneficiary; the spirit, always more or less in sympathy with the flesh, is the principal gainer. Never can one find so perfect a remedy against that mental condition, commonly spoken of as the blues, as a good, vigorous walk. Again and again when oppressed by that melancholy to which we are all liable at seasons, has the victim grasped hat and stick, and, striding out into the open air, has speedily left the enemy far in the rear. One can run away from the "blue devils" in a few minutes at any time.

The world knows all about the walks that Dickens took, for the delightful pictures of men and things he has given us are but transcripts of what he found and treasured. In forty years his daily tramps are said to have aggregated one hundred and forty thousand miles. He constructed for himself a theory that to every portion of the day given to intellectual labor should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking. Carlyle usually took a vigorous tramp of several miles, enough to put him in a glow before he commenced his day's labor. Macaulay found in walking his favorite recreation. Buckle, the historian, walked both forenoon and afternoon, and heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him. Kant, the philosopher, accustomed himself to a long walk every day without regard to atmospheric conditions. Equally resolute in his out-of-door exercise

was Longfellow, who never omitted his daily tramp, though he might go no further than the walls of his gardens. Gladstone, at eighty-one, is the most active all-around man in England. That bodily motion facilitates mental activity is something we all know by experience. Burns composed all his sweetest songs at the plough. Thompson could not compose except in the open air, and Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lander, and Rousseau were all inspired as they walked.

There are thousands of puny creatures in this world of ours who have no excuse for their inanity, thousands of languid, torpid, complaining bodies, victims of dyspepsia and ennui, but with half their troubles in their brains, who, if they would walk regularly and pleasantly, instead of consulting physicians and druggists, would soon find themselves sound, healthy, and contented men and women. Instead of tossing on uneasy beds through weary nights, they would sleep "like tops"; their imaginations would clear up, their aches and pains and dumps would flee away, and almost before they were conscious of the transformation, they, who had thought themselves invalids for years, would forget, in the best enjoyments of life, that anything had ever been the matter with them. There are few people who cannot, by proper attention to the best of physical exercises, add from ten to twenty-five years to the average vital span.

THE USES OF PEAT.

THE Handels Museum publishes an extract from an article by Dr. Leo Pribyl, who maintains that peat is a valuable raw material, the uses of which, except as fuel and litter, are as yet very limited. The fibre is unsurpassed as a packing material for use in the case of breakable merchandise, being much superior to straw, hay, etc., owing to its greater elasticity and dryness. In the case of consignments consisting of liquids, it possesses the advantage of being peculiarly adapted for absorbing any of the contents which may have escaped through breakage, and thus preventing damage which might result to other consignments through damp. In the shape of dust and litter it is especially adapted for preserving perishing articles. Meat when packed in it will keep fresh for weeks, and will eventually dry up, the moisture being absorbed by the peat. In this way fresh sea fish has been sent from Trieste to Copenhagen, and has reached its destination in perfect condition. Peat is also successfully used for preserving fresh fruit; even grapes may be made to retain their fresh appearance for months, and, owing to the high prices of this fruit in spring and summer, would amply repay the trifling expense incurred by the use of peat dust. Experiments have shown equally satisfactory results in the case of pears, apples, plums, etc., as also in the case of cabbage, turnips, and potatoes, peat packing having the advantage, not observable with other packing materials, of preventing the sprouting of potatoes in spring. The question as to the best method of preserving eggs for the winter months is an important one, and still remains without any satisfactory answer. Possibly the preservative qualities of peat might here again be illustrated, and a satisfactory solution of this important question be arrived at.

It has been found a drawback in the use of artificial saline manure that

in wet weather it forms itself into hard lumps, which cannot be scattered by the manure-spreading machines, a difficulty which may be obviated by the use of a small quantity (2.5 per cent has been found to be sufficient in the case of kainite) of peat dust with the manuring salt.

As a substitute for ashes and straw in filling up the partition walls of cellars and ice houses, broken peat is most suitable, as the effect of moisture on the ashes or straw is such as to render their immediate removal a necessary condition for the continued use of such places. Ice has been preserved for eight days in a cement barrel when covered with dry peat litter. Two pieces of ice were exposed to the sun's rays in Braunschweig; one of them was covered with wood shavings and the other with a layer of equal depth of peat litter. The former had thawed in seventy-two hours, when it was found that the latter was still almost entire. From this it is seen that peat is a bad conductor of heat, and is consequently well adapted for isolating purposes.

Peat dust has been recommended as an excellent ingredient for use in the manufacture of light, porous bricks, being mixed with the clay previously to baking. Bricks of this kind are much sought after in certain branches of architecture. But still further industrial uses are found for peat. The peat bogs of Northern Germany and of Sweden are being worked by joint stock companies, with a view to obtaining the elastic fibre, which, when free from dust, is used for weaving into carpets and other textile fabrics. Considerable capital is invested in these undertakings in Oldenburg and Sweden. The paper industry, too, in the manufacture of peat cellulose, has shown a decided preference for this tender and pliant fibre, so that it may be justly said that at the present time the supply of good peat is inadequate to meet the demand, considering the varied uses of this unpretentious raw material.

The chemical industry is using peat in the manufacture of charcoal, peat coke, peat gas, etc., thus converting a cheap raw material into a valuable industrial product. Boghead naphtha, tar, solar oil, paraffine, acetic acid, and gas have been produced from peat, and it has ever been used in tanning. It has been for years used in Germany for absorbing waste liquids and refuse in factories, and in this way has furnished large quantities of valuable manure in certain districts.

An enumeration of the manifold uses of peat will prove that this raw material, which has hitherto been considered of little importance, and which nature has provided in such abundance, even if it be in many districts partially distributed, is destined not only to benefit agriculture by its valuable properties and chemical composition, but to lay the foundation of a flourishing and widespread industry. A new era has been entered upon in the sanitation of towns by using peat, and it is to be hoped that advantage will be taken of the undoubted benefit arising from its use, both as regards the health of urban populations and the promotion of agricultural interests by the supply of manure. In this way extensive and unproductive tracts of bog land would be converted into valuable properties, and a flourishing industry would provide work and wages for thousands of hands.

Jour. Soc. Chem. Industry.

IF a man cannot be a Christian in the place where he is, he cannot be a Christian any where.

OUR GIRLS BEHIND THE COUNTER.

OUR girls behind the counter have not an enviable task. They have trials and vexations the house domestic is free from. They are familiar with exactions, restrictions, cruelty, and sometimes insulting suggestions from unjust employers, and are sometimes exposed to unjust suspicion and criticism. Small wages and long hours are grievous enough without these evils. Still our girls have sometimes themselves to blame, and all these evils are due to themselves. Therefore, dear young women, make yourselves attractive by your maidenly modesty. Be earnest, capable, and honest. Let your principles be strong, your patience and tact unfailing, and kindness and respectful attention unlimited. "Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge." Every employer will then respect you, and every customer appreciate you. Here are some rules, read them carefully, the suggestions contained will help you to succeed.

1. Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to the employer.

2. That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.

3. That gossip about young men, or with them, is unbusiness-like, and, under the circumstances, rude.

4. Never attempt to instruct a customer, while you may suggest, or politely question the desirability of this or that.

5. Do not say, "Here, Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.

6. Never say, "No, we haven't got it," in a short, crisp tone; far better a polite "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."

7. Do not thrust a package at a customer, as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.

8. Do not throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I do not care whether you buy it or not."

9. Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks, and refined young women have made valuable friends for life, by their courtesy to an accomplished customer.

10. Always remember that duty to your employer demands your best service, and to yourself also.

11. Seek to be a model saleswoman and some one will soon recognize your merit.

12. Dress modestly, and avoid cheap, tawdry jewelry. The best ornaments are promptness, politeness, a well modulated voice, and a strict attention to duty.

13. Have your hair neatly combed, your teeth well brushed, and your finger nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by an untidy clerk of either sex.

14. Remember always, that you are superior to circumstances, only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.

15. Frown down, with womanly scorn, the nonsensical title of "saleslady." It is a good thing to be a woman anyhow. If you are a true and good woman, a good clerk is infinitely more respectable than a so-called

"sales-lady" and the term has a shoddyish ring which is wholly un-American.

16. Be the same to one and all your customers, rich or poor, whether their purchase is one cent or a dollar. Pittsburgh Catholic.

WEARY.

YES, the mother's arm is weary
Where the baby's head has lain,
And the daily round of duty
Ceases to begin again,
But if you your lives could fashion
Or could alter at your will,
Would you choose the tired aching,
Or the empty arms and still?

Better noise and healthy chatter
Than an echo in the room;
Better floors beyond suspicion
Of the household's brush and broom,
Than to have the nest all empty,
All the darling nestlings flown,
And to sit in idle quiet,
But to sit and muse alone.

Angel forms that watch above us,
O'er our lives that vigil keep,
Often look in pitying wonder —
Wonder that we sit and weep,
Knowing that our Father gave us
Rarest treasures, richest joys;
Much of earth and some of heaven —
In our baby girls and boys.

SECOND-HAND FALSE TEETH.

ON a sidewalk stand in Vesey street, just below Church, a shrewd little Irishman keeps a queer stock of second-hand and damaged articles, says a writer in the New York Telegram. It is about the most heterogeneous collection imaginable. The greatest thing on the stand when I passed was a job lot of second-hand artificial teeth.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed an old woman who happened to glance at the heap, "I wonder if he thinks any person would ever buy these teeth after being worn by other people?"

I was also anxious to find out why the teeth were lying there and asked the owner of the stand.

"Those teeth are for sale, my dear sir," answered the man; "would you like to look at a set?"

When informed that I did not want to purchase, but was curious to know if any person ever bought second-hand artificial teeth, the proprietor smiled.

"Yes; at times I sell a great many of these teeth. Where I mostly get them is at pawnbrokers' sales. I buy them for ten, twenty, or thirty cents and sell them sometimes for three dollars. I have had old men and old women — poor people, of course — walk up to my stand, pick out a set, examine them, try them, and immediately purchase, saying that they were fitted better than a dentist could suit them.

"An old man purchased an upper set from me last winter and he was so well pleased with them that he brought his wife here last week to get a set. I had none at the time and he promised to call this week. A person might as well save a few dollars in buying teeth as in any other way. Take them home, wash them, and they are just as good as new; in fact, better, for they have been 'broken in.'"

"FIVE MINUTES BEFORE MASS."

In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach the church five or ten minutes after the services have begun it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God. Else, why the studious care which people take of leaving the house only with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly about coming some minutes "before the play begins" at places of amusement. They waste ten times the time thus "lost" otherwise during the day. But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the services begin really "lost?" The expected answer is: by no means. A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes' reflection and self-communion before the priest comes to the altar is productive of the best spiritual results. A practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and of spending the time in strictly religious reflection, — powerfully assisted by the associations of the place, — has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues. This Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, sometimes hurried, and often occupied with worldly thoughts, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before the Sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins" has, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantage to him of the half hour or hour that ensues.

"ROBIN ADAIR."

Robert Adair was a young Irishman known in London, in the early part of the last century, as "the fashionable Irishman." He was brought up as a surgeon, but at an early period went to England to push his fortunes. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The occupant of the carriage was a lady of fashion, who, on hearing that Adair was a surgeon, invited him to accompany her to London. On arriving at her house she gave Adair a fee of one hundred guineas and a general invitation to call. It was during one of these visits that he met Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady

Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him, and her emotions were so violent and so sudden as to attract the attention of the whole company. Everything was done to divert her mind from her love — travels, suitors, and amusements of all kinds — but in vain. Finally the parents, seeing their daughter's health yielding to the strain, consented to the marriage. When Lady Caroline was taken from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune she had heard him sing. Her married life was short, but happy; she died of consumption after giving birth to three children. On her deathbed she requested Adair to wear mourning as long as he lived, and he scrupulously did so, except on the King's and Queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at court in full dress. He never married again, though he had many offers.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

THE elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims: Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in everything. Take time to consider, and then decide quickly. Dare to go forward. Bear troubles patiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Never tell business lies. Make no useless acquaintances. Never try to appear something more than you are. Pay your debts promptly. Learn how to risk your money at the right moment. Shun strong liquor. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon chance. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged. Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed!

RUBBER FOOT-BALLS.

THE game of foot-ball is now of such wide-spread interest that much pains are taken with the ball for college use. It has an oval form, is made of the best rubber, with a pipe attachment for inflation, and is in turn incased in a stout cover, and laced. Such a ball is termed the "Rugby," and is made in one size, nine inches in diameter, and usually retails for about four dollars. As it is the *piece de resistance* in the contest, it is usually treasured with care when idle, although its usage is not by any means of a tender character on the field.

The ordinary foot-ball comes in six sizes, respectively six, seven, eight, nine, ten and eleven inches in diameter, selling for fifteen dollars to thirty dollars per dozen, so says The India Rubber World. This ball is carefully made of Para rubber, and is nearly round, with a slight depression "at the poles," so to speak. The ball is made up in segments, usually six of them on the inside, there being a cloth surface, and cemented together. At the poles is a circular cap of the same material, on which the maker, if so disposed, can inscribe his name, or, as in the case of the Hodgman Company, a handsome monogram. There is not a single stitch in these balls, and the workmanship is of such a character that when one of them is returned as defective, a black mark is made on the annual calendar at the general office

of the factory. In all the years the number returned has been three, in a product of thousands upon thousands of dozens.

The ball is inflated by means of a small hollow tube called a key, which fits into a cylindrical valve in the inside of the sphere. For transportation the deflated balls are packed closely in nests, taking but little room. A chief point is to get strength with light weight, great objection being made by teams to a heavy ball, which rolls sluggishly over the ground. The color of the undercase of the Rugby ball is white; the ordinary is black.

The great impetus given to the game bids fair to make this industry even more prominent than it has been in the past, and another season probably will see a much larger output than ever before.

PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

WHILE dressing yourself, let your mind be occupied with pious thoughts, reflecting that —

1. Our dress being the consequence of sin, we should receive it in the spirit of repentance.

2. That our dress being the cast-off and remains of other animals, we should receive it with sentiments of humility and confusion.

3. That we having received our clothes from the bounty and goodness of God, while there are many of the poor who are more deserving of them than we are, and who have hardly wherewith to cover themselves, we should receive them with piety and love towards God.

In dressing yourself be mindful of the presence of God, and never forget that He sees you. Be careful never to appear before any member of the family nor before others without being decently covered. Saint Charles paid so great attention to this instruction, that it is said, he would never appear, even, in the presence of his chamberlain, with naked feet.

Do not strive in your dress to flatter vanity and do not attempt to conform to every new fashion of the world. There are becoming fashions, which you may conform to; and there are fashions which partake of vanity, extravagance, and pride; these are called worldly fashions, and it is never allowed to follow them in any state or condition whatever.

Young ladies should never be arranging themselves before the glass through affectation, but only through propriety and decency. They should always appear decently dressed; but never should they request from their parents clothes to appear above their condition and rank in society. They should observe a proper medium in their dress, but never should they appear with impropriety or affectation. Slovenliness is a fault and the mark of laziness. "Jesus Christ," says St. Bernard, "loved the poor, but He never loved the filthy."

Too much cannot be said to young people, and especially to young ladies, regarding their dressing themselves with propriety and simplicity. Vanity, and pride of dress, are the most predominant failings of the sex, and the most dangerous rocks for their destruction. The more care they take to ornament their bodies, the greater is their neglect regarding their souls; and the more pleasure they take to show their beauty, the greater is their deformity in the eyes of God. What folly to seek pleasure from creatures and hatred from God!

They who go without having a cape or something to cover their neck, but appear with all the indecency of nudity, act very criminally; and those parents who permit their daughters to appear thus improperly and indecently, are equally guilty, and they who say that they have no wicked intention in dressing in such a manner, should remember that although their intention is innocent, their conduct is bad; and that if they do not conceive it sinful to go in this manner, they are deceived; because they draw upon themselves the guilt of other's curiosity, for which they will have to be answerable before God. "A young woman who goes indecently dressed, is," says St. Bernard, "the organ which Satan uses for the ruin of souls."

Oh! how blinded must be the conscience of that young woman, who is insensible to such baneful principles! And what a rigorous account will be demanded of those parents who tolerate and assist in such ruinous proceedings!

LOG BOOK OF COLUMBUS.

"THE Secrete Log Boke" of Christopher Columbus, says the Baltimore Sun, is a quaint and curious volume recently added to the Enoch Prats Free Library. The stained parchment covers have barnacles and sea weeds still sticking to them. The leaves of the book are stained green and yellow, but the writing is still legible. On the inside of the cover is this inscription: "From her Majesty's schooner Nina, under ye command of Christopher Columbus, Admiral and Viceroy of ye Indies, this box with this Boke was cast into ye sea on ye twelfth day of February, in ye year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and ninety-three, at ye thirty-fourth degree above ye equator, one hundred and two Spanish miles from ye Azores, about ye time of midnight. May God have mercie upon our Soules." The story of finding is told in a letter, written in a rather unpractised hand, which is pasted in the front of the book.

SUR — Wil you pleze Reed this. There as been found heer a curu bok with a ole bok in it were took by me and mi mate bil Wirich wile we wuz travling of the corldy hed it is rote in the old leters and got pickchters in a they ar ships wot wont sale an we carnt tell wot it is." The letter goes on in the same style, and is signed "Jonas Cokes, for Mister Elyacht Stock Lundum."

Columbus, moved probably by some prophetic instinct, used the English language in his secret log, and does not seem to have been able to spell any better than the finders of his book. Quaint drawings of the natives and lands he discovered, with many curious birds and animals, and "ships wot won't sale," are given. His commission as admiral, written in Spanish, is loose among the leaves of the book, with the great seal of Ferdinand and Isabella scarcely injured. In giving his reasons for keeping a secret log, he says:

"I, Christopher Columbus, have writ this littel boke to be my secret log boke that it may go with me on my journey of enterprize over ye unknowne seas. I also kepe an open Boke, as everie honourable captaine of a shippe does, and in it I write all about ye course of my shippe, but I cannot put in ye open Log Boke alle my secrete thoughts and ye Reflexione

hidde in my harte. For my shippemates are verie rough Folke who have been moved by ye love of adventure, and also ye love of ye gold treasuries to join me in ye enterprize amid ye unknown seas. I must not let them knowe therefore, alle that I knowe and what I thinke, for they would not understand me and they might do me some grievous hurte. Therefore, I write this Boke in this language. And if it should happen which the Lord graciously prevent, that ye sea, should swallow up me and my shippe I will first lock up my littel Boke in a Box, and then throw it into ye sea that perchance by a lucky chance it may get washed by ye waves onto ye shores of an inhabited countrie, and so finds its way into ye hands of men and that it may through this Newes come to my home and tell what has become of Christopher Columbus and his crewe and lastly some brave men may be ye heir of my schemes." The narrative of his voyage is racy and delicious. The book is gotten up by Ringitte Bros., in Dusseldorf, Germany, and can be seen in the librarian's room at the library.

A BOY WITH A FUTURE.

It was a cold morning. The people in the village were almost frozen, and at the little red cottage in the hollow, where the wind had free sweep across acres of meadow land and hillside, it was a great deal worse.

But when Ben Preston jumped out of bed to build the fire for his mother, it was not the cold which worried him most; it was because he knew that in the cupboard there was only scanty provision.

The ladies who brought sewing to his mother could not come up to the hollow in such weather, nor could she cross these heavy drifts to go to them.

"Well," says Ben to himself, as he danced about to keep his feet from freezing while the fire burned up, "I don't see any way but to take the support of the family on myself for a few days. I can't do much, but maybe I can help a bit. I'll try, that's what!" And he drew himself up, looking very manly and strong.

When the little breakfast was eaten — it was nothing but corn cakes with butter, and milk to drink, — as they had a cow, — Ben carried in a load of wood and a pail of water, and then began to button up his coat.

"Not going out, Ben?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother; I'm going to look for a job in the village."

"But, Ben, you'll be almost frozen."

"Think not, mother. I am strong as a young horse, and it's a fine morning for sweeping sidewalks and crossings, you know. I'll just shoulder my shovel and see if I can't bring back something to fill up that cupboard."

"You're a good boy, Ben," said the widow, with a deep sigh, and a smile at his bright face.

"Ought to be; got a good mother, you know," responded Ben. And then putting on his old hat, he darted into the shed for his snow shovel, and was off, plunging through the drifts as if it was first-rate fun.

He had no overcoat, and his hands were hardly covered by the old mittens; but he put first one hand, and then the other, in his pocket, to

warm them, and trudged along with a cheery whistle, never minding the cold.

When he got to the village he stopped first before Dr. Hutchin's big house. The doctor was just opening his shutters, and Ben hailed him: "Good morning, doctor, don't you want your walk cleared off?"

"Well, I might," responded the doctor. "Think your're heavy enough for the job?"

"Just you try me," said Ben, beginning to dig away at the piled-up snow.

"All right, sonny. Make a good job of it and I'll give you a quarter." And with that the doctor went into the house. Ben worked and tugged, and in half an hour he had that sidewalk well shovelled off. Then he rapped at the door, and received his quarter from the doctor's wife.

"Well, that's a beginning," said he, and trudged on, stopping where he saw a good chance for a job, and in most cases getting it.

Two or three times he was hailed by boys going down to the dam to skate, and asked to go with them; but his only answer was to shake his head and pitch into the drifts with renewed energy.

When noon came he had a dollar and a quarter.

"Pretty well for one half day," said he. "Guess we can live while the snow lasts, if mother don't sew any."

He ran around the corner to Balzer's grocery and bought a loaf of bread, half a pound of cheese, some tea, sugar, and several other little necessaries, and still had a little left. He borrowed a basket from Mr. Balzer, put his packages into it, dashed out, and stepped into the butcher's to buy a juicy steak. Then he took the road to the hollow again. And I tell you his mother's bright face, when he ran into the house with his well-laden basket, well repaid him for the cold morning's work.

"What should I do without my good, brave boy?" she exclaimed, as he told her his little story. Ben laughed, and said: "Oh, that is nothing." He was very proud of her praise.

That boy has a future.

THE CITY OF THE BEARS.

THE name of Berne, the capital of Switzerland, signifies, according to the local legend, "the city of the bears;" and a curious story relates how the town came to bear this name. When Count Berthold of Zähringen had built the city of Berne, at the end of the twelfth century, he was greatly puzzled what name to give it. He called a council of the nobility to help him out; and not one of them could suggest a fitting name.

Count Berthold was a mighty hunter; and in this emergency, he resolved to go hunting for a name. He set out, with men and horses, dogs and weapons; and before he had chased long he encountered and slew a bear.

"A *bear* my city shall be," he exclaimed. It was accordingly called *Bär*, which is the German word for bear. In the course of time this name was extended by use into *Bären*, which is the plural of *Bär*, and then contracted to Bern.

Whether or not the legend is true, the Swiss city has always borne a bear upon its escutcheon. And not only are sculptured and pictured bears to be seen all about Berne, but for an uncertain but very long time, the city has maintained living bears to remind its citizens that their patron is this valiant animal.

In all times these municipal bears of Berne have been well taken care of but in the eighteenth century they — and their keepers, it may be added — were particularly fortunate.

Early in that century a rich maiden lady who was without any relatives save distant ones, and who had never in her life entertained any affection except an ardent one for the municipal bears, left by will the large sum of sixty thousand francs a year, or twelve thousand dollars, to be expended in the maintenance of the beloved animals.

This sum was greatly in excess of the bears' reasonable requirements ; and the distant relatives of the testatrix at once began a law-suit to break the will, alleging undue influence. The court appointed a lawyer to defend the interests of the bears.

A chronicle of the time records that this advocate "pleaded with such marvellous eloquence and pathos the innocence of the unfortunate animals, threatened with the despoiling of their heritage, of any attempt unduly to influence the testatrix that their guiltlessness of the charge was publicly acknowledged, and the will was declared valid and of good effect."

The government of the city of Berne was constituted guardian of the bears, who were to be considered as " perpetual minors." The lady's fortune was turned over to the city, and the income devoted to their maintenance.

Twelve thousand dollars a year was a great sum of money in Berne in the eighteenth century. The bears began to live in a style befitting their wealth. They gave famous dinners to the city councillors and their particular friends. The keepers of the bears lived in sumptuous fashion, and their office became one which was very much coveted.

The bears even gave splendid balls and parties, which were attended by the nobility and the wealthy merchants and their families. The cherished animals themselves simply rolled in luxury.

But an end came to all this magnificence. In the height of their luxury the bears felt the hand of the conqueror. The French Revolution came, and the army of the new republic, under General Brune, took possession of Berne.

Three days afterwards, a curious procession set out from Berne for Paris. At the head rode a large detachment of the cavalry of the French Republic. Then came eleven mules, laden with bags of gold. Then two very fat but crestfallen large brown bears waddled along as if unaccustomed to such vulgar exercise as walking. Another detachment of soldiers brought up the rear.

The mules were laden with the fortune of the bears of Berne, which had been seized in the name of the French Republic. The Frenchmen had also stolen two of the four municipal bears, and they were being led, in hopeless captivity, to Paris.

Great numbers of the people of Berne accompanied the bears a considerable distance on the road, sobbing and crying, and uttering adieux.

At Paris, General Brune presented the Directory of the Republic with the keys of the capital of Switzerland, with the fortune of the bears, the principal of which amounted to two hundred and forty thousand dollars in gold, and the two bears themselves, now lean and haggard from their long journey.

The bears were sent to the Jardin des Plantes, or Botanic Garden of Paris, and there remained the rest of their lives. They were petted and pampered by the Parisians to such an extent that they had little cause to regret their capture.

Their fellows at Berne, however, fallen from riches to penury, lived a neglected and half-starved life until, a few years afterwards, a subscription was raised among the people of the city to put them, as it were, financially once more upon their paws. But they saw no more of the magnificent luxury of the past.

To this day the people of Berne almost worship the descendants of these bears. In a great den an immense pair of old animals, with several smaller ones and cubs, are kept. A municipal law makes it a misdemeanor to throw anything to them save bread and fruit; but these articles of food they receive in great quantity.

Every visitor to the dens is told how, in the year 1861, an English captain fell into the den in the middle of the night, and was promptly torn to pieces by the bears.

WASHINGTON'S PHYSICAL TRAINING.

A TALE still current in Washington's old home neighborhood in Virginia recounts how once as a stripling he sat reading under the shade of an oak-tree near his school. Some of his friends had engaged a champion wrestler of the country to test their strength in an impromptu ring. One after another fell a victim to the champion's skill, till, grown bold at last, he strode back and forth like one of the giants of oldtime romance, daring the only boy who had not wrestled with him either to put his book down and come into the ring or own himself afraid!

This was more than the self-contained Washington could stand. Quietly closing his book he accepted the challenge. Long after, when the student under the oak-tree had become conqueror with whose honored name the whole civilized world resounded, the ex-champion told what followed: "After a fierce, short struggle," he said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground, with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

With the memory of these boyish encounters in mind, and with all his sympathy for athletic exercises, think what it must have been to Washington, when commander-in-chief of the revolutionary army, to come upon a party of his young officers amusing themselves at a game of "fives," and, in spite of his evident enjoyment of the sport, to find them too much overcome with awe to go on playing. It was in vain that the general encouraged them to resume their sport; so, at last, feeling that greatness has its drawbacks, he bowed, wished his officers good-day, and walked away.

As a horseman, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginian boys, he took to the saddle as a duck takes

to water. Once astride his steed, it was all but impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the county named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled and dashing fox hunter. In the army, when on horseback, riding down the line, cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them, he was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in his maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call "training." His habits, at all times, were those exacted of a "crew" or a "team" of modern days, before the occasions when those heroes appear in public, to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses to test his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing. It may be some consolation to aspirant heroes of the future to hear, while upon this topic, that Mrs. Washington said it was well the General was so rarely ill, as she could never get him to take his medicine.

"Major Laurence Lewis once asked his uncle what was his height in the prime of life," says Curtis. "He replied: 'In my best days, Laurence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes.' Of his weight, we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada in 1799; 'My weight in my best days, sir, never exceeded from two hundred and ten to twenty.' His form was unique. Unlike most athletic frames, which expand at the shoulder and gather in at the hips, the form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips in perpendicular lines, the breadth of the trunk being nearly as great at the one end as at the other. His limbs were long, large and sinewy; he was what is called straight legged. His joints, feet, and hands were large, and could cast have been made from his right hand (so far did its dimensions exceed nature's model), it would have been preserved in museums for ages as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century."

THE "TOUGH."

"THE individual perishes, the type remains." There are some types that ought to extirpate themselves; but the species is immutable, and to the end of time the type known as the "tough" will no doubt exist. As a noun, the name of this species is not in Worcester's Dictionary; but as an adjective we find "tough" described as callous, obdurate, stubborn; and the tough is all these — and more!

The English call a variation of this type a "cad." To be a cad is to be unutterably mean, selfish, and insolent. The tough is all these and more. He is a hypocrite and a coward, because he pretends to be worse than he is for the sake of gaining the applause of those chosen spirits who aim to be tougher than himself. He is afraid to show any good quality, any desire for better things, any love for truth; he conceals any good that is in him, and displays only the bad. He turns all the flame of gaslight on his worst qual-

ities. He may be physically courageous, but he is a moral coward. When he is young he swears outrageously, because the most eminent members of the group among whom he finds all his pleasure follow the newest fashions in blasphemy. One may see the embryo tough on a street corner, trying to seem to like the cigarettes he smokes, and making remarks on the passing people which his mother would blush and weep to hear.

For him the whole order of the world is reversed. He asks evil to be his good; he scoffs, he sneers at all good things; his life is occupied in trying to be as hideous, as nauseatingly impudent as his companions. The tough who dances "fancy steps" on the street corners in winter, with the double object of keeping warm and showing his familiarity with the variety stage, is of the same type as he who lounges at clubs, who drinks until he is blind and then boasts of it, and who cultivates a habitual tone of contempt for women.

There are classes of toughs. The "hoodlum" is of the lowest class, the cad of the highest; the one is not ashamed to steal, the other is,— that is the only distinction between the aristocratic tough and the plebeian tough. The one has no public opinion to fear, the other has.

When a young man begins to sneer at the venerable or the good, and tells lies about the vice he has wallowed in, in order to gain a footing with the vicious, he is beginning to "toughen"; he will soon be a cad; when he lounges all day, and looks for a night of drinking as the end of existence, he is a tough. The first indications of either toughness or caddishness is a desire on the part of the young man to appear worse than he is. You remember the myth of Daphne. She was pursued by Apollo, and she prayed that she might be turned into a bay-tree. Various artists have represented her with the leaves sprouting from her fingers, and one sees the very act of transformation. It is so with the young tough; one can see the hardening process day by day,— the bay leaves, as it were, are seen springing from his fingers, the bark forms layer on layer, and in a short time all that is best in the young man has become hardened out of sight.

The boy begins to be a tough or a cad when he throws aside the lessons of the good, and chooses a prize-fighter or a variety actor as his model; when he tries to imitate the monsters of the detective stories, and lives in a dream of them all day long; when disobedience and disrespect cease to be bad, and become means by which he gains the applause of his "friends." When there is no toleration for the fretfulness of age in the youthful heart; when good manners and kindly and gracious usages become things for laughter; when selfishness becomes the rule of life; when sisters are bullied and mothers outwardly despised,— then the tough begins to approach his prime. He sinks lower as he grows older. The vicious group he loved soon disperses or is dispersed; he feels himself different from those good people who were once his equals; he has degraded himself; and, worse than all, his contact with all vile things has so saturated him with vileness that he no longer desires to be other than vile.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, in Ave Maria.

"IF you could coin all the silver in your hair how rich an old man you would be!"—"Not half so rich as you would be, young man," answered Sophocles, "if you could only sell the brass in your face."

Another Interesting Conversion.

Dr. W. H. Ruddick, South Boston, Becomes a Catholic.

THE latest conversion to the Faith in Boston is that of William H. Ruddick, M. D.; a well-known physician of South Boston, and heretofore a prominent member of the Church of the Advent.

Dr. Ruddick was received into the Church on Saturday, March 19, in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, by the rector, the Rt. Rev. John Brady, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, but so quietly that it is only within a few days that the event has become known.

Asked by a representative of THE PILOT for a word as to the process of his conversion, Dr. Ruddick said: "It was an evolution, so to speak. For a long time during my life as an Episcopalian, I held the "Branch theory," and believed myself to be really a Catholic. My religious and historical studies, however, showed me after a time the unreasonableness of this theory, and pointed the way to the Only True Church.

"The statement made by Dr. James Field Spalding at the time that he resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, Cambridge, to become a Catholic, fits my own case as closely as it did his, and fully describes the process of my conversion."

Dr. Ruddick dwelt strongly on the conviction, which had preceded by a considerable time his conversion, that the true Church of Christ must have a Visible and Infallible Head.

Asked whether any exterior causes had contributed to his conversion, Dr. Ruddick answered: "Yes; the faith and resignation with which Catholics meet death. My practice," he continued, "is largely among Catholics, and I was early struck by the calmness with which the Catholic learns that his illness is dangerous, and the promptness and assiduity with which he prepares for the last journey, and the confidence in God's mercy that stays by him to the last. Death to the Catholic is not the fearful thing that it is to other men."

Dr. Ruddick had little more to say about his conversion, further than to declare that he had found all—even more than he had hoped for—in the Catholic Church; and that there are hosts of sincere and earnest souls in the "High Church" division of Episcopalianism steadily drawing nearer and nearer to the Truth; and more alas! who are, convinced of the rectitude of all the Catholic claims, but are held back by purely worldly motives.

Dr. Ruddick was born about forty-eight years ago in New Brunswick. He has spent his whole professional life in South Boston. He is esteemed by all for his skill and progressive spirit as a physician, and beloved among the poor for his charity and kindliness. His conversion is a subject of especial rejoicing among the Catholics of South Boston.

Month's Mind of the Late Thomas Flatley, of Boston.

ON Thursday, March 24, Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden, as the Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of the late Thomas Flatley: The Rev. M. F. Flatley., P. R. was celebrant; the Rev. Michael Masterson, deacon; the Rev. Denis Sullivan, subdeacon; the Rev. Francis P. Curran, master of ceremonies. There were also present, Fathers John Flatley, Cambridge; Shahan, O'Farrell, Gilligan, Herlihy, Doody, Slattery, Holland and Patrick Masterson. The church was filled with a large congregation, including the bereaved widow, brothers, relatives, and many friends of the lamented dead. May he rest in peace!

Coadjutor for Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt.

THE venerable Bishop of Burlington, Vt., the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., has petitioned for a coadjutor with the right of succession. His advanced and impaired health—he has literally worn himself out in God's service—oblige him to this step.

Bishop de Goesbriand is in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the fifty-second of his priesthood. On the creation of the Diocese of Burlington, in 1853, he was appointed its first Bishop, and was consecrated with the late Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, first Bishop of Brooklyn, on Oct. 30 1853. The history of the Church in Vermont ever since is his history—a splendid record of religious and educational progress.

Despite his arduous missionary labors, Bishop de Goesbriand has found time to enrich our historical and devotional literature with some admirable volumes—the latest and most important of these being his "History of Divine Worship." The three priests said to have been selected, from among whom one shall be chosen as coadjutor, are the Rev. Jerome Cloarec, of Burlington; the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans; and the Rev. J. Michaud, of Newport.

MRS. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL, of Longfield, Cashel, Ire., was at the Brunswick recently, on a brief visit to Boston. Mrs. O'Connell is the daughter of Bianconi, who introduced the "long-cars" into Ireland; and is the widow of the favorite nephew of Daniel O'Connell. She is the author of several volumes of historical and biographical interest, including a life of her father, and the charming little "Memories of Attie O'Brien." Her latest book, "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade"—of which an extended notice will appear in THE PILOT—has been very favorably received. Mrs. O'Connell has been in the United States since February, visiting friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. She has been accompanied by her son, John Coppinger O'Connell, who is at present the guest of his friend, Col. Coppinger, a son-in-law of Secretary Blaine. Mrs. O'Connell is a type of Irish gentlewoman rarely met on this side of the Atlantic. She is the owner and efficient manager of three large and prosperous estates in Ireland, her residence being at Longfield, near the famous Rock of Cashel. She is a widely-travelled woman, a keen observer, and a brilliant conversationalist. She returns to her Irish home April 20. Should she be moved to write of her American tour, her observations will be well worth reading.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN, BOSTON.—During the week 28 children—16 boys and 12 girls—were received into the Home; 4 girls were placed in families; 3 boys were restored to their relatives; remaining in the Home March 24, 255 children—127 boys and 128 girls. The following subscriptions and donations have been received for the week ending March 24: the Rev. John Qualey, $10; Mr. John Harney, $5; Mr. John Nolan, $2; Friend, $1. Bequest of Richard Foley, per Mr. John Collins of Newburyport, executor, $150. Donations of money clothing, or stores, or any article useful to the children or in the Home are respectfully solicited,

COLUMBUS.

——PALE mariners, mute craftsmen, oh! speed
your strange task well,
Fit your slender caravals for the shoreless western swell—
Fit your slender caravals to follow yon stately stranger,
To seek new worlds thro' wilderness of waves and trackless danger;
To brave unknown sea-monsters' wrath and seamaids' fatal wile,
To seek Cathay, forsooth, and rich Cipango's distant isle.
And who this man, in speech and gesture simple as a child—
But stern by times, as suits sea-roamer, planner of such day-dreams wild?

. . . . . .

The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts gray,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride;
But where are their crews, our lost kinsmen, who shall
Embark before noon in each doomed caraval?
There's wringing of hands and wailing and woe,
As the gathering crowds to the churches go—
As the seamen enter, and onward press
Where the friars are standing to shrive and confess;
And as they come out, redoubles the rout
Along the streets and shore—
For maidens are there with dishevelled hair,
And matrons with sobbing sore;
But for Alonzo Pinzon's band,
Never that day had they left the land.
But hush, what deep stillness creeps over the crowd?—
What Stranger is this striding stately and proud?
Erect in his figure, his gray eyes bare,
And his bronzed cheek channelled by thought or care.
They open before him, but as he passes
One yell bursts forth from the spell-bound masses—
One long, long yell of hate and rage,
With curses from manhood, and childhood, and age.
Ah! how they curse him—his bronzed cheek flushes,
And haughtiest scorn to his proud eye rushes—
They curse him, but still that rabble yell
Grew faint on each lip, when his stern glance fell.
One moment only his passion grows,
One moment only his broadsword glows;
One moment only they stand defied
By his heart of flame and his lip of pride;
Onward he passed, nor heard nor heeded
The shouts that still each shout succeeded—
Away, away, in thought he flies
To far-off regions and tropic skies,
To realms more gorgeous in gems and gold
Than Marco Polo ever told,
To unbroken oceans and virgin isles—
And musing, the gray eye lights and smiles.

. . . . . .

A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls—
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls—
The old grandees of Arragon, the knights of proud Castile,
Soft Andalusia's beauty, and rough Biscay's manhood leal.
All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind
Thro' seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind:
The king and queen will grace, forsooth, the mariner's array—
The lonely seaman scoffed and scorned in Palos town that day.
He comes, he comes, the gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade, in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,
And natives of those new-found worlds and treasures all untold—
And in the midst the Admiral, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarion's swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud the myriads yell—
They cheer—that mob—they wildly cheer—Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and cavaliers of Spain,
And bends him to the people, too, but thoughtful is his smile,
And mid their cheers, as calm his glance as mid their rage erewhile.

G. H. S.

DR. JOHN J. MCMANN, graduate of Harvard Medical College, class 1867, an old friend of ours, is, we learn, the consulting surgeon at his office, 39 Bergengun Block, Lynn, Mass., for the painless removal of cancer and morbid growth, by the Dr. J. C. Weeks' System, lately deceased, of Lynn, Mass. We feel assured the doctor is thoroughly competent to treat successfully cases presented to him there.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

IT would be quite superfluous, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, to speak at this time of day of the distinguished prelate on whom the choice of the Pope has fallen. He comes of a family which has given a number of great ecclesiastics to the Church in England, and he has himself rendered good services to the Church in the North of England. In politics Bishop Vaughan is a Conservative, and, as the Tablet expresses his views on the Irish question, it may be taken that he is against Home Rule. Unlike the late Cardinal, he has never displayed any popular sympathy, and in his hands the Archbishopric of Westminster will be associated with a different public policy from that which marked the reign of the great Cardinal who preceded him.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, JUNE, 1892. No. 6.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics.—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Rev. Minot J. Savage and Evolution.

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage, the popular pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Unity in Boston, has been lecturing to show that Professor Briggs' effort to reconcile the traditional views of Christianity with the popular doctrine of evolution are futile. We acknowledge frankly that *we* do not consider the radical minister an authority either in theology or in science. While we have great respect for him personally, and have no reason to doubt his sincerity, we have no confidence in his teaching, his judgment, or his logic. Indeed, to be perfectly frank, we consider him a most dangerous enemy to Christianity, more dangerous, in fact, than Col. "Bob." Ingersoll himself, for while Ingersoll is an open, acknowledged and aggressive enemy, against whom we are on our guard, Mr. Savage professes to be a Christian minister and pastor of a Christian church. His attacks are, therefore, all the more insidious and dangerous. We do not consider him an able man. He deals more in theory, speculation, and fancy than in sound logic. Still he has acknowledged literary ability, and is distinguished for the positiveness of his opinions and the strength of his assertions. In fact, he is more infallible in his dogmatic utterances than the Pope himself. The consequence is he has great influence with his own people, and with the unthinking, unintelligent masses outside the sphere of his more immediate environment.

Mr. Savage is an unmitigated naturalist. He has no faith in a supernatural revelation, and he discards all the great, fundamental doctrines of Christianity. He does not believe in that great central and essential doctrine of the Christian system, the Incarnation of the Son of God for our redemption. He has no faith in the fall of man, nor in the atonement; nor in the resurrection of the body; nor in sin; nor in future punishment for sin. In short, he is a pronounced evolutionist of the most pronounced Darwinian school. He does not hesitate to assert, in the most positive and dogmatic manner, that the Darwinian doctrine of evolution is true; and as well established as the Copernican system in astronomy.

In one of his recent lectures, Mr. Savage boldly declared that "Evolution teaches no origin of matter and of life, but that the worlds came into being by processes of change and growth. . . . Man is evolved from lower forms of life, body, mind, soul, ethics, religion and all," And he rings

the changes on it; and, when criticised by a correspondent of one of the daily papers, does not back down from or modify this assertion.

It is certainly a very bold assertion for any man to make, especially as there is not one particle of positive proof for it. There is, undoubtedly, a gradation in animal life, and we may even admit that evolution in the animal kingdom, within certain limits, is considered an established theory among leading scientists, yet that it is the sole cause of the present condition of things, or that it is of universal application has not been proved, and, we are firmly convinced, never will be. It is the opinion of the soundest, most conservative scientists that, admitting that the principle of evolution, together with natural selection, as worked out by Darwin, does operate upon certain groups of animals, and may be the cause of the origin of species within generic or possibly family limits, it by no means follows that evolution is the verified cause of all forms of life from protoplasm to man; or, as Mr. Savage has it, from inorganic matter to man. Science has not shown the evolution of life from inorganic matter, and no one but a tyro in science and metaphysics, or an enthusiast who has a special theory to maintain, would think of asserting positively that it has.

It has never yet been proved that man in his physical structure was evolved from a lower form of animal life, as from the monkey; still less is there one particle of proof that man's mental apparatus — as Mr. Savage contends — his "soul, mind, ethics, religion and all" are an evolution from brute instinct. So completely are the evidences of this theory of the evolution of man wanting, that at present most of the best evolutionists, at least many of them, have adopted the theory of "evolution by leaps," as Le Conte calls it. That distinguished German naturalist, Virchow, a man of the highest authority as an histologist, has recently given his decided opinion against the Darwinian theory of the descent of man. He insists that the most highly developed anthropoid apes are perpetual in their species, since they have never, within the memory of man, exhibited the slightest variation in type. So we see nothing is absolutely determined by our confident scientists who are still speculating and theorizing about it.

Professor Wright, in a recent Lowell Institute lecture on the subject, very properly says:

"With what we know of our own minds, and the manifestations of Divine Providence in history, we are not warranted in wholly ruling out supernatural elements from the earlier developments of the human race.

As to any particular methods by which the Creator may have provided for that rapid development of the human race, it is not necessary to commit ourselves."

As an appropriate comment on and confirmation of this remark of Professor Wright, we take pleasure in quoting the following pertinent extract from the famous essay of the late distinguished Professor Agassiz, in the Atlantic Monthly, January, 1874.

"The most advanced Darwinians seem reluctant to acknowledge the intervention of an intellectual power, in the diversity which obtains in nature, under the plea that such an admission implies distinct creative acts for every species. What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts, but specific acts of the mind? Why should it, then, be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar process, since there is no evidence of any other cause?"

We commend these very sensible, Christian reflections to the special meditation of Mr. Savage and his Darwinian friends. It is well for us to remember that the same divine power which first originated animal life, and with infinite skill created the germs from which the various species sprang, still pervades, and always has pervaded the world, and penetrates every particle of matter with its energizing, vivifying efficacy; and, if the "missing link" between certain distinct, but similar species, never has been, and probably never will be discovered, where is the absurdity of concluding that, instead of an unaccountable "leap" from one species to another, that same Almighty Power originated the new species?

The theory that man commenced his career of progress and civilization in the savage state, gradually working himself up through successive stages, inventing his language as he progressed, and becoming more and more enlightened till he reached the highest stage, is not borne out by the records of the race. On the contrary, the ancient traditions of all the old nations of the world go to show that there must have been an original revelation, embodying, as St. Augustine wrote, the leading doctrines of Christianity before Christianity came; and that, instead of advancing in civilization, intelligence, and refinement, those nations actually degenerated from a higher to a lower state, until they reached a condition of barbarism in marked contrast with their original condition. This is true of the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Persians, some of whose writers appealed to the records and traditions of an earlier and more advanced civilization.

The distinguished Professor, Martin L. Morris, LL.D., of the Law School of Georgetown University, one of the ablest, most learned, and most brilliant writers in the country, well expresses this truth in his admirable lecture on "The Origin of Civil Liberty, or, the World's Indebtedness to Israel," delivered recently before the "United Hebrew Charities," of Washington. He says:

"Barbarism is the result of the loss of civilization; but civilization never can be evolved out of barbarism, nor can civil liberty ever result from the licentious rudeness of the savage state. If history proves anything, it proves most conclusively that no nation, tribe, or people, has ever yet emerged out of barbarism into civilization by its own unaided efforts. Civilization has always come from without, from the civilized to the uncivilized nations. And the almost inevitable inference is that civilization was the primal state of man; and that barbarism was merely a degradation, out of which man could be, and has often been reclaimed by his being overtaken by those refining and humanizing influences, from the sphere of which he had departed. This is the positive and unmistakable lesson of history, against which theory must ever war in vain if it attempts to teach a different one."

Brownson, in his essay on "The Primeval Man Not a Savage" (Review, April, 1873), in which he goes into the subject extensively, says:

"The theory is unhistorical. There is on record no instance of a savage tribe becoming, by its own spontaneous and unassisted efforts, a civilized people. All the historical authorities known to us agree in this; and we, who have been reading history all our life, have not been able to find an instance of the kind."

And he touches the point when he says these modern scientists "imagine a theory, and then imagine another, equally baseless, to prove it. They prove that man began in the savage state by the theory of progress; and the theory of progress by the fact that man was originally a savage."

The fact is, our modern scientists have no faith in Christianity. They set out with the postulate that it cannot be true, and they labor to so marshal the facts of science that they shall militate against it. But we frankly acknowledge that we are not prepared to give up our faith in Christianity without more positive proof than any that these theorizing, speculating scientists have yet produced. As far back as the earliest records of the human race reach, and according to the testimony of the rocks themselves, man has always been man, and the monkey a monkey. We need no better evidence than our own consciousness, that there is an infinite difference between the highest development of the chimpanzee and the lowest development of man. The former, though sometimes displaying remarkable intelligence for a brute, is yet limited in capacity—cribbed, cabined and confined; while the latter has an immortal soul endowed with illimitable capacity of development. Above all, he has a moral nature — he has been endowed with a conscience which is an infallible indication of the will of his Creator that he should avoid evil and choose good. He has instincts of reverence, of worship, and a craving for the supernatural. In fact he is a religious being, and agnosticism is repugnant to his unsophisticated nature. It is the Christian's faith and the Christian's hope that can alone satisfy his aspirations and lift him above the groveling and depressing influences by which we are surrounded. Let us cling with unyielding tenacity to this anchor of that hope, both sure and steadfast, which enters within the veil, which sustains us under the trials of this unfriendly world, and in our last hour lights up the darkness of the grave with cheering anticipations of a joyful and glorious immortality.

H. L. R.

Death of Rev. Edward J. McCabe.

THE editor and founder of the Catholic Youth, a paper published in Brooklyn, N. Y., died on St. Patrick's Day. The summons to leave this world, its cares and its sorrows, came to him while the Clyde steamship, Cherokee, on which he was a passenger, was plunging its way through the mighty deep, — between Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla. Rev. Edward J. McCabe was born in the city of Brooklyn, June 20, 1853. He was of Irish descent.

ACROSTIC.

Resplendent in bliss, and as pure as the dove,
Even now gleams thy spirit that vanished above,
Vanished on high, like a vision of love!

Endless thy glory in Heaven to-day!
Dreary, however, thy passing away,
With none of your own kith and kin there to say
A loving "Farewell" in that ship where you lay,
Rocked on the billows, all crested with spray
Death's dreaded angel still standing at bay,
Just but a moment; then — back to the clay!

Mother must mourn, and father must weep;
Cold rests their child — not, thank God, in the deep,—
Crushed are their spirits, aghast at their loss,
As they turn to gaze on Christ crushed 'neath the cross!
Blessed Mother of Jesus, the Heaven-born Babe,
Ever comfort the parents of Father McCabe!

THOMAS J. MCGEOGHEGAN.

Points About the Irish Crisis.

IV.

SINCE the opening of Parliament it has fared ill with the Irish party of faction. Since Mr. Parnell's break with the great Liberal Party of England, or rather, as I should write, since it was forced to break with Mr. Parnell, the minority was driven to turn, as the only remaining alternative, to the party of Balfour and coercion. Left to themselves they were powerless to win Home Rule; for the simple reason that thirty men could not outvote three hundred; or that six men armed with rusty pikes could not hope to encounter six thousand men, armed with modern rifles, and supported with all the appliances of modern warfare. That was a fact too palpable to be ignored, even by the gullible innocents, who were wont to crowd around the platform of the "only possible leader." There was nothing for it, then, but to turn to the government that had given us everlasting coercion, and to cry "More power to the elbow" of Mr. Balfour; to retract every pronouncement and word of the past; to denounce those who had been lauded, and, on the contrary, to champion the men and the party, who had been hitherto described, in all the language of vituperation, as the worst enemies of the country. It was a large order on the credulity of a people; but Mr. Parnell judged — and judged, I regret to say, aright — that a section at least of his impulsive countrymen, could be found with a stock of credulity of which there was absolutely no limit. Fair play was demanded for the Tories; we were told of their light-railways and other relief works; but chief among all the boons that were to come was the long-threatened Local Government Bill, which has just been introduced. Great expectations were held out about it; Mr. Leamy wrote about it, in his moribund "weekly"; it was to be equivalent almost to Home Rule; it was promised so far back as 1886, and it was again announced at the opening of the session as one that should satisfy us all, and that would be similar to the measures passed for England and Scotland: the grand Tory panacea for Irish ills and the great remedial measure that was to compensate for and to balance in some way the measures of coercion that had gone before. Well, we have waited; we have given Mr. Balfour fair play; and what is the result? A Local Government Bill that has set the whole world laughing.

Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.

I do not mean, of course, to trouble the reader with particulars of this astounding measure; suffice it to say, that it contemplates, in certain eventualities, the prosecution of the whole council before two judges, and on such beautifully indefinite and plastic charges as "oppression." The whole subject is one for the cartoonist; and that artist, in one of our weeklies, has shown a very just appreciation of the grand remedial measure. On one side he places "Coercion Court No. 1," presided over by the familiar figures of two memorable magistrates; and on the other, two well-known Irish judges, who rejoice in a common name, trying, as he tells us, "the county Cork." The whole thing has placed the Factionists in a very pitiable plight, and no wonder we should find them saying of it in the words of Mr. O'Kelly, M. P., "that it is worthy of Johnston of Ballykilbeg;" while at a recent Tory

gathering in Dublin, a Tory, Q. C., declares it to be "a statesman-like, safe, and liberal measure." Of course we should be glad to get a good local government act from any government that gives it; with or without Home Rule, we must have the management of county taxes and general business; but whether Mr. Balfour will consent to recast and shape his present proposal, so far as to make it acceptable, or even useful, time only can tell.

Some of the factionist friends of the government are fond of calling themselves "boys." A few other political fiascos of this kind and they shall have secured for themselves in Irish history, if Irish history shall have aught to say of them at all, the unenviable title of the "boy-statesmen." And thus is dissolved like a mist, the beautiful fiction, which we had been so often seriously asked to believe, that some day or other the prime coercionist of the age would suddenly change his tactics and become a second liberator of the Irish race. Still more unfortunate for the Tory and Factionist interests, is the welcome announcement, that the evicted will not be forgotten by the Liberals in their return to power. The deepest depth of humiliation is almost reached here. The "old spider" whose word no man could believe, and his party, as unreliable as himself, will not abandon the men whom their own countrymen, or rather a section of them had betrayed; and that the very section, which had claimed forsooth a monopoly of patriotism and independence! We are getting forward,—the time will come, and it must be soon, at this rate, when the actions and the motives of the Factionist minority, in Ireland, will be thoroughly understood by the Irish race at home and abroad. When last writing, I stated that the evicted themselves had taken occasion to declare their views on the situation; and I had intended to append the following resolution, as one among many similar proofs. No name is better known in connection with agrarian agitation in Ireland, than Woodford; and here is what Woodford had to say to Waterford at the late election.

That we, the committee of the Woodford Tenants' Defence Association, appeal to the Nationalist electors of Waterford to record their votes for Michael Davitt, the able and persevering advocate of justice for the tenant farmer, artisan, and laborer, the uncompromising foe of tyrannical landlordism, the fearless champion of the rights of Ireland, and the out-spoken enemy of the cruel and traitorous policy now being adopted by the Factionist party towards the evicted tenants of Ireland.

The shibboleths of the minority is a subject on which it will be of use to say a word. The number and variety of those cries, is what first strikes us. "English dictation," and "clerical dictation," "independent opposition," and a half a dozen others, were invented and circulated as circumstances seemed to demand. If any one has been to a marionette exhibition, they will have some idea of it. We had hardly learned to shout one *slogan*, when forthwith its place was taken by another; and it seemed to matter nothing, if the cry of to-day was entirely different from that of yesterday, if only it caught the public ear, and suited the time and occasion. In a very humorous speech Mr. Healy, "the man in the gap," himself has been making fun of a very funny subject: he was able to tell us, when each cry was started, how long it lived, and when it died; and from the very curious and researchful study, it appeared that some of the war-cries flourished for six months, others for three, others only for a few weeks, while some seemed

to be still-born, somewhat after the fashion of that wondrous piece of statesmanship, — Mr. Balfour's Local Government Bill. About those various cries there is one, and only one important observation to be made. They should never have been treated seriously at all: they were meant to confuse the popular mind, and to draw away attention from an unsavory subject, and from the one true issue which Mr. Parnell and his friends feared to face. About "independent opposition," I shall have something to say again, when it will be found an easy task to show how meaningless and even impudent it was, and especially from the lips of the late "chief." Nor at this stage, is it necessary to reply to the no less silly cry of "clerical dictation." Many allowed themselves, however, to be caught in this trap, and to enter into eloquent apologies for the Irish priesthood, not thinking that their doing so was at the bidding of men like Messrs. Leamy, Harrington, and Kenny. It was putting the occupants of the dock into the judgment seat. The question of exclusion from public life had reference only to the very gentlemen themselves who naively turned it to the Irish priesthood. Transparent as the little device was, it set the Irish world speech-making and article-writing in defence of a body and a cause which needed no word of defence at all. Our crime just now is to have saved Ireland from a terrible danger, to have baffled the treachery of Parnell and Leamy and Harrington; to have won Kilkenny, and Carlow, and Sligo, battles which saved Ireland, and which, let it be known to all whom it may concern, would not have been won without the priests of Ireland. Mr. Harrington and his friends begin to recognize the fact that they have been beaten, and so their tone is changed; at Ennis, he seemed very solicitous that the world should know that they had never been hostile to the priests; but the world by this time will be more anxious to ask what are the views of the priests themselves. Here are the words of the venerable and patriotic Bishop of Meath:

> The Parnellites are anti-Catholic; they are always ready to oppose anything a bishop or priest undertakes. The bishops are the divinely constituted teachers of faith and morals, they are the successors of the apostles with the same mission and the same authority. Now they warned the people against the dangers of Parnellism, and the Parnellites inconsistently refused to listen to them. They are ready to believe them on all points except this; and rejecting their teaching on this matter, they destroy the foundation on which their faith rests. If they mislead in this matter, what is to prevent them misleading in every other? They are not, therefore, guided by faith, they are the secret foes of faith. Parnellism is not yet two years old, and it has already done more harm to faith than the brutal persecutions of three hundred years. These persecutions had the effect of binding still closer the priest and his people, whilst Parnellism has produced an estrangement and a coldness between the priest and some of his people; it has destroyed that warmth of affection that had existed between them, it has engendered suspicious jealousies and hatred; it has endeavored to ridicule and bring into contempt with the people their priesthood. Hence it is they are so ready to oppose anything Catholic; they are prepared to enter into an unnatural alliance with the enemies of their race and creed to advance their designs. Lately, in another part of the diocese, the Parnellites united, with possibly one exception, with them to exclude the nuns from the workhouse of Navan, thereby endeavoring to deprive the poor paupers of the multiplied chances of salvation which the presence of nuns affords the sick inmates in their last moments.

Those are the words of no irresponsible platform orator; but of an Irish bishop, of a man whose name is a household word, whose career might well be studied by those who would understand the peculiar relation

of Irish priests to their people; and who well-nigh a half century ago, and, therefore, long before Ireland had heard of the treason and the traitors of '91, was showing a devotion that can never be forgotten to the victims of eviction and of plague in the plains of his native Meath, says A. M. Sullivan in his New Ireland.

"Seven hundred human beings," says the most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Catholic bishop of Meath, "were driven from their homes on this one day. There was not a shilling of rent due on the estate at the time, except by one man. The sheriffs' assistants employed on the occasion to extinguish the hearths and demolish the homes of those honest, industrious men, worked away with a will at their awful calling until evening fell. At length an incident occurred that varied the monotony of the grim and ghastly ruin which they were spreading all around. They stopped suddenly and recoiled, panic stricken with terror from two dwellings which they were directed to destroy with the rest. They had just learned that typhus fever held these houses in its grasp, and had already brought death to some of their inmates. They therefore supplicated the agent to spare these houses a little longer; but he was inexorable, and insisted that they should come down. He ordered a large winnowing-sheet to be secured over the beds in which the fever victims lay,— fortunately they happened to be delirious at the time,— and then directed the houses to be unroofed, cautiously and slowly. I administered the last sacrament of the Church, to four of these fever-victims next day; and, save the above-mentioned winnowing-sheet, there was not then a roof nearer to me than the canopy of heaven. The scene of that eviction day I must remember all my life long. The wailing of women, the screams, the terror, the consternation of children, the speechless agony of men, wrung tears of grief from all who saw them. The heavy rains which usually attend the autumnal equinoxes descended in cold, copious torrents throughout the night, and at once revealed to the houseless sufferers, the awful realities of their condition. I visited them next morning, and rode from place to place, administering to them all the comfort and consolation I could. The landed proprietors in a circle all around, and for many miles in every direction, warned their tenantry against admitting them to a single night's shelter. Many of these poor people were unable to emigrate. After battling in vain with privation and pestilence, they at last graduated from the workhouse to the tomb; and in a little more than three years, nearly a fourth of them lay quietly in their graves."

And it is men like this, and like Drs. Croke and Walsh, and Canon Kellar, and Father Humphreys of Tipperary, that are to stand aside at the call of a clique of plotting politicians and hungered barristers; the golden traditions of faith and fatherland are to be remembered no more; but in the land of St. Patrick a new evangel is to be preached—a modified gospel of Gambettaism. But I must not follow the subject further lest I seem myself to be caught in a trap which I am exposing for others.

Mr. Healy has just been awarded seven hundred pounds' damages for the infamous libel by the Freeman anent the Gweedore trials at Maryborough; and the old Freeman will pay all costs, which must be very considerable. A few more cases of this kind, to remind the foul-mouthed among the followers of Mr. Parnell, that we are living under the protection of a law of libel, and we shall have secured the decencies of public life. Mr.

Healy has secured more than substantial damages; he has come unscathed through a trying ordeal, and he has proved to his countrymen that his honor and patriotism are on a par with even his conspicuous talents. His countrymen everywhere will say, "Well done, man in the gap!"

Roscrea, county Tipperary. REV. JAMES HALPIN, C. C.

Cardinal Manning's Successor.

THE Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D., Bishop of Salford, whose elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster has been announced, was born at Gloucester on April 15, 1832, and is the eldest son of the late Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, Hereford, and one of an old English Catholic family who have given several members to the Church. The Vaughans are connected by intermarriages with the Earls of Pembroke, the Arundels, Cliffords, Lovatts, Welds, and other leading families who belong to the titled and untitled nobility of England. He is a grand-nephew of Cardinal Weld, a nephew of the present Bishop of Plymouth, the *doyen* of the English Episcopacy; of Rev. R. Vaughan, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and of Rev. E. Vaughan, C. SS. R.; and brother of the Rev. B. Vaughan, S.J., of Manchester; Rev. Jerome Vaughan, O. S. B., who has just assumed the direction of the new Missionary Congregation for the Conversion of England, established in the diocese of Salford; Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, and Rev. J. S. Vaughan, of the House of Expiation, Chelsea. Several of Dr. Herbert Vaughan's sisters have entered convents. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, and completed his studies abroad, chiefly in Rome. He joined the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, introduced into London by the late Cardinal Manning. He first exhibited that active and resourceful zeal in missionary work which distinguishes him by founding, twenty-five years ago, St. Joseph's Society, of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions, which has colleges at Mill Hill, near London; Freshfield, near Liverpool, and at Baltimore, in the United States. It began with one student and one servant, and had to struggle into existence under great difficulties. It was while he was at the head of this society he was nominated to the See of Salford, in succession to the late Dr. Turner, and was consecrated by Cardinal Manning on October 28, 1872, still remaining, with the consent of the Pope, Superior General of the Society, which has now extensive missions in Borneo and among the negroes in North America. He was made Assistant at the Pontifical Throne on March 11, 1881. He has made Manchester a great educational centre by his development of St. Bede's College and other educational institutions; and, not content with this, has added to it St. Bede's-on-the-Rhine for the promotion of the culture of modern languages. He has made the education question and the social question in all their wide bearings special studies, and his views on sanitary reform, free education, temperance, the housing of the poor, and kindred topics, have often arrested public attention, and elicited the encomiums of the leading journals. One of his most notable undertakings has been the establishment of the Salford Catholic Protection and Rescue Society to check the alarming leakage from the Church among his flock, and to which he devoted his *mensa* or offical income as Bishop for three years.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Love Lyrics.

Two neat volumes entitled Love Poems of Three Centuries, edited by Miss Jessie F. O'Donnell, of Lowville, N. Y., and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, are worthy of more than a passing review since they embody much of the sweetest and strongest in the lyrical poetry of the past three hundred years. The volumes open with selections from Spenser, and Marlowe, and Ben Jonson, and immortal Shakespeare, whose genius touched the highest point of lyrical love in the passionate warmth of his sweet, but sad tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. When we remember that lyrical poetry is poetry in its intensest and purest form, and that no other kind of poetry contains within the same compass so much of the true poetic ore of that simple and vivid essence which to all true poetry is the breath of life, we can approximately estimate the wealth of poetic gems stored away within the pages of Love Poems of Three Centuries.

Principal Shairp defines poetry as the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best lives. Now, if this be a true definition of poetry in general, how much more true is it not of lyrical poetry, and with that truth intensified if the definition be applied to the love lyric. Other forms of poetry, such as the drama and epic, may be wrought out and fashioned in the workshop of the intellect; but the lyric has its abode in the heart, and comes forth only when the soul is kindled by a divine fire and swept by the storm of a mighty passion. A modern poet whose experience and productions exemplified his words has said, "A man cannot say I will write poetry; the greatest poet cannot say it, for the mind in creation is a fading coal which some irresistible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. This power arises from within, like the color of a flower which dims and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or of its departure. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature with our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only on the wrinkled sand which paves it." Now, there are certain conditions requisite to the production of a great lyric. In the first place, the thought, sentiment, or situation which shall lay hold of the soul with such intense force, and rise to the highest elevation must be single, — solitary. Nor can this thought or sentiment bear division. It must also be a ruling thought, an absorbing emotion capable of kindling and concentrating the mind into its warmest glow. For what we call a lyric poem is the adequate and consummate expression of some supreme moment, of some one rapturous mood.

Principal Shairp says that to make a perfect lyric, two things must conspire: an original emotion of more than usual depth, intensity, and tenderness, and a corresponding mastery over language to give it fitting utterance. Whoever is afraid to manifest strong feeling need not hope to write a great lyric, and this is the very reason that the present age is not productive of strong lyrics. There is too much smooth conventionality in our day, our civilization is too stereotyped to permit the lyric to blossom forth in stars of passion and strong feeling,— we are too studied, too much occupied with self-analysis, our hearts beat too scientifically to produce such

lyrics as Burns or Moore wrote. Take, for instance, a lyric of Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Austin Dobson, and place it, side by side, with that exquisite love poem of Burns, Highland Mary, and you will readily recognize that the cupid of modern day love verse has not only been robbed of his arrow, but has been decoyed into the house of strangers, and induced to mingle with a company of polished knights and goodly ladies who wear scientific breast-plates for the purpose of concealing the heart's red, red rose of love. Measure, if you can, the depth of feeling, tenderness, and pathos coursing through, and coloring every line in the following beautiful poem :

Highland Mary.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There Simmer first unfauld your robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Irish poetic genius is particularly of a kind that finds richest flowering in the genial atmosphere of love, and this because the Irish heart is both strong and warm. An Irishman full of that celestial rapture which Emerson says falleth down from Heaven, cannot manufacture figures of speech of sufficient magnitude to set forth the measure and intensity of his love.

He bankrupts in a moment the richest storehouse of hyperboles in his effort to express the length, breadth, and massiveness, of his devotion to the sweet idol he adores, and before whose altar of virtues he is ever swinging the censer of a faithful devotee. In sorrow he is extravagant ; in joy, he is equally so. Whenever he sheds a tear it is large enough to turn a mill ;

while the light of his true love's eyes is ever playing sad havoc with the glorious orb of day. Take the following poem, entitled Kitty Neil, by one of the sweetest and truest of Irish poets, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and observe with what fidelity the poet has pictured one of the brightest and most characteristic scenes in Irish life, — a country dance. Nor does the author fail to strike off in the last verse of the poem an example of the extravagant hyperboles which an Irishman will use when the madness of love has fully warmed the current of his veins.

No one can surely fail to appreciate every line of this beautiful lyric:

Kitty Neil.

" Ah ! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down ; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
And Pat without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil,
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion ;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground ;
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing ;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?

Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
" *Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love.*"

As a master of versification and the resources of melody, Algernon Charles Swinburne stands preëminent in our day ; but all his poetry is wanting in soul ; it is simply the singing and sighing and grieving and joying of nature without a touch of heaven in it. As far as the excellence of technique goes, and the wedding of music and words, it would be difficult to surpass the following lyric from this great master of English versification and melody:

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields of flowerful closes
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather,
With daffodil and starling,
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Two of the essential elements in a lyric of the first order are directness and simplicity, and it is these very requisite characteristics that place Burns at the head of all modern lyric poets. Indeed the very qualities which constitute excellence in a ballad largely enter into every first-class lyric whether patriotic, reflective, convivial, or lyric of love. In Love Poems of Three Centuries, there is a lyric by Will Wallace Harney, which contains much of the merit of directness and simplicity. It is seldom one comes across in

this day of studied artifice in literary manners, anything so full of simple beauty as these lines:

Jimmy's Wooing.

The wind came blowing out of the west
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the west,
It stirred the beech-tree out of rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came, with her bucket by,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot, so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown; —
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched the soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long, dark lash that trembled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

And Milly's heart was good as gold,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh, Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more than that he had never told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The wind came gathering up his bands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came gathering up his bands,
With the cloud and the lightning in his hands
And a shadow darkening all the lands
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
Where Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under a thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cosy twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
A wild bird fluttering home to nest,
And then I swore she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout
As if for a Wedding Day.

It is sufficient to say at the close of this brief study of the love lyric that Miss O'Donnell, the compiler of the two volumes, Love Poems of Three Centuries, has done her work with marked fidelity, wisdom, and good taste. The very qualities Miss O'Donnell exhibits in her own beautiful volume of poems, Heart Lyrics, fixed and ripened her judgment for the work which in these two tasteful volumes she has so conscientiously and faithfully performed.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Duluth, Minn.

Pilgrimage to La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHARITY.

THERE still exist, in most of the parishes of Perche, associations called "Confraternities of Charity." Their origin dates from the Crusades, at which time a frightful sickness devastated Palestine, and as the sanitary measures were less strictly carried out than now, and the Crusades were not exempted from the scourge, on their return to France, the leprosy made its way into the country. The disease was contagious, the poor stricken people were banished, and once dead, no one dared to give them burial. However, some men, animated with the spirit of charity, devoted themselves to the work of rendering these last duties to the dead, and formed a society under the name of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, or of Charity;" later on they took St. Roch for their patron.

The rules changed with the times and places; but the spirit remains the same. Now, as formerly, their mission is to bury the dead. The confraternity is generally composed of a Provost, Ancient, Alderman, and Registrar, ten or twelve Brother Servants, one of whom carries the banner, and a young clerk the crucifix.

To be admitted into the confraternity an honest character is indispensable.

Whilst fulfilling their functions, the brothers wear as a mark of their dignity, a black cassock, a white front, and a red scarf, with the emblem of the charity, and the name of the post occupied by the wearer embroidered in gold upon it. At funerals and processions (excepting those of the Blessed Sacrament), the biretta is worn. The young clerk who carries the crucifix, wears a white surplice and a black or red sash. The banner used in all the great ceremonies is of red silk or satin, with the devices of the charity richly embroidered in gold braid and cord, and a heavy fringe of the same material finishes off the ornamentation. The devices are: on the one side, "A Monstrance" is placed exactly under the scroll on which is inscribed, in raised gold letters, "Charity of La Chapelle," whilst on either side of it are figures of St. Peter with the keys, and St. Roch, pilgrim's staff in hand, with his faithful companion, the dog, at his feet, and on the other side is a representation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Brothers ought to assist at the Mass, Vespers, and Benediction, and at all the great feasts. At these offices, under penalty of a fine, they must have a "Rosary," or a "Mass book"; a disordered dress, talking during the services, a late arrival, or an abstention from them are all punished by a fine more or less heavy.

During divine service the brothers are placed in the choir,— in some churches they have their chapels,— but always take what is called the "Bench

of the Brothers of Charity," and on Sundays each one in turn carries round the plate during the Mass.

The charities are under the jurisdiction of the bishop, who can dissolve them for a sufficient cause. The curé of the parish is the Choir or Premier Provost, and assists when possible at all the councils; when hindered from doing so, notice is given to that effect. The highest dignitary is appointed by election, and passes one year as a postulant, serving the other two as Brother Provost. The brothers who enter the confraternity cannot leave it under two years.

The first Sunday in October, Feast of the Holy Rosary, is the day on which the changes in the personnel are made; but the ceremony takes place here on the feast of Corpus Christi before the curé, between Vespers and Compline. A cross is placed upon the altar, and the Brothers go up to adore it, and take the required oaths. They promise to be faithful to God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Roch, etc. Bouquets of flowers are carried by each member during the procession, and according to an old custom on this day, the young clerk, who carries the cross, offers bouquets on a plate to each of the priests of the parish and charities, who accept them, and give alms in their place which is his perquisite. This young clerk has to warn the brothers of any funeral or unexpected ceremony.

It is the privilege of these brothers to carry the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, with lighted candles, for these the members always have, and others a *souche* (a long pole surmounted by a circular piece of perforated plate or brass, inside which a wax taper is put). Every year there is dinner provided by the members, presided over by the curé, and on the first Sunday of each month the "Libera" is chanted for the deceased members of the confraternity.

Having now described the rules, in our next we will relate the ceremonies that take place at the funeral of a Brother Servant. We shall then see more clearly the religious purpose of this institution.* M. S. L.

To be Continued.

"THE THRIFT."—"The Thrift" is a species of banking association, instituted under the auspices of the Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the purpose of encouraging people in economical habits, and to train up the young especially in the right use of money. The central office is in the Pratt Institute. It includes an investment branch, in which interest is given on account of regular instalment deposits, at the rate of about six per cent. per annum; a deposit branch giving interest on deposits made at any time under stated regulations, and a loan branch, designed to encourage the acquirement and building of homes, somewhat as in building and loan associations. The security includes a first mortgage on the property and assigned life insurance equal to one half the amount of the loan. An explanatory circular has been issued, explaining more at length the workings of the association; and it is evident that its capacity for good is very great.

* All inquiries respecting the Œuvre Expiatoire should be addressed, and P. O. O. *internationale* made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, La Chapelle Montligeon (in the department of Orne), France, upon the post-office there. Subscriptions *yearly, one halfpenny; twenty years one shilling; and in perpetuity five shillings*, to have a share in the merits of over three thousand Masses per month. "Summary of Indulgences" free on application.

Our Catholic Deaf-Mutes: Their Condition and Necessities.

To those who are engaged in the education of the deaf and dumb, and who consequently may be supposed to understand their condition, it must often have occurred that very erroneous notions have at all times prevailed respecting this afflicted class of society. The proportion of those who are born deaf and dumb or who have become such in after life from sickness, etc., is much larger than is commonly supposed. Indeed their number has always been greatly under-estimated; perhaps because deafness, unlike blindness, has no outward indication to attract attention. The world at large seldom hears of them except in connection with some charity or special work, while the average man and woman looks upon a deaf-mute as little better than an alien. In the earliest ages mention is made of the deaf and dumb, but they were deemed incapable of instruction. Three hundred and fifty years before Christ, Aristotle gave the condition of the deaf and dumb his consideration; but after some fruitless efforts he pronounced them devoid of intellect. This erroneous opinion, to the great detriment of these unfortunates, was maintained for several centuries, and, in consequence, their condition was that of the direst distress and calamity. The Greeks and Romans sacrificed them without mercy. The Spartan law required that children defective in mind or body should be put to death, and the stern women of Sparta never allow any tenderness for their offspring to intervene between them and what they considered their duty to the welfare of the state. In other pagan nations the deaf-mute was treated with equal cruelty, and was remorselessly sacrificed or abandoned as a burden and disgrace. The sentiment of the Romans regarding the deaf-mute is expressed in these lines of Leucretius:

> "To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
> No care improve them and no wisdom teach."

Influenced by this belief those who did not destroy their deaf-mute offspring considered it their duty merely to maintain their animal existence. They allowed them to grow up without culture, and isolated them from the society of rational beings. With the foundation and progress of Christianity the condition of the deaf-mute became somewhat ameliorated. The numerous monasteries which arose were, in many instances, the asylums of the afflicted and outcast. Within their walls the deaf-mute was frequently secluded from the eyes of the world. His affliction must soon have attracted the attention of the monks, to whom science and art are so much indebted for their invention, development, and diffusion; and it is probable that more than one great mind devoted its best efforts to the education and training of this abandoned class. The first attempt at deaf-mute instruction is recorded by Ven. Bede, who relates that in the seventh century St. John of Beverly successfully taught a deaf and dumb man. Bede also describes a manual alphabet, from which circumstance we are led to infer that the education of the deaf-mute was at that time engaging some attention. The first systematic attempt at the education of this class was that of Pedro Ponce de Leon, a Spanish Benedictine monk, in 1584. He appears to have been singularly successful. He taught his pupils to read and write Spanish and Latin, and to understand Greek and Italian. Half a century later another monk,

Juan Pablo Bonet, achieved a like success in the education of a young Spaniard of noble birth.

The first formal treatise on the education of the deaf and dumb was written by Bonet. He employed a manual alphabet somewhat similar to the one now in use. Another Spaniard, de Carrion, taught, among others, Emmanuel Philibert, Prince of Carignan, to write and understand four languages. Spain is thus enabled to lay claim to the honor of having produced the first three practical teachers of the deaf. St. Francis de Sales is generally regarded as the patron of the deaf and dumb. He maintained in his own house a deaf mute, whom he instructed and prepared for the sacraments which he received with edifying devotion. Further enquiry into this subject reveals to us the fact that in other countries of Europe, notably Germany, Italy, and England, efforts, more or less successful, were made at various subsequent periods by philanthropic and scientific men for the mental culture of the deaf and dumb. Still their actual number was not even suspected, and doubt was very generally prevalent as to the practicability of instructing them. To demonstrate this beyond dispute was reserved for the man whom the last century had the honor of producing.

Charles Michael de l'Epee was born at Versailles, on the 24th of November, 1712. In his youth, discovering an inclination for the priesthood, he was educated for that state, and ordained in 1738. For five years he labored for the salvation of souls with much success. Being a man of a very benevolent turn of mind, the sad condition of the uneducated deaf and dumb attracted his attention, and he finally undertook to devote himself to their intellectual and moral regeneration. He was led into this new field of labor by the following circumstance: Chancing one day to meet two deaf-mute girls who lived with their mother in Paris, and whose education had been begun by Père Vanin, but was left barely commenced by his death, the good abbé was moved to compassion at their deplorable condition, and volunteered to become their preceptor. Discovering others of the same class, he devoted himself entirely to the work, giving the preference to the poor. Like a truly apostolic man, he was willing to spend himself, and to be spent in advancing the welfare of his pupils. Most previous teachers had made a mystery and a monopoly of the art whilst he desired nothing so earnestly as to extend and continue the work by training up suitable teachers. Joseph II. of Austria, and Catherine II. of Russia, offered him honors and presents. But he replied: "I never accept gold; if my labors appear worthy of esteem, I only ask a born deaf-mute, that I may instruct him." He first tried to teach his pupils by means of pictures, but he soon found that they produced very incorrect impressions. Observing that the deaf and dumb possessed already a means of communication in gestures, he philosophically improved and expanded this natural language so as to enable it to answer the requirements of a thorough education. This methodical and ingenious system of signs has excited the admiration of the world, and by means of it the instruction of the deaf and dumb has since been successfully carried on. In such veneration was the good abbé held that he was spared even in the Revolution.

On his death he was succeeded by his disciple, the Abbé Sicard, who continued to follow the method of his master, but improved it in many

respects. Sicard was a man of still greater ability than de l'Epee, and successfully pushed the claims of his establishment for government support in 1791. Since then, institutions formed upon the same plan have been established all over Europe, the state undertaking in almost every instance their maintenance upon an ample and generous scale. The introduction of deaf-mute education into other countries of Europe was mainly effected by persons trained by de l'Epee or by his disciples.

The United States is not surpassed by any other country in the number of its institutions, and the efficiency with which they are conducted. The first person who interested himself in the education of the deaf and dumb in this country, was Rev. F. H. Gallaudet, an Episcopalian clergyman, two of whose sons are now prominently connected with the same work; the one as a missionary in New York city, and the other as president of the National College for deaf and dumb in Washington, D. C. Recognizing the sad condition of these unfortunates, he determined to bring into prominence their just claims upon society, which had so long neglected them. His first step was to acquire the art of instruction, and for this purpose he proceeded to England. He there found the few who were engaged in the education of the deaf and dumb extremely reluctant to communicate the *art and mystery* except on receipt of large remuneration, which Gallaudet was not prepared to give. He next went over to Paris, where he met the Abbé Sicard from whom he received every facility and assistance. Having acquired a knowledge of the sign language, and having familiarized himself with the method of instruction, he returned to America, bringing with him one of Sicard's most distinguished pupils, M. Clerc. Gallaudet appreciated the advantages he possessed in having obtained the services of this young man. He brought him from place to place to give exhibitions in the deaf-mute language, and to illustrate by what means might be accomplished, and to what perfection might be carried the education of those who heretofore had been considered as almost outside the pale of instruction.

With the sympathy and support of the friends whom he had enlisted, Gallaudet established a school for deaf mutes at Hartford, Conn. This was the first school of the kind in the United States. Similar schools have since been established throughout the Union. At present there are upwards of eighty, in each of which the attendance varies from fifty to three hundred. Most of these institutions are well and amply supported by annual appropriations from the legislature. Generally speaking, the number of Catholic children in these institutions bears the same proportion to the other children that the Catholic population of the state, in which the institution is, bears to other denominations. Now what it concerns us to reflect seriously on here is, the position of the Catholic deaf-mute in these schools.

We have seen that it was the Catholic Church who first reached out a helping hand to him. It was she who first showed him the beauty and grandeur of God, and elevated him to the dignity of true manhood. It was through means of the assistance obtained from a Catholic priest that the system of instruction was introduced into this country, and it was with the coöperation of one of his most gifted pupils that the first school was founded here. Nevertheless, we are very much in the background in the matter of the education of the deaf and dumb. There are at present a few distinctly

Catholic institutions; but with one or two exceptions, they are of comparatively recent growth. Our Catholic deaf-mutes are for the most part dependent for their training on those who are strangers and foreigners to their religion, and hence has resulted serious danger to their faith.

To comprehend fully the extent of this evil, we must bear in mind the condition of the deaf-mute previous to entering one of these institutions, and his surroundings during the term of instruction there. His psychical condition is very difficult to realize. Deafness though less severe than blindness as a physical affliction, is much more so in its repressive effects upon the individual and moral nature. Verbal language is with us the great means of informing and developing the mind. But the deaf-mute knows almost nothing because he hears nothing. He has no language whereby to receive or communicate ideas except rude gestures. His mind is, as it were, a blank. He is in utter ignorance of his religion. No matter how fervent or devout his parents may be, they can give him no idea of our holy religion. His more fortunate brothers and sisters, whilst yet in their infancy, can hear the soft, sweet voice of their mother pronounce the sacred name of Jesus, and will learn to do likewise. With childlike curiosity they will inquire what that name means, and can learn from their mother concerning their Saviour and their God. Their ears are open to her voice when she speaks of the beauty of virtue or the deformity of vice. Thus gradually and from their tenderest years, the religious instruction of these little ones may be undertaken. But to the poor, afflicted deaf-mute, no sound of the mother's voice is audible whereby he may catch those saving truths which to his brothers and sisters have come by hearing. Between him and the rest of the family, there is fixed a great chaos. If it has dawned upon him that there is a Supreme Being, he materializes Him. Thus his condition at this stage of his existence is little better than that of the beast of the field. His parents and friends recognize the necessity of having him educated, and in consequence they decide upon sending him to the only place in which he can be educated, *viz.*, to a public or state deaf-mute institution. With his mind, then, in that state of utter ignorance which we have just seen, he goes forth from paternal guidance, and enters a school in which he will, no doubt, receive a good secular education; but in which, at the same time, his faith is sure to be endangered, and as has often been the case, lost. Children of every denomination are thrown together for a period extending over seven to ten years. The managers of those institutions will say they are non-sectarian, and yet teachers who are of any denomination but the Catholic will be found there. These teachers give a religious instruction to their pupils at stated intervals.

Now, the danger of this to our Catholic children must be apparent, for they will be apt, nay, they will be certain to imbibe teaching which is repugnant to and at variance with their faith. The danger will appear more evident when we bear in mind that they have never received any instruction in their religion, that their minds, which are just beginning to wake up and develop, are impressionable and pliable, and finally, that a deaf mute naturally reposes unbounded confidence in his teacher, and looks up to him on all occasions as his guide, philosopher, and friend. Books of a Catholic tendency are invariably excluded, whilst those of an opposite tendency are freely

circulated. Episcopalian and Presbyterian clergymen, fully conversant with the sign-language, frequently visit the institutions and hold services in the chapel for the benefit of all the pupils. By word and act the children are taught to look upon these personages as their properly qualified spiritual guides. A young lady who was educated in one of these schools thus speaks of herself: "I was eight years at school, during which time we were never permitted to attend Mass. I received no instruction in my religion. On one occasion I procured a catechism of Christian Doctrine, and I desired my teacher to explain something which I did not understand. But he said, 'I know nothing about your Catholic doctrine; go to your own priests.' I replied I was not permitted to go out, and besides I knew of no priest who understood the signs. 'Well,' he said, 'become a Protestant and you will find plenty to instruct you.' I left school at *eighteen, understanding nothing* concerning my religious duty. I believe most of the other Catholic pupils lost their faith."

This will give us some idea of the deplorable condition of our Catholic deaf-mutes when they leave their Alma Mater, to merge into and be lost in general society. Should a Catholic instructor, then, come across any of them, he will find it almost impossible to remove their prejudices, and in some cases the hatred which they have imbibed against their religion and its practices. Besides what they learned from the teachers who first drew out their faculties, and under the guidance of whom the light of knowledge first shone in their minds, and who won their confidence by a certain tact in accommodating their instructions to the level of the capacity of the pupils, they are unwilling now to unlearn even at the instance of those who are nearest and dearest to them. A modern, but, unfortunately, not a rare example will bring this fact more clearly home to us. A good Catholic lady having in her family a boy who was deaf and dumb, sent him for his education to one of these institutions. When he had been at school about four years, and had arrived at the age of thirteen, she was anxious to have him admitted to the Sacrament of Confirmation. She took him during the summer vacation to his pastor, who informed her that he would have the boy confirmed if he could learn something concerning the sacrament, so that he might understand what he was receiving. He furthermore informed her that there was a sister in a certain convent in the city who was an adept in the deaf-mute language, and would prepare the boy. When he was brought to the sister and had learned what he was required to do, he became almost frantic. In his own silent but forcible and expressive way, he protested again and again that he was no Catholic; that he would never be a Catholic. His countenance became pale and black alternately with rage, and his gestures were such as to suggest that he was possessed by some demon, when it was intimated to him that he must receive instructions in the faith of his father and mother, and in which he was born. His mother, almost beside herself with grief, now realized for the first time the danger which threatened the faith of her child. She attributed his present conduct to the influence of his teachers, and charged them with having tampered with the faith of her child. They replied that they had in no wise interfered with the boy's religion, and had given him no religious instructions except what he received in the Bible class which, according to

the rules of the establishment, every pupil was bound to attend each Sunday. This, as has been remarked, is a modern instance. It tells its own tale, and comment upon it is needless. As it is impossible for a person to handle pitch and not to be defiled, so is it just as impossible for a Catholic deaf-mute to emerge from one of these institutions uncontaminated in faith. The deprivation of speech and hearing is in itself a sad affliction; but when in addition to this the child is compelled to seek an education in an institution in which he will be confined for a period of seven to ten years, deprived of all Catholic instruction, and completely in the hands of those who are opposed to his religion, and have it in their power to mould the child after whatever fashion they please, the case is sad in the extreme.

The necessity which exists for looking to the education of our deaf and dumb is not at all appreciated by us Catholics. The activity of other denominations may well cause us to blush. The Rev. Father Belanger, late missionary for the deaf and dumb of New York, writing on this subject, thus speaks: "Our separated brethren are doing a great deal for the deaf-mutes of this city as well as for those in all parts of the country. They have six ministers going from place to place, giving them religious instructions, without mentioning those stationed in the different institutions in the various parts of the Union. At St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Eighteenth street, where the deaf-mutes come from every part of this city and neighboring places, there are three ministers thoroughly understanding the sign-language, and devoting part of their time to the deaf-mute mission. They have spacious rooms for the meetings of their little societies, their library, and for their amusement. I must acknowledge that all this is a great temptation for our Catholic deaf-mutes to join their Church, especially for those who have been their pupils, for a deaf-mute thinks a great deal of his teachers. In fact, I greatly fear that the greatest part of our Catholic deaf-mutes have gone that way, for during the year I have been here, I have not been able to reach more than two hundred."

Yes, the greatest part of our Catholic deaf-mutes of almost every city have gone that way. Whilst at school, on account of the opportunity afforded for the mingling of sexes, acquaintances are formed which ripen into mixed marriages. As no priest, in most cases, can be found who understands the sign-language, recourse is had to some Protestant clergyman, who understands them, for the performance of the marriage ceremony. The children are reared in the same ignorance of the faith in which their parents were brought up; in this manner is the evil increased and multiplied. The only remedy for all this is the establishment of purely Catholic schools. In no other schools can we have a guarantee for the faith of our Catholic children except in those into which the Church breathes her own pure and unearthly spirit, and fashions and moulds their organization, and watches over their teaching, and knits together their pupils, and superintends their actions.

If this is true in the case of ordinary children, much more so is it true in the case of the deaf and dumb, for whom education has an importance which it has for no other class. Of all the demands which exist for the exercise of charity and philanthropy, assuredly one of the most urgent is the education of our deaf-mutes. It may seem a work beset with peculiar difficulties to undertake the establishment of a deaf and dumb institution. The difficulties, however, are not so great as may appear at first sight.

When the necessities of the case are properly stated, and its importance clearly brought home to the public, a generous response is sure to follow. Besides, the art of instruction must no longer be considered a mystery as in days gone by. The teaching might be entrusted to a community of sisters or brothers who could render themselves conversant with the means of instruction by receiving lessons in one or other of the few Catholic schools already existing. Two or three teachers would be sufficient for the beginning, as the number of pupils would probably be small. These two or three could communicate the art to others who might be reserved to answer the requirements of an increase in pupils. Such a school might, perhaps, be small and insignificant in the commencement; but, like the mustard seed, with the blessing of our Divine Lord, who "hath made both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak," it will gradually extend its sphere of usefulness, until it embraces within its walls many a poor one who would else be lost.

For the complete success of the work, it is all-important that a priest having a knowledge of the sign-language should be connected with it. This is especially true in large cities. The deaf and dumb as a rule drift to the large centres of population, where they more easily find employment and where, moreover, they form literary and beneficial associations. Unless, then, they can find a priest to minister to their spiritual necessities, they will be apt, as is the case at present, to be led away by the inducements held out to them by the Protestant Church, ever on the alert to prey upon those lambs of the fold, who, for some cause or other, are not so well tended as the rest of the flock. As has been observed the number of deaf and dumb is much larger than is generally supposed. Of course, in any given locality outside the very large cities, the number will be small and comparatively insignificant; but when all those from several localities are taken into account, the number will be found so large as urgently to demand the establishment of a special school. It may be directing attention into a new channel to suggest such a work; but its necessity is imperative. In the meantime the spiritual interests of the vast majority of our Catholic deaf-mutes, who are in the various state institutions throughout the country, sadly require to be looked after. Those upon whom the duty devolves should see that they be permitted to attend Mass on Sundays, and should endeavor to procure, where no priest understands the sign-language, the services of some competent deaf-mute young man or woman to give them religious instruction each Sunday after Mass or at some other time when they can be conveniently assembled. By this means some good may be done, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. But much will still remain to be done; for it cannot be supposed that an instruction each Sunday will be able to counteract the influences which are almost continually at work to weaken their faith. "The mind and character having to be formed upon the motives of religion, their whole life and conduct must be moulded by, colored and seasoned with Catholic principles."

P. M. WHELAN.
Catholic Mission for Deaf Mutes, Philadelphia.

THE two men had talked for a time in the train. "Are you going to hear Barkis to-night?" said one.—"Yes," returned the other. "Take my advice and don't. I hear it's an awful bore." "I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkis."

Who is St. Viateur?

THE saints often inherit an obscurity which seems strange in the eyes of a vanity-loving world. They are hidden gems. They do their great deeds in the silence of deserts, and crave not the admiration of men nor the puny fame that this world gives. Thus it was with St. Viateur, the patron of the Clerics who now bear his name. He lived in the fourth century, an age which presented the astonished world the spectacle of the most admirable virtues. The exact time and place of his birth are not known; his title of Lector of Lyons leads us to reasonably suppose that he lived at Lyons. Likewise the exact date of his death is unknown. It is certain, at all events, that, as St. Aloysius of Gonzaga and St. Stanislas of Kostka, he reached a high degree of perfection while yet very young. He is, therefore, fittingly chosen as a model of those virtues which should characterize youth. The bishop of Vienna, St. Adon, referred to the Lector of Lyons as a "very saintly young man." The Roman martyrology fixes his feast on the twenty-first of October, the day which is piously observed in all the houses of the community as their patronal feast.

Providentially, as it were, the name Viateur was conferred on the child who was to realize in after life the meaning of the name by becoming the constant companion of Bishop Just during his long exile.

Not only did he thus literally verify the meaning of his name by becoming a voyager on earth; he also fulfilled the deepest, the mystical sense of the word traveller, by his absolute detachment from earthly pleasures; thus proving that he was only a stranger on the earth, aspiring with all the ardor of his soul to the possession of the abode of lasting peace and of true pleasures.

Owing to the happy dispositions observed in the young man by the bishop of Lyons, young Viateur was called to the order of Lector. To this call he readily responded, thinking the word of his superior the will of God. In the fulfilment of the obligations of his office, which consisted in reading the scriptures to the people, ministering at the altar, and catechising the young, he distinguished himself by great humility and zeal.

Here an interesting turning point occurs in the peaceful life of the young levite. No human life is without some romantic element. It happened that at this time an unfortunate man of Lyons in a fit of frenzy killed his wife, and sought refuge in the church, availing himself of "the right of the sanctuary," of the *Droit d'Asile*, which then obtained. The people, although aware of the sacred custom, were so indignant at the crime, that they sought to drag the criminal by force from the church. Bishop Just at first opposed this violation of the sacred right; but, as the anger of the multitude increased, and he feared a riot, he thought it his duty to surrender this man to the governor, upon his official oath that he would protect the criminal from the fury of the crowd. As soon, however, as the murderer stepped outside of the church, the people seized him, as they would a wild beast, and instantly put him to death. Notwithstanding the prudential measures the good bishop had resorted to in this affair, the tragical denouement so vividly affected him, that he thought himself responsible before God for the terrible death of the criminal. He therefore made up his mind, then

and there, to seek the solitude of Egyptian deserts, then the populous rendezvous of penitents, in order to atone for his pretended fault. Many years did he cherish this project, only awaiting a favorable opportunity of putting it into execution. Finally in the year 381, after the Council of Aquileia, at which he assisted in quality of Legate of all Gaul, he thought the favorable moment had come for taking his leave of his Episcopal See and fleeing into the desert.

Young Viateur, to whom the bishop had confided this secret, had promised to follow him on his distant journey. While returning from the Council the bishop dismissed his suite on pretext of visiting his parents at Fournon, but in reality to spare his people the emotions of a painful separation. Viateur, who had been advised to meet the bishop at Arles, secretly left Lyons, abandoned the hope of the dignities for which his virtues and his talents qualified him, severed himself completely from parents and friends, and hastening to Arles, cast himself at the feet of his bishop, saying: "My Lord, thou hast called me, behold, here I am, here is thy son." Thereafter the bonds of spiritual affection which already united their two souls became closer and more indissoluble. Both made their way to Marseilles and thence took the first vessel for the East. Nor did they long tarry in the historic cities and rich valleys of the Nile; they sought godliness, and found it in the monasteries of Thebais. Under the guise of ordinary penitents they gained admittance into a monastery, where they distinguished themselves by great humility, obedience, and mortification. The young cleric who had edified Lyons by his candor and innocence, became in this "arena of the strong" an example of all the religious virtues; of self-denial, of poverty, of obedience and purity. Such are the qualities which render the life of this "very saintly young man" so worthy of our admiration and imitation.

Bishop Just was approaching his end. He had at his side his faithful lector, and a priest of Lyons, called Antiochus, who had found out the hiding-place of his beloved friend and bishop. The dying bishop, in prophecy, announced to the priest that he would become bishop of Lyons. This was accomplished. To young Viateur, who, in tears, supplicated the bishop, his kindly guide, not to leave him thus alone, he said: "Do not weep, my son, for soon you will follow me to the heavenly country." Comforted by these words, Viateur dried his tears and piously rendered his last services to this good bishop, who died September second.

His hopes, his affections, his desires were all celestial; the love of God consumed him. Soon his constitution gave way, and his beautiful soul, prematurely rich in merits, winged its flight to its heavenly home to receive the crown of the blessed. His death took place October the twenty-first, some weeks after the death of St. Just, whose promise had thus its fulfilment.

The monks who had welcomed both penitents appeared at last, after the death of the venerable old man, and they manifested a high opinion of his sanctity. They admired, also, the heroic conduct of St. Viateur when his end was approaching, and the constancy of his virtue in the desert. They thanked God for having made of their monastery, these souls' entrance to heaven.

Translated from the "Annuaire de L'Institut," for St. Viateur's College Journal.

Hearing Mass.

REGULAR and devout attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of a Mass is a test of Catholic life and a guarantee of salvation. Habitual neglect of the obligation to hear Mass is a positive proof of religious indifference, and a sign of perdition. The irregular lives and the practical loss of faith visible among so many Christians, are directly traceable to their habitual neglect of this duty. On the other hand, the holy and beautiful lives led by the dutiful children of the Church have their root in the Divine Victim of the Mass. They partake of His heavenly life, and share His merits. For this reason we beseech you, for the love of God and of your own welfare, to hear Mass regularly and devoutly as often as you can, and at least on Sundays and holydays. We urge all pastors and directors of souls to impress this duty upon the faithful, and to spare no pains to fulfil it. Members of the Protection and Rescue Society, of St. Vincent of Paul's Society, and the Ladies of Charity are also earnestly invited to use their influence in the same direction.

The Mass has been instituted as a perpetual memorial and renewal of the passion and death of Jesus Christ. "Do this for a commemoration of Me" (St. Luke xxii). "As often as ye shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, ye shall show forth the death of the Lord until He come" (1 Cor. xi).

Draw no false contrasts between the mystery of the Mass and that of Calvary, saying that presence at the latter would have convinced and satisfied you, whereas presence at Mass brings no conviction. The merit of assistance at either depends equally on faith. One and the same key, divine faith, unlocks the mysteries of both, equally revealing the meaning and nature of the Mass and of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Without divine faith the Nativity and Crucifixion would have been nothing more to you than mere human scenes. How few on Calvary profited by their presence at the awful Sacrifice! — that is, how few had faith! Be assured you would have had no more need of faith had you stood at the foot of the Cross, than you have now, when you kneel at the foot of the altar. Both sacrifices are the same, differing only in the manner of offering.

Hear Mass as often as you can. Cultivate the great esteem and love for the Divine Victim of our salvation, who, really present in the Mass, offers to your soul the inexhaustible treasure of Calvary. He is not only the Priest and the Victim of the Mass, He is also the Bridegroom of every soul that is in the state of grace. He will speak to your soul from the altar, and will give Himself to you in every deed. Come then to Mass, not slowly and sadly, but with spiritual joy. "The friend of the Bridegroom, who standeth and heareth Him, rejoiceth with joy because of the Bridegroom's voice. This, my joy, therefore, is fulfilled" (St. John iii).

"May the God of all consolation fill you with all joy in believing."

BISHOP VAUGHAN.

"THOMAS, spell weather," said the master. Thomas — "W-i-a-e-t-h-t-h-i-a-e-r." Master — "You may sit down, Thomas. You've given us the worst spell of weather we've had this year."

A Dirge.

"*Angusta est domus animæ meæ, quo venias ad eam dilatetur abs te.*" — St. Augustinus.

I.

NARROW to-night is thy dwelling, thy slumber a sleep without dreams;
Now's Spring, whose soft breath is renewing the song of the winds and the streams;
The buds ope at touch of the showers, the birds chant their hymns of delight,
But thy sweet lips shall ope again never, nor thine eyes feast their orbs on the light.

II.

Another now tenants thy chamber and sits in thy place at the board,
Yet methinks thy sweet soul must be nigh us though it glows in the glance of the Lord.
As I paced the long halls in the gloaming I was ware of a presence unseen,
That burned with the love of a seraph and moved with the grace of a queen.

III.

When sleep holds the body in prison then soul may with spirit commune,
Yea, and came thy blest spirit from heaven to mingle with mine in the gloom;
O sister, O lover, O lost one, then saw I God's bliss in thy face,
Then my soul swooned for joy on thy bosom, as a child in a mother's embrace.

IV.

Thou wert blithe as a fawn of the forest, and gentle as day dawn in May,
No mother had heart half as tender, no lover had spirit as gay —
And thy soul virgin white was a world filled with the fire of His love,
The Lamb that was slain and reliveth, who won thee and brought thee above.

V.

O sister in heart and in spirit, more dear than who sucked the same breast,
With thee half my life was rent from me — a widowed sad remnant the rest,
Thou hast passed away out of the sunshine, with thee my life's sunshine has passed,
But thy memory and love shall be with me as long as heart's pulsing shall last.

VI.

Calm rest to thy bones neath the willows, to thy sweet soul in heaven farewell! —
In the light of God's presence, beloved, forget not in trial who dwell;
As our love spans the distance between us, and time wafts my bark to that shore,
So the comfort of Hope cheers my spirit, I shall soon see thee, darling, once more.

PAISTIN FIONN.

ROYAL CIVIL LISTS.— The people of the United States have, generally speaking, but a vague idea of what it annually costs the people of Europe to maintain their respective sovereigns. The German Emperor heads the list with a yearly stipend of forty-two million francs, which means, in other words, that every man, woman, and child, of forty-seven million Germans, who inhabit the Fatherland, must pay annual tribute of about eighteen cents to sustain the dignity of the imperial crown. The Czar of Russia comes next, with a civil list of thirty-six million francs, or a head taxation of nearly nine cents for each one of his eighty-seven million of subjects. The Emperor of Austria, who rules over forty-one million nine hundred thousand of people, has an annual income of twenty-three million francs, raised by means of an individual personal taxation of fifty-seven cents. Queen Victoria receives from the thirty-seven million of people which comprise the population of the United Kingdom, a royal tribute of ten cents per head, or three million seven hundred thousand.

The Basilica of St. Patrick, in Rome.

We place before our readers a copy of the beautiful design for the Basilica of Saint Patrick, the Irish National Church in Rome, now rising in the grounds of the Villa Ludovisi.

The corner-stone of the sacred edifice was laid on the 1st of February, 1888. The officiating prelate was his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, the orator of the occasion being his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Since that time the ecclesiastics to whom his Holiness has entrusted the carrying out of this important project, have spared no efforts in order that it may be successfully realized.

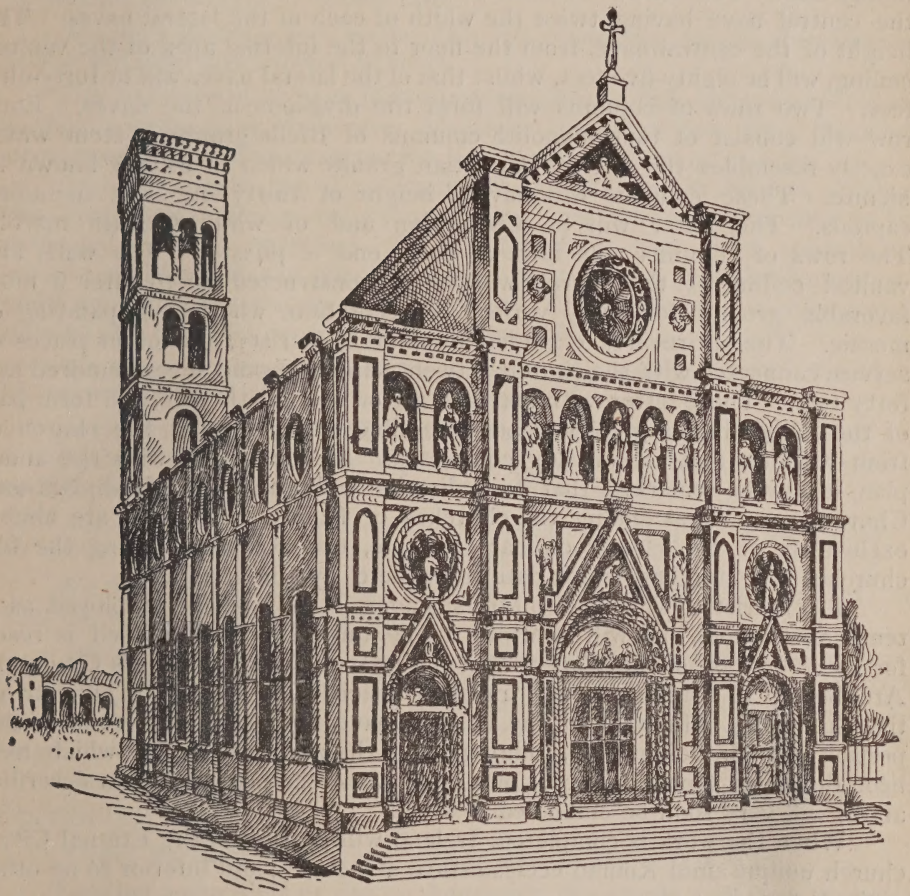
In accordance with his instructions three plans of the new church were drawn up some time ago — one in the Gothic style, a second in that of the Renaissance, and a third in the classic style. These were immediately sent to the four Archbishops of Ireland and three other Archbishops in America and Australia. The general opinion of these distinguished ecclesiastics was in favor of the plan in the style of the Renaissance. This opinion was made known to the Holy Father, and his Holiness was pleased to give it his own gracious approbation and benediction. The building stands beside the new college of the Irish Augustinian Fathers, in the beautiful new quarter of Rome, formerly known as the Villa Ludovisi. Both church and college will be completely isolated from the surrounding buildings, as no other building will rise on the square, its entire area having been fortunately secured.

The style adopted is that of the transition from the Italo-Gothic to the classic style, and belongs to the latter portion of the fourteenth and the earlier part of the fifteenth century, a period which is generally regarded as the Renaissance of the fine arts. The plan embodies the methods of the great masters of that period, such an Brunelleschi and Arnolfo di Lapo. This style is admirably illustrated in many of the great cathedrals of the cities of Italy, and notably in some of the most magnificent churches of Florence. The form of the building will be that of a basilica with three naves. The floor will rise some seven feet above the street level, and will be reached by steps. The façade will be encrusted with marbles of various colors and ornamented with mosaics and statues. There will be three entrances corresponding to the three naves. These entrances will be decorated with pilasters, spiral columns, mosaics, ornate pinnacles, and bas reliefs. Over each of the lateral doors there will be a rose window. Above these windows there will be a row of niches with gilt walls, stretching across the entire façade. In these niches will be placed statues in Greek marble of the most illustrious saints of the Irish nation. In the central niche will stand the statue of the Apostle of Ireland, which will be of larger proportions than the other statues. To the right of St. Patrick will be placed the statues of St. Brigid, St. Laurence O'Toole, St. Jarlath, and St. Dympna, and to the left those of St. Columba, St. Cormac, St. Ita, and St. Kiliam.

The central nave will be twice the height of the lateral naves. The tympanum, or triangular space of the part of the façade which corresponds with the central nave, will be adorned with a mosaic, whilst in the centre of

the square portion beneath there will be a large rose window. A cornice with modillions, mosaics, and intaglios, will run along the summit of the entire façade, whilst in the centre of the tympanum will be placed a gilt cross.

The side walls will have the same horizontal divisions as the façade.



These zones will be themselves divided by pilasters in relief, between which will be open, chaste, and elegant stained glass windows. Above these windows will be placed, on ornamental shields of carved stone, the arms of the various dioceses of Ireland.

At the point of junction of the walls of apse and nave, at the gospel side rises the belfry or *campanile*, divided into various zones and ornamented with marble and mosaics. The apse will be of semi-octagonal form, and its horizontal divisions will harmonize with those of the front and sides. It

will be pierced with windows similar to those of the sides. The façade will measure one hundred and twenty-two feet in height by ninety-two feet in breadth. The height of the belfry will be one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The length of the central nave, including the apse, will be one hundred and seventy-seven feet. The entire length of the building will be one hundred and ninety-four. The entire breadth of the church will be seventy-six feet, the central nave having twice the width of each of the lateral naves. The height of the central nave, from the floor to the internal apex of the vaulted ceiling, will be eighty-five feet, whilst that of the lateral naves will be forty-nine feet. Two rows of columns will form the divisions of the naves. Each row will consist of four monolith columns of Biella granite, a stone which exactly resembles the ancient Egyptian granite which is usually known as sienite. These columns will have a height of thirty-four feet including capitals. The latter will be Corinthian and of white Carrara marble. The rows of columns will have at each end a pilaster. The walls and vaulted ceiling of the church will be so constructed as to offer a most favorable ground for every variety of decoration, whether in painting or mosaic. The entire area occupied by church, sacristy, and other places of service connected with the church is twenty-one thousand seven hundred and forty feet. These latter, with sacristy, are on the epistle side, and form part of the college building. They are accessible either through the church or from without, and are already completed. In connection with the above plan, it may be remarked that its realization will render the Irish National Church conspicuous among the churches of Rome. The latter are almost exclusively of the classic or barocco style, the exceptions being the few churches still standing which date from the early Christian ages.

The sacristy, which is quite spacious, is at present employed as a temporary chapel, and will continue to be, until the church itself is ready for use. It was solemnly opened on the 17th of March, 1891, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin having travelled specially to Rome, to officiate on that occasion. The walls of the Basilica have now attained a considerable portion of their height, and, judging from the zeal and energy which have been displayed from the inception of the work, the beautiful plan described above will very soon be embodied in stone.

When the work is completed, Ireland will possess in the Eternal City a church unique amid Roman ecclesiastical structures, and inferior to no other national temple.

DEAD BEATS. — Every newspaper and magazine published is cursed with an occasional subscriber whose soul seems to be made of the flag end of the material, and a skimp pattern at that, says an exchange. They generally refuse to take the paper from the office, after taking it two or three years without paying a cent for it — plain steal with an insult added — or else they move away without saying a word, or paying a nickel. Or they at once discover that they never ordered it ; never wanted it ; never received it regularly (not more than half the time), and won't pay for it. In either case it is a cowardly act, such as no honorable man would be guilty of. The proper way to stop a newspaper is to pay up first, and then stop it any way you please afterward.

"The Apostle of the Dagger."

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of Mazzini's death, his former "friend and brother," Bovio, delivered a lecture in Naples. In the course of that address he quoted the Sacred Scripture in praise of the dead "apostle of the dagger." Bovio said:

"Mazzini's teachings were bearing fruit, and triumphing over the anarchists and clericals and other oppression of all kinds."

The audience must have felt uncomfortable at this announcement, for, as the Universe says, "wherever Mazzini's teachings bear fruit, there will secret murder and open insurrection become the fashion of the day."

And this Bovio has the audacity to tell Italians in Naples, of those "teachings" triumphing over "Anarchists;" did not they from first to last inculcate universal anarchy? To call Mazzini — that thief, coward, and assassin — the teacher of peace, is as bad as to set up Jack-the-Ripper as a model of amiability and good citizenship. The motto of the organization founded and presided over by Mazzini was and still is:

"No King, no Government, no Church, no God; death to Christ. Hurrah for hell and assassination!"

Bovio must have forgotten the "Secret Code of Young Italy" as well as the many diabolical actions of its author. From it he might have read to his Neapolitan audience these words in its first pages:

"We must adopt any expedient to accomplish our end; this is the doctrine of our master, Machiavelli — self-interest, knavery, treason."

We find the London Times of July 14th, 1857, speaking thus of that chief disturber of the world's peace:

"Mazzini (it wrote) is an incendiary, whose murderous designs expand in proportion to his own sense of security, but who has no such regard for the safety of his dupes. Mazzini says to his followers, go and throw yourselves into the midst of danger and death, and I will stay safely here (in Switzerland or England) and arrange fresh plots for you."

This is the man upon whom Signor Bovio lectured, and of whom it is reported that he

"Traced Mazzini's work for Italy, the people and humanity at large."

Leaving aside what he did for humanity, the people and Italy, we would like to know if Don Bovio told his hearers all about what Mazzini did in Italy. He did not speak of "the fact of the conspiracy of 1847 — of the dens of infamy behind the Longara, where lessons were given in the science of 'how to stab.'" Nor did he probably speak of Mazzini's favorite expression, "Let Italy perish rather than my idea." It is doubtful if this patriotic lecturer touched upon that work of Mazzini's "provisional government" of the holy city in 1849, or upon the forced loan, from the wretched people, of seventeen million francs, or the issue of one million three hundred thousand crowns of paper money, or the coinage of one million crowns of *erosa*, or the seizure of ecclesiastical property, or even upon the decrees such as those of 13th and 14th April, 1849, thus worded "The Roman Republic shall never pass away," and "the triumvirs swear that the country shall be saved."

Did Bovio talk of these things in Naples? The London Universe, speaking of Mazzini, says:

"When the cowardly villain, who had brought bankruptcy upon his country, fled in dismay before the French bayonets, he (like Garibaldi) took with him (something much more valuable than Mazzinian notes, ten cents) the harvest reaped by his "military commission," who pillaged every shrine, and rifled the very sepulchres, in search of hidden treasure."

It is refreshing, in this age, to hear of these lecturers of the Bovio stamp; they have the coolness of an iceberg, and the features of a brazen statue. The wonder is how they succeed in securing listeners, and yet the world is ever the same—there are people who would go to a dime museum when they should be in church; there are others who would prefer a nigger minstrel show to the grandest literary treat, and there are those who love the novel, the sensational, the absurd; no wonder then that an Ingersoll can fill halls, and a Bovio secure hearers. Why not celebrate Mazzini's birthday, not his death? Surely his "friend and brother" does not pretend that Joseph Mazzini died a saint of the creed he hated, and that they were celebrating his entry into a heaven that he denied, and into the glory of a God whom he blasphemed till the end?

Montreal True Witness.

The New Emperor of Germany.

A VETERAN journalist who had intimate relations with the principal statesmen of the French republic, has given an interesting interview which he had with Thiers, soon after he ceased to be president, which is seriously apropos to the present conditions. "In the course of the conversation," he says, "I asked him what he thought would be the result of the strained relations between France and Germany. Thiers answered: 'If our people have but the sense and strength of character to remain quiet under any and all provocation, and give their entire attention to the regeneration of France, the moment France shall have again become strong, our opportunity will come and sooner,' he almost shrieked, 'than the most sanguine now dare to expect. The old emperor cannot live much longer, his son is a doomed man and then, oh then, my friend,' he chuckled, 'we shall see Germany in a bad way. The son of Frederick is vain, imperious, self-sufficient. He will set aside all who stand between him and his personal ambitions; he will cry in all circumstances, "*L'etat, c'est moi*," and he will bring upon his country ruin. He will avenge France. He will do our work. He will bring upon himself the enmity of Russia. The revolutionists will destroy Berlin, and when, divided internally, Germany rushes into war with Russia, France will get back the lost provinces without firing a shot or paying a franc. If you live twenty-five years longer you will realize that I am making a prophecy.' Thiers formed his estimate of the present emperor, who was then, of course, very young, from one of his tutors, who was afterward on intimate terms with the president of the republic. Events of late have caused me to remember the words of the renowned statesman and historian, and to wonder whether they would prove as true in the future as up to the present time."

The Wicked Lord Leitrim.

HOW HE MET HIS DOOM: A REVELATION FROM THE GRAVE.

A FEW days ago, there died in Cambria county, Pa., an Irishman known as Hugh Boyle. He was about fifty-two years old, and, although only an ordinary laborer, was much respected for his temperance, integrity, and industry. About the same time the English journals announced the decease of Robert Bermingham Clements, Fourth Earl of Leitrim, in the county of Donegal, Ireland. The connection between the peer and the laborer is due to the tragic fact that Boyle was the last survivor of the men who, in 1878, shot to death the Third Earl, by whose removal Robert Clements, then a poor lieutenant in the British navy, was raised to rank and wealth.

It is a fact that even the Protestant gentry of the North of Ireland, who are the first to denounce agrarian crime, regarded the killing of the "Wicked Lord Leitrim," as he was usually styled, as the inevitable result of his evil life and character.

Boyle's right name was Stephens, and he belonged to a family of yeomen peculiar to the North — sturdy, law-abiding, and industrious — rigid Presbyterians, whose strongest motive in life is to maintain the Tenant-right of Ulster, which secures to them a settled tenure in their land and freedom from the tyranny that oppresses their Catholic brethren in the South.

For thirty years the Earl of Leitrim had been at strife with his tenants: he had ninety thousand acres of land stretching across three counties and giving him a rental of over nine thousand pounds per annum, and he spent the best part of this in harassing his poorer neighbors by suits at law; but his worst trait was shown in his brutal and lustful attempts to dishonor the wives and daughters of his tenants, and to accomplish this his influence as a peer and magistrate, and his power as a landlord, were used without fear or restraint; in fact, there was not a worse scoundrel in Europe, and it was with truth that his taking off was described as "a wild act of natural justice."

Hugh Stephens had served in the British army for five years, and with an excellent record as a soldier. On his return home he rented a small place and commenced life as a farmer. One day he met his landlord driving on the road and was ordered to ditch his little cart so as to make room for the peer's coach, and this command was enforced with a horsewhip; and this Stephens resented with a cudgel, the Earl getting much the worst of it. This was the beginning of trouble for Stephens — he was evicted and ruined by litigation, and his sister, a beautiful and intelligent girl, was assaulted by a ruffianly retainer of his landlord, and her character assailed. Some of the neighboring gentry took this up, the man was arrested, tried, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Leitrim was furious, and swore vengeance on all concerned.

In March, 1878, a dozen of the tenantry met at a rath in the mountains overlooking Lough Foyle. One of the oldest and most respected of the men on the estate said a few words to the effect that the tyranny of their landlord was more than they could endure, and it was now necessary to resort

to the last means in their power to preserve their lives and the honor of their daughters and wives; and all swore to be true to the cause in life or death. A sum of ninety pounds was raised. It was resolved to act at once, and six men were chosen as the instruments of justice and vengeance. They had brought themselves to believe that in the removal of a tyrant they were doing right. Stephens was their leader and he procured the necessary arms.

One of their most active and trusted agents was a woman servant at Leitrim Castle; her sister had been brutally treated by the Earl, and it was her revenge to keep the assassins fully informed of their victim's movements. On the 2d of April he left Manor Vaughan to go to Milford, *en route* to Londonderry. He was attended by a bailiff named Meehan, who sat on the car by his side, with the driver in front. There was a second car containing his valet and another bailiff. All were well armed. The day was beautiful but rather misty.

Stephens and his party stationed themselves behind a clump of low thorn trees, close to the road, armed with double-barrelled guns. From the roof of a cabin, four hundred yards away on the hillside a white cloth was displayed. This was the signal that the Earl was coming. His indifference to danger was manifested by the manner in which he divided his party. The second car was one hundred yards away and entirely hidden by a hollow in the road. A short time before, Lord Leitrim had evicted an aged widow named Algoe, and opposite her ruined cabin he fell.

Three of the party had been soldiers and were good shots, and each brought down his man. One of the guns, a rude weapon, burst and blew the holder's thumb off. The driver was killed on the spot. The bailiff ran back to the hind car and dropped dead in the road, but the Earl was alive when his enemies surrounded him. While making an effort to draw his pistol he received three loads of swan shot in the body, and when the party behind came up he was dead, and, save the ruins of the gun and an old horse-pistol, nothing was left to indicate the identity of his slayers. Nor were they ever traced.

Two of the men died in Australia, two in the Boer War in South Africa, while Stephens came to this country and lived a blameless life until he died. Eight years ago he gave this narrative, intended to exonerate another man, and with the stipulation that it be kept secret until his death.

Irish-American, New York.

THE remains of the late Lord Leitrim — who died last week of diphtheria, contracted by watching at the bedside of his sick son — were interred on Monday. Lord Leitrim had done a great deal to redeem his name from the odium cast on it by his predecessor. His death is a blow to enterprise in county Donegal. Lord Leitrim was a man of energy and business capacity, and had projected great things for the districts in which his Donegal property is situated. Only the other month his scheme for attracting tourist and other traffic to the neighborhood of the beautiful and too little known Downing's Bay was the subject of commending criticism. He had, too, done something to develop steam traffic in Donegal waters, and meant to do much more.

Manliness.

DEFINITION — COUNTERFEITS — COURAGE IS THE MAN.

"BE a man," is a common expression, old as humanity. But what is a man, what is it to be a man? Different ideas obtain about this as about almost everything else. The type varies somewhat with the age. Every individual has his own opinions as to what constitutes manliness. Some think that it is never to change your opinions, never to admit that you are wiser to-day than yesterday, which seems mulishness rather than manliness. "None but the fool is always right." Others imagine that it is the part of a man to disrespect those in authority, and to violate the laws, to drink, and to fight; the modern tough is a specimen of this class, and some of them have reached an elevated position — on the gallows. Others again are convinced, that, above all things, religion is fatal to manliness; manual labor is not conducive to it; but to squander money, especially other people's, to hate your neighbor, and to love your neighbor's wife, is the sure sign of a man. Neither is the prison nor the poor-house "the closing scene" of all these worthies. But let us turn from such counterfeits. Webster defines manliness as "The quality of possessing the attributes of a man, especially boldness and courage." All agree that whatever else he may lack, he must, to be any kind of a man, have boldness and courage. "Courage," says Froude, "is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character." Courage is the man, and want of it the coward. Not the blind daring of the fool-hardy, which Bacon calls "The child of ignorance and baseness," but rather that firmness of spirit, and swell of soul which sees the danger, and meets it without fear. But if courage is the characteristic of a man, where do we get it, how do we acquire it? Whence comes that power so helpful and so needful in this human world of ours, to make us

> "Serene and manly, hardened to sustain
> The load of life?"

Physical strength does not always confer it, we easily admit; money may not buy it; intellect itself cannot teach it. Courage comes, like everything great, from the heart. A clean heart is a brave heart, and a brave heart is the first essential of a man. A clean heart means self-respect and self-denial, qualities that hang on no man's favor, and the foundation of all true manliness.

"I Made my Generals out of Mud."

There is no question about it, in the building up of a manly character, health is a thing that must be attended to continually. The body, being the dwelling-place of the soul, the medium through which it acts, has wonderful influence upon character, and makes physical health an important auxiliary, if not a *sine qua non* to success in any sphere. In our restless, hurried lives, in the race for wealth and pleasure, and even in the path of duty, we are sorely tempted to neglect health, so that when the goal is reached, or the prize won, life has often lost its beauty, and the prize its charm. Hence, it is our duty to possess, as far as we are able, the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and yet, to be a *man*, it is not necessary to be a gladiator; however con-

ducive to manliness a vigorous frame may be, it is by no means essential. The soul is master, and a manly spirit is often encased in a delicate frame. Nor yet is it intellect alone that makes the man. In the unlettered peasant we sometimes find the highest type of manliness, when how often, alas! we see men of talent and of knowledge, the lowest of the low, trampled to earth in the battle of life! Reminding us of the statue seen by Nabuchodonosor, the head indeed of gold, but the rest of inferior metal. The enlightened mind in truth is grand; but the noble life is grander still. Not in the head then so much as the heart do we find the seat of manliness, for the heart is considered not merely the organ of physical life, but the seat of moral life and character also. The source of our impulses, it means that something within us which is the result of the action of God and of our own on our inherited nature. Every one, then, has his gift, his own type to develop and fill out; equal before the law, we are unequal in almost everything else. But although the moulding force of heredity and all the subtle influence of environment combine to shape life and character almost before we are aware of it, still there is no excuse for the coward; while it teaches us to pity the weakness of others, it must never allow us to excuse ourselves. "Life without love may be borne; but life without honor, never." Like Napoleon's soldiers, every man carries on his back, if not the *staff* of a marshal, at least the *stuff* of a man. "I made my generals out of mud," he said.

Character.— "Whom do Men say that I Am?"

Every man, then, can be a man; the material is there, but his manhood must be the work of his own two hands. And first to stand upon solid ground you must value reputation; prize it as "the immediate jewel of the soul." No man can be indifferent to character; it is essential to his usefulness. He must place his integrity above suspicion. The crown and glory of life, a good name is greater than talent — "better than much riches." Without it what is man or woman? unhonored they live, unlamented they die. "When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead!" True, money is power; so is knowledge power; but, all the same, men of character rule the world. And why? Because the world cannot do without honesty, — men must trust each other; and the honest man, that is, not merely the man who does not steal, but the man who is honest in all his relations, whose honor is above suspicion, will be esteemed and honored as long as civilization. "The moral grandeur of independent integrity," says Buckminister, "is the sublimest thing in nature." Good betimes to inquire, "whom do men say that I am?" it is almost needless. A man's character is written on his face. The lips may be silent, they may lie, but the eyes never lie, and actions speak. There is manhood in the look of an honest man; you can read the ten commandments on his face. The great world indeed may never hear of us; it may misjudge us; but the little world where we live and work ever gives us our right stamp, "*imago animi vultus est, indices occuli.*" There is only one way then to a good character, — deserve it. Not, indeed, that we should do our good works to be seen, or risk our happiness on the smiles or whims of fickle men; but, while looking to God and satisfied with His approval, nevertheless, for His glory must we let our light shine before men. First and last, then, look to the heart;

harbor there nothing sinful or mean, and your conduct will be upright, and your character manly.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own." — LOWELL.

Self-Respect.— "To Thine Own Self be True."

The first step upwards is self-respect. A man is a man with a place in God's creation, and his first duty is to himself. "Honor to whom honor is due," — but honor, like charity, should begin at home. Honor thyself.

"This above all, to thy own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man."

Self-respect is neither pride nor selfishness, nor does it consist in arrogance, nor in disregarding the rights of others; but rather in the reverence due to the image of God in a man's own person. For, after all, is not self to each individual the great centre around which everything revolves, with the great God alone above? And although "man living for a short time is filled with many miseries," yet has the Almighty made him little less than the angels, lord of the world and heir to heaven! "You are the temple of God," says the Apostle. Sent here by his Creator with the indelible stamp of his high destiny, the weakest of mortals has his God-given rights and duties: his time and labor may belong to others, but his soul and integrity belong to Heaven. It matters little who may be above us or below us in the order of Providence; we have but one master, — God. Before Him the king and peasant are equal, for God is "no respecter of persons," and an honest man must ever remain the noblest work of His hands. Great then is the dignity, and great the responsibility of each individual. Does not the Almighty Himself speak to each of us? Speak to us by conscience, that "still small voice," more consoling in its approbation than the applause of thousands, more terrible in its censure than tempest or earthquake! This indeed is light from heaven enlightening every one that comes into the world, — false to its guidance nothing can save, following its leading we will see our God. Friends may be useful, and enemies necessary, but the "fiat" that decides one's rise or fall issues only from a man's own mouth.

"Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man."

Self-Respect — "Viam aut Inveniam aut Faciam."

A man must, then, have faith in himself, and our best ideal is in our better selves — our best selves, our truest selves, that God made us to be; no man is great by imitation. "The ideal," says Carlyle, "is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of." We must all, then, labor to bring out the good, the noble, and the generous that is in us (for there is good in every one), and to put down the bad and to do our very best. To succeed, however, we must have an aim in life, something definite and fixed to work for and to love,— not the vague idea of doing better some day while drifting with the tide, but a place cut out on the mount of excellence, all our own, to which

we climb up bravely day by day. No doubt a man may have a grand ideal but never realize it. How many, in every age, must say with poet of old, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*" "I see and approve better things, I follow the worse,"— such has been the sad fate of some of the brightest, the warning wrecks of magnificent lives. And yet how our best efforts fall short of our ideal! And does not the Lord's Prayer teach us *all* to pray that we may not be led into temptation? Hence, for a man's own self-respect, let him remember the man that has not made mistakes is yet unborn, while the school of life is open until night. If then we cannot get all we once might, let us in God's name get all we now can, even one day's honest work. The past with its "might have beens," let it rest in peace. There is always much to be thankful for, life is always a blessing, always worth living. That a man lives is proof that God has use for him; for in God's great universe every atom and every life has its special purpose. In spite of mistakes and weakness, then, the soul resolved to rise, and conscious its worth will break through the gloom, and shine all the more brightly across the gray ruins of past errors and misfortune. "*Resurgam,*" I will rise again, said the Master, and He did. And every victory over vice or meanness will lift you up, and make you feel that there is a pleasure in doing good, a pleasure in toiling up,— a joy that elevates and makes the snows, the blast, and the tempest as the dews of heaven. "No opportunities," cries the coward. Men make their opportunities,— "*Viam aut inveniam aut faciam.*"

Self-Denial — By Little and Little.

Next to self-respect, as building up and sustaining it, comes self-denial, which is "the forbearing to gratify one's own appetites and desires." A moral virtue absolutely necessary to manliness. Some people imagine that self-denial is only for saints or for those living in a cloister, and yet it needs no revelation to tell us that this is a world where every one must deny himself, and success is in proportion to one's efforts. We see it everywhere,— it comes home to us all. Do we not see the men of self-denial live and prosper, while the cowardly, self-indulgent, are filling the untimely and dishonored graves of the drunkard, the libertine, and the suicide? Does it not seem a law, "the survival of the fittest," that the vicious and weak are generally crushed, while the self-denying and brave are borne to victory? Life is a struggle, a struggle to live, a struggle to excel; and that man should exert himself, "bear and forbear," is evidently the will of the Great Creator, voiced to us by the nature of everything around and within us. "The man that is able to suffer," says the Imitation, "shall enjoy much peace." Not only a duty of religion, but a law of nature, self-denial is the only road to manliness, the only road to God.

When we look up at the grand characters of history, that seem to tower before us like giants, we wonder at all they accomplished, forgetting that self-denial and patience work miracles. We see them on the summit; but hidden are the bleeding feet and the weary limbs that were long toiling in the darkness and the storm. Not at a bound did they attain their eminence. "By little and little," was their patient cry as they slowly arose above the "*vulgus profanum.*" We live, no doubt, in an age when the pen

is mightier than the sword, and yet it is as true to-day as ever that force is necessary to be respected. "The hand of the valiant shall bear rule!"—as the noble Bacon has well said, "Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust." Make duty, not pleasure, the object of life; respect yourself, practise self-denial, and your road through life, whether through storm or sunshine, will be the road of a man!

Self-Denial—"Make thy Claim Zero."

"The man that desires to reach the wished-for goal must endure heat and cold; he must abstain from lust and wine." Thus sang the poet Horace, nineteen hundred years ago, and pagan philosophy is personified forever in that noble prince of lyric song. The conditions of success are the same to-day. The laws of mind and matter never change, and the man that wants to rise must sacrifice. We read it in the patient labor of the intellectual Greek which has made the world debtors forever to that noble race; we see it in the inexorable discipline of the conquering Roman, which has carried their victorious eagles to the ends of the earth; it is written forever in the sweat and blood of the pioneers of our race. Do not the ten commandments of God with their "Thou shalt and Thou shalt not," speak to us for the law of Moses, God Himself teaching for all time the necessity of self-denial? And is not "Deny thyself" the sum of the gospel? The man without faith may well ask "Is life worth living?" but to the man that loves God, life is always, even at its lowest, worth living. A solemn trust given by the Almighty, not to "sit down to eat and drink, and to rise up to play," but to do a man's work, a duty clear as the noon-day sun. Yes, and to do it gladly; for with faith and courage must ever come the lasting joy of well-earned victory. Fortune may smile, and friends may aid, but labor and pain lie at the root of all true merit and greatness. Who ever attained eminence without self-denial, the price of every victory? Dignity and beauty, honor and independence, attend its possession. A man begins to have respect for himself, becomes master of his position, prepared for emergencies. Neither must a man expect to pass through life, everybody smiling. Kind and considerate as you may be, envy attends success; the clouds and the storms are ever around the towering summits. "If you want to be a man, have plenty of enemies." Prepared, then, for reverses, do not expect the golden visions of youth to last, nor to be carried up to heaven by angels without some hard fighting. And to be happy let us weigh well the wise words of Carlyle, "It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin. Make thy claim of wages zero, then thou hast the world at thy feet."

"Put Money in Thy Purse."

Nor is manliness the monopoly of any country, race, or creed; but rather is it the inheritance of the world, the birthright of humanity. In every age and in every clime do we not see men of virtue and of courage standing out, like Saul, head and shoulders above their fellow-men? Look at the Hannibals, the Scipios, the Brutuses,—the heroes of Salamis and Thermopylæ! Does not David and Joshua and the Macabees belong to the world? And

did not Washington, Columbus, and O'Connell do honor to humanity? Pagans, Jews, Christians, were they not "all honorable men," all manly characters? Who can read their lives and the illustrious men of Plutarch, and the lives of God's saints without admiring their devotion and heroism? Surely "giants were on the earth in those days." But let us not join in the common cry of elevating the past at the expense of the present. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." If "our great men are less great" it may be because "our ordinary men are less abject." If the age of chivalry is gone, gone, too, is the age of slavery; while religion and liberty, the source of true manliness, are esteemed and enjoyed more than ever. Here, above all, in America, the famous land of liberty, there is fair play for all; and no honest man need hold down his head, for nowhere on the broad earth is worth and manliness more quickly recognized or more surely rewarded. But we must never forget that the greater our liberty, the more need of self-control, and that temperance and economy are noble virtues, the life-blood of manhood. Too many young men, open-hearted and generous, do not recognize the value of money as a means to do good and to elevate themselves. And yet money is good, a power that cannot be overlooked; and no man does justice to himself except he tries to make it honestly, and spend it wisely. "Put money in thy purse."

> "Not for to hide it in a hedge, not for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege of being independent.

But does not all this seem to militate against kindness and generosity? Lacordaire, the model and advocate of manliness, writes no. "I never felt," he says, "any affection but for kind-heartedness rendered sensible in the features. Above everything be kind-hearted. This most likens us to God, and disarms man."

"This was a Man."

A stern world where strong heads and valiant hands alone reach the top, it is God's world; He made it, and we must make the best of it. No use in complaining, crying over the past, or in rising up against the still order of things. Past errors, bravely redeemed, should cause no shame to the man who knows anything of the history of his race; while present trials, the lot of all, can be always met, through God's help, with patience and resignation. No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it. "Be a man!" What a noble expression, old as the everlasting hills! In the gray dawn of history it was the last charge of David to his son; the "with it or on it," of the Spartan mother to her boy; and, echoing down through the centuries, it has a sound that is stirring as the blast of a trumpet. If, to have engraven beneath their statues, the simple but sublime Vir, the men of old in every rank of life, dared and endured so much, what wonder that to the sons of this age of light and liberty there is no prouder distinction than to be named *a man*. Yes, thank God, it carries to-day the old enthusiasm that inspired the Greeks at Marathon, and the Roman legions in the brave days of old. And where is the name so noble, so dear to every honest heart, so much sought after by young and old? If "all the world loves a lover," surely all the world as well as King Harry, "loves a man." To the American at least more dear and sacred than all the borrowed

splendor of royalty. Emperor and slave, king and subject, are melting away before the sun of liberty, and man, as he ought to be, is standing forth, at length, in all the God-given rights of a self-respecting manhood. The race has not gone back since the days of David, and David but echoed the voice of humanity, when, with inspired wisdom and to his own son, he confessed that this noble appellation "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown." The honor alike of prince and peasant, priest and warrior, it sums up in a word all that is beautiful and strong in our common humanity. A title neither bought, bestowed, nor inherited, given only by the God of nature to nature's noblemen, it is the crown which Shakespeare has placed upon Brutus: "The noblest Roman of them all."

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: *This was a man!*"

St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y. REV. THOMAS MULVANY.

St. Brendan as a Discoverer.

THE subject discussed by the historic section of the New York Gaelic Society was "St. Brendan and his voyage to America in the sixth century." Gen. Butterfield exhibited photographs of the St. Brendan manuscripts, and read letters from Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan.

The Gaelic Society elected General Butterfield an honorary member. In demonstrating that St. Brendan's voyages had contributed to the discovery of America, Gen. Butterfield said among other things: "The early Portuguese explorer had explicit faith in the existence of the El Dorado, the undiscovered country of St. Brendan, and kept looking for it. The strong evidence of this is that when the crown of Portugal ceded to the Castilians right and dominion over the Canary Islands, the treaty included St. Brendan's land as a certain future discovery. Perhaps some one will say, if we claim priority of discovery of America for St. Brendan, that Pliny the Elder refers to two foreigners — Redskins — (undoubtedly American Indians) who were brought to Rome, under Nero, and exposed to the crowd as satyrs by the gladiators. But you may claim for St. Brendan, if not an original discoverer of America, or if not a discoverer at all, that his high religious character and renown gave such power and force to his narrative as to cause it to be cherished and repeated and handed down by his Church for centuries, and that it planted the seed which culminated in Lief Erickson's voyage, and again, when the discovery had been lost, bore fruit in Columbus' brain to fulfil the prophecy of the return of Brendan's successors, and brought to Columbus, through the interest created in his Church and his religion by St. Brendan and his followers, the means and the wherewithal to prosecute his successful voyage. St. Brendan was born in 484, in Tralee, county Kerry, Ire., and died in his ninety-fourth year at Clonfert, county Galway, in the year 577. During seven years St. Brendan navigated the Atlantic ocean in his first voyage, and is, next to St. Peter, associated most closely in religious thought with men of sea-faring life. The Irish Abbot is pre-eminently the mariner saint of the Calendar,

wherein his memory is honored on the 16th of May. The sailor saint is also known as Abbot of Birr. Throughout Europe during the middle ages, St. Brendan's navigation was a popular theme in the literature of the Church."

World's Fair Progress.

THE number of men at work on the grounds and buildings at Chicago is now five thousand.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers, has undertaken to erect, equip, and maintain a building ninety by one hundred and fifty feet, wherein babies and younger children can be left when their mothers are viewing the sights of the Fair. Nurses, attendants, games, etc., are to be provided.

It is proposed to run from New York to Chicago, at the time of the dedication of the Exposition Buildings, ten special trains, ten minutes apart, each train to have elaborate decorations and music. It is believed that fully five thousand people will want to make the trip.

Workmen have begun raising trusses to support the roof of the Manufactures' Building. These trusses will be the largest in the world. There will be twenty-two; each will cover a span of six hundred and eighty-eight feet. Over the centre of the roof, inside, to the ground floor, will be a distance of two hundred and six feet. Each truss weighs two hundred tons. A total of six thousand tons of steel will be used in the roof of the building.

The Reichstag has passed to a second reading a bill granting a supplementary credit of five hundred thousand dollars for the German exhibit at the World's Fair.

The fountain, which is to stand at the foot of the main basin in Jackson Park, is projected to be the largest in the world. It was designed in Paris, by Sculptor McMonnies, of New York. A force of modellers and blacksmiths are working on it night and day. The idea is an apotheosis of modern liberty, Columbia assuming the shape of a triumphal barge, guided by Time, and heralded by Fame. There will be eight standing figures, representing the arts, science, industry, agriculture, and commerce. Eight mammoth sea horses will form a circle directly in front of the fountain, and their nostrils will spurt great streams of water. They will be mounted by stalwart young men as outriders, to represent commerce. The design of the basin is circular, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and flanked on each side by columns fifty feet high, surmounted by eagles.

Many states are preparing to appropriate more money than they at first intended. The aggregate is now three million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Maryland and New York have voted respectively sixty thousand and three hundred thousand dollars; New Jersey has added fifty thousand dollars to its appropriation of twenty thousand dollars; Iowa has added one hundred and twenty-five thousand to the fifty thousand dollars already granted; and Massachusetts has doubled the seventy-five thousand dollars previously appropriated. Minnesota will supplement its fifty thousand dollars by one hundred thousand dollars raised by subscription, nearly three-fourths of which has already been raised.

Patrick Egan.

THE closest reviews of the late irritating matters between this country and the government of Chili, bring out in more favorable and bolder relief the ability and character of Patrick Egan, United States Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Pacific Coast Republic. His position has been one of great difficulty; but his tact, courage, and sagacity win for him the hearty approbation of unbiased American citizens, and, most assuredly, the admiration of his countrymen the world over. Hated and hounded by the trained diplomatic service of England in the juntos of the South American governments, he has come forth from the recent fiery ordeal all the brighter and stronger for having been put to severe and exacting tests. The "slings and arrows" of the American Mugwump politicians and "independent" press were weather-wise vanes to indicate the pro-British malignancy that dogged his steps.

Differing from him, as we do on American political party lines, yet, as of his race, we could not but feel elated that his chief, President Harrison, has had no words other than those of eulogy and approval of all his ways and work as the representative of Washington at Santiago.

It will be recalled that among the well-authenticated despatches which went over the wires, in the latter part of January last, was read in the report of a cabinet meeting, at the White House, that "the president was enthusiastic over the way he (Egan) has conducted the affairs."

In another despatch the world was informed that "Minister Montt (the Chilian representative at Washington) 'suggested' that it would end all the trouble if the recall of Mr. Egan was ordered." But Secretary Blaine and President Harrison, as recorded, then "Both said such a proposition would not be for one moment considered." And, between London, Santiago, and Washington, how easy it was to read in between the lines the couching intrigue of Lord Salisbury's representatives and secret service on the two American continents.

Failing in their meshes to ruin Egan, and within a few days after his hearty endorsements by both Harrison and Blaine, as above quoted, the cable brought us some choice excerpts from the English press. Baffled in its designs on this devoted Irishman, the venom of the British government finds vent a little, just a little, in these quotations. The London Globe said:

"Chilian anxiety to get rid of Minister Egan was justified *by American determination to keep him* in Chili, based upon stronger reasons than recognition of his merits. It will be a long time before the United States again gives a Fenian a diplomatic post."

Precious Iago fires an arrow to rankle the pride of the plucky Pacific republic, and then shirks behind the scenes in impotent prediction. Let us be thankful that Pat Egan is a Fenian!

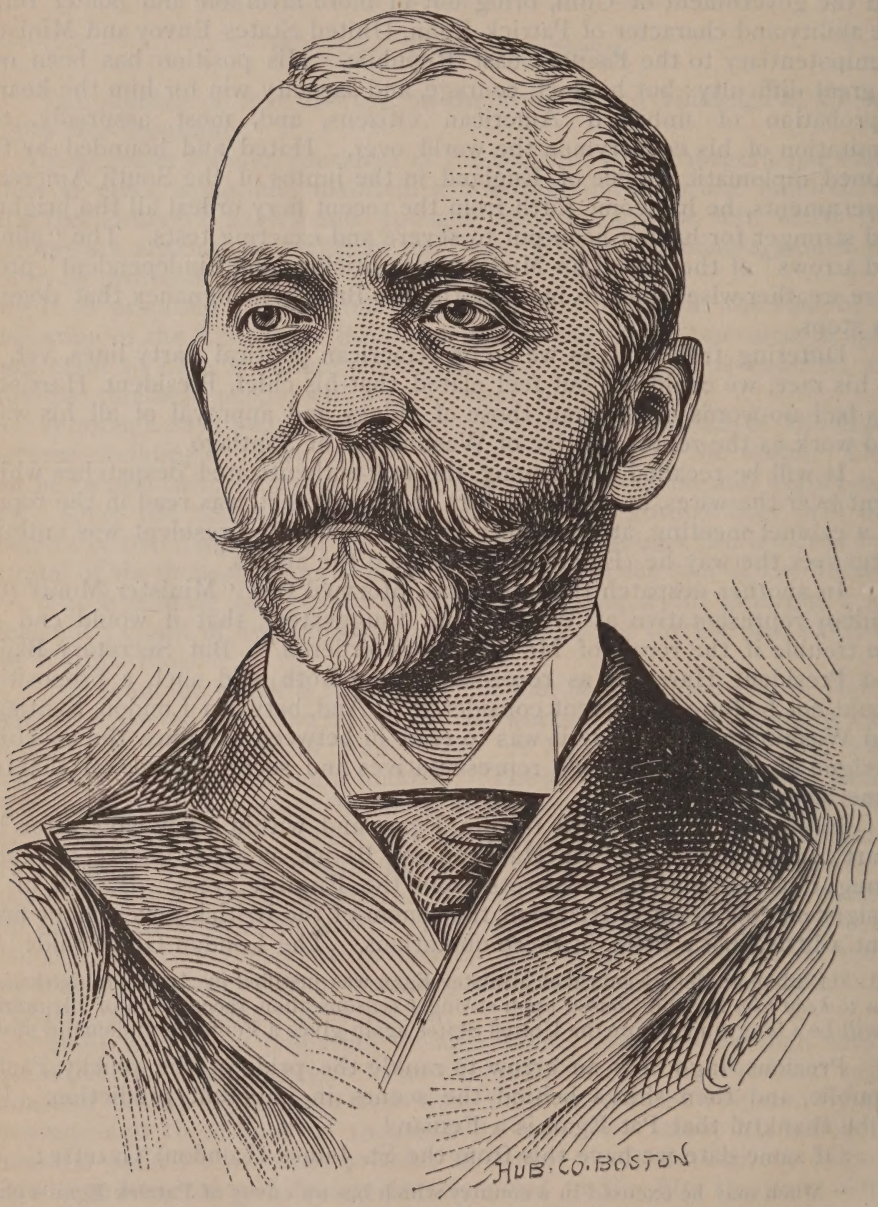
Of same date we have this from the St. James (London) Gazette:

"Much may be excused in a country which has an envoy of Patrick Egan's character thrust upon it. . . . It would be difficult to suppose that *either of these high spirited republics really mean business.*"

Ah, Pecksniff! Did they not mean business? Here is the same spirit of abuse of the Fenian, and expression of utter helplessness at the peaceful

prospect between the two republican peoples. How you, oh, John Bull, would bellow with delight had you seen them in each other's bloody clutch!

There is enough in the following sketch to warrant the malice of the



miniondom of Great Britain, where a sterling Irish Nationalist is concerned:

The envoy to Chili, Patrick Egan, is the son of Francis Egan, and was born August 13, 1841, at Ballymahon, Longford county, Ire. The father

was a farmer; but owing to the distresses, failure of the crops, and agitations of the years 1846, '47, and '48, Mr. Egan senior abandoned agriculture, and afterwards made Dublin his home, where Patrick became a studious pupil in the Christian Brothers' schools. At an early age he was placed in the office of a grain commission merchant and miller, and soon manifested excellent business qualities. His ability and integrity won him the confidence of his employer, and he was made the accountant of the large concern, and confidential clerk of its head. Later he became the managing director of the business organized as a company.

Knowing by harsh experience the outrageous rule of a foreign power that blighted his native land, young Egan's heart and brain never failed to feel for the miseries and humiliations that beset her. Of calm and philosophic bearing in exterior, intense patriotic fire, as true as ever burned on Irish Druid hills, filled his soul with desire to see Ireland's enemy and destroyer driven in ignomy from her shores. It was natural that he should affiliate with the true young manhood of his land. He did affiliate with them. He was only about twenty-three years, when, in 1864, he began openly to take part in public affairs as an Irish Nationalist. In 1868 he was one of the founders of the Amnesty Association, which agitated successfully for the release of Fenian prisoners. But he never relinquished his part in the struggle for Irish rights, and never flagged in his activity in resistance to the government of Dublin Castle.

The school books of the Christian Brothers inculcate deep veneration for the character of Washington, the colossal hero of the colonial Revolution. It does not surprise us, therefore, to find their apt pupil, Patrick Egan, presiding at the Dublin Centennial Celebration of American Independence, July 4th, 1876. Magnificent spirit was displayed at this gathering of the citizens of Ireland's capital, and a congratulatory address was adopted and sent to the president and congress, as representatives of the people of the United States. To this the house of representatives made a sympathetic and suitable response.

In the meantime Mr. Egan's own business was increasing, and he became the head of one of the largest grain houses in the country, and controlled an immense bakery in the heart of the Irish metropolis, the bread from which was so good it found popular sale everywhere in the big city.

As associate of the lamented Parnell and Biggar, and of John Dillon and T. D. Sullivan, M. P.'s, Mr. Egan was, in 1880, tried for conspiracy against the government, but his trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. At the same time he was treasurer of the Land League, and, in order to defeat the efforts of the government to get the control of the League books, Mr. Egan fled to Paris, where he took up his residence until '83, when he returned to Dublin. A few months later he closed up his business in that city, having determined to become a citizen of the United States, and came to America.

In this country he at once identified himself with the Land League organization, and was looked up to as a leader. In 1884, although not more than a year in the country, Mr. Egan became an active public supporter of James G. Blaine, for the presidency. He was severely criticised

for his course in this respect. As president of the Land League of the North American continent, it certainly gave a seeming bias on the lines of parties in this country that might have proved more injurious to the Irish cause than it did. But thousands of true-hearted Irishmen in the states were singularly influenced with the belief that the magnetic man of Maine, who knows how to puzzle as well as any one —

> "That palter with us in a double sense ;
> That keeps the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope,"

if he were only once president, would be a regular British lion's tail puller. It seems to be dawning on the minds of people who read newspapers, however, that the man of the administration who is ready to bristle up to John Bull,— as seen in the Chilian and Behring Sea business,— is President Harrison.

For a dozen years past, and without undue effort on his part, the force of circumstances has made Mr. Egan one of the most talked-of men. His history in that time leads in prominently into the history of two continents. His life for a score of years has been varied, as was recently said of him : "By prosecution as a law-breaker in one country, and promoted to that of representative of the United States government in another." However, the laws for which he was tried in the former were those made for his country by an alien legislature. When he was appointed by the United States as its representative to another country, the people of his adopted land knew that his "law-breaking" on his native soil was patriotism, not crime.

"He occupies," wrote a critic last year, "a unique position in diplomatic circles, inasmuch as he had only become a naturalized citizen of the United States a few months before his appointment as minister to Chili. In fact, barely in time to enable him to vote for President Harrison." The writer recalls his appearance on the platform of the Land League convention at Chicago, in the summer of 1886. The likeness of Mr. Egan, which is reproduced from a recently received picture sent to Mr. Donahoe, from Valparaiso, a Chilian seaport, easily reminds one of his features. Fair in complexion, mild and easy in expression and deportment, with not the slightest touch of harshness in his tone, Mr. Egan is an effective and attractive public speaker, without any pretension to oratory.

When he was appointed plenipotentiary to the South American Republic, he was carrying on an extensive milling and grain business at Lincoln, Nebraska, as he had previously done at Dublin.

In the Chilian complications he displayed nerve and power. Nevertheless, the Anglo-American press was ready at first blush to take up the hue and cry, started, of course, in the English exchanges against him. Harper's Weekly was harping at him in the early fall of '91. It said in its issue of September 12 :

> "Patrick Egan is one of the links in the chain of ministers which the Administration has spread over the globe. A chain is only as strong as its *weakest part*, and this chain rests on that far away portion of the map marked Chili."

And then it proceeds to make charges which since have been proved "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." All through it seems he was acting in full concert with his own government, and with the heartiest accord of the president.

As a minister of the United States, and with the hospitable instincts of an Irishman, his house sheltered, and his flag protected, opposing leaders of the civil strife in Chili. At Santiago, it was the asylum of men who would have been cut down like wild beasts, had he not stretched forth his strong arm to save them. Yes! This is the man that the British authorities would make a felon of in his native land.

A mob visited the legation at Santiago on the night of August 29, '91, and, with blood-thirsty cries, demanded that Senor Godoy's brother, who was being sheltered there from possible lawless fury, be given up to them. Minister Egan went out to them. He told them the man they wanted was sheltered by him, and was under the protection of the United States' flag. He supplemented his brief and emphatic speech with the declaration that the first man who attempted to forcibly enter his door would be shot. His calm bearing and determined tone awed that mob; a reverse feeling inspired it, as a consequence, and they left the vicinity of the legation cheering for the American flag.

This visitation was the day after the decisive battle of Placilla, which was fought August 28, 1891, and wrought complete victory for the congressional party, and the overthrow of the rule of Balmaceda. It is now known that much of the latter's misfortunes could be traced to a sense of power, with a comparatively powerful military backing. Before the successful war that Chili waged with Peru, the military establishment mustered only between three and four thousand troops. After that forty thousand were recruited.

Minister Egan, on the accession of the new government, found many difficulties to contend with. It required all the coolness and strength of his character to keep the peace with the new minister of foreign affairs, the fiery Senor Manuel Antonio Matta. All of this diplomatic skill of the Irish-American representative is neatly put forth in a brochure in Spanish with the *empreuta ercilla*, Santiago de Chile, which is now before us.

Acting in full concert with his government, Mr. Egan had an aggravating and insulting letter, which was sent by Senor Matta into the diplomatic circles of the world, withdrawn without reservation; an apology for the assault on the uniformed sailors of the warship Baltimore, and the agreement to pay indemnity to the sufferers. None have been more ready to express approval of his course than the American citizens resident at Santiago and Valparaiso.

The latest Chilian Times, which has come by mail, date of January 23, '92, contains an able refutation by Frank W. Egan, of malicious calumnies against his father, the minister, printed in El Heraldo of Valparaiso. These are a short rehash of the refuted charges on which the London Times-Parnell Commission was instituted, embracing Mr. Egan among other prominent Irish Nationalists. It will be recalled that the business foresight of Patrick Egan, and mainly through his retention of certain letters received while in the old country, the London Times case before the commission was completely broken down. The exposure of the forgery conspiracy hatched in the office of the Thunderer, was complete. Young Mr. Egan says in the columns of the Valparaiso paper:

"The only charges of a *criminal* nature *ever made against my father* were founded upon a series of letters, forged by one Richard Pigott, which were purchased

and published by the London Times, and which formed the basis of inquiry of the celebrated Times-Parnell Commission of 1888 and '89. That process cost the Times the sum of two hundred thousand pounds sterling, and terminated in the vindication of the Irish National Party from every charge of a criminal or serious nature; the loss to the Times of its once wonderful prestige, and of one-half its circulation; the suicide of the forger Pigott in Madrid; the sudden death of his assistant, Maguire, on learning of the suicide of his chief, and the death, in three or four months after, from worry and anxiety, of Macdonald, the principal proprietor of the Times, and the one who purchased and published the forged letters."

. . . . . .

"The only other 'charges' made against my father, and which I do not think he has ever denied, were that he was one of the principal leaders and active workers in a revolutionary movement, having for its object the establishment of a free and independent republic in Ireland, modelled after that of the United States.

Those charges are, of course, considered in England as *very criminal;* but the United States regard them in a very different light, and, I think, so also will the people of Chili.

If the editors of El Heraldo desire to publish, without manipulation, the Blue Book containing the report which Judges Hannen, Day and Smith, presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria on this matter, dated 13th February, 1890, I am sure my father, notwithstanding the unwarrantable attacks upon him, will be glad to present them with a copy."

It should not be lost sight of that this letter from the minister's son was called forth several months ago. While he was making a strong and straight refutation of the lies in El Heraldo at Valparaiso, and our un-American papers were seeking cues to raise a storm to sweep Patrick Egan out of the diplomatic service, the Tory press were receiving their cue from the English Home office. Specimens of their work in response thereto we have quoted in this article. The masterly hand in malignant mischief is easily traced from London, through America north to America south, this latest recorded phase turning up at Valparaiso. The programme was a failure.

J. M. T.

Secrets from Mother.

THE girl that has secrets from her mother has something she would be better off without.

But, really, some mothers are to blame if their daughters do not confide in them. They never seek to win the confidence of their children. They cannot realize that their little girl has become a young woman, and they treat her as if she were still a child when she has passed the spot where brook and river meet. They don't wish her to have a beau, forgetting that it is natural for her to have beaux, and that they themselves had admirers when they were not so old as she is. They try to make of her a wax doll or a pretty ornament of the house; but they rarely — and few of them — treat her considerately and rationally, instruct her prudently about herself, and draw from her the thoughts of life that have crept into her heart.

The mother that can truly say: "I have done my part that my daughter should have no secrets unknown to me," is the only mother who deserves that her daughters should make her their confidante.

But, girls, for you, the only safe course is to keep nothing hid from your parents, and to do nothing that you would be unwilling for them to know.

Catholic Columbian.

The Household.

FEEDING THE BABY.—Though baby's mother eats her own meals regularly and at stated times, baby is fed at all times and seasons. If the little one has the colic from over-eating, or the improper diet of its mother, additional feeding is resorted to, and a vigorous trotting that makes baby so very ill at ease and full of pain that its crying abuse is loudly protested against, and to hush the noise a spoonful of soothing syrup is given which drug usually sends baby into a state of unrestful oblivion. It is best to feed baby regularly about every two or three hours, thus giving the poor little stomach a chance to rest. Regulate the mother's diet also; do not allow her improper articles of food, and, above all things, explain to her the evil effects of any indulgence of hot temper or outburst of passion, as they have, times without number, cost delicate babies their lives.

TO KEEP OUT MOTHS.—When you decide to put away your winter furs, flannels, and heavy garments, look well to it that no moths are lurking in seams under edges of the fur. Shake each article thoroughly and beat well with a little stick. Sealskin is popularly supposed to be moth proof; but it is not wise to take chances. An air-tight cedar chest is a luxury, and for those who do not possess anything in that line there are other means quite as efficient. The most thorough housekeeper the writer ever knew wrapped up her blankets and furs in newspaper. The muffs were placed in their boxes and slipped into an unbleached muslin bag, which was tied together so tightly that nothing could possibly crawl through. Woollen shawls, dresses and blankets were securely wrapped in newspaper. Camphor balls and tar paper are much used and naphtha is also considered a great preventive as well as destroyer.

THE ORIGIN OF COFFEE.—The Arabs were the first to discover the art of making a drink from the roasted bean of the coffee plant, and coffee was in use among them long before it was known to the Western nations. The Mahometan theologians were induced at first to regard it as an intoxicating liquor and contrary to the law, as spiritous liquors are forbidden by the Koran. The question was, however, finally settled as to its non-intoxicating qualities, and it has since become the favorite "tipple" of both Turks and Arabs. It was introduced into Constantinople in the early part of the seventeenth century, and writers of that time inform us that the inhabitants of that city drank it as hot as could be endured. A Greek merchant introduced it into "Merrie England." As early as 1663 it was satirized in England; and, on every hand, the bitterest invectives were applied to it by the press and pulpit. In one instance a preacher hurled anathemas at the heads of those who used as a beverage a "syrup of soot and essence of old shoes!" Probably he had good grounds for this statement, having sampled some boiled coffee. It was not until 1668 that the French learned to drink this "essence of old shoes." A Turkish ambassador, on the occasion of a dinner given to some public functionaries, served the seductive drink in elegant porcelain cups, placed on highly wrought silver salvers and handed to the guests by richly caparisoned slaves. This turned the heads and hearts of those thus honored, and, in a surprisingly short time, coffee drinking became a craze among the elegants of Paris.

Catholics in Congress.

II.

ANOTHER Catholic member from Missouri is Hon. John C. Tarsney, of Kansas City, a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and Chairman of the Committee on Labor. He is a native of Lenawee county, Mich., where he was born in 1845. Like so many of his colleagues, he entered the army in 1862 while still a mere boy. He was slightly wounded at Fredericksburg, and was severely wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg; remained a prisoner of war at Belle Isle, Andersonville, and Milan, until November, 1864, when, being exchanged, he rejoined his command, the Fourth Michigan Infantry, and took part in the campaign which ended at Appomattox. He was not quite twenty when he was mustered out of service and he immediately entered school, passing through the High School and the University of Michigan, and graduating in law, March, 1869. He commenced the practice of law, and, in 1872, removed to Kansas City, where he became City Attorney in 1874. He was elected to the Fifty-first Congress and reelected to the present congress.

The empire state sends five Catholics to congress; a small quota when we remember that thirty-five districts of that state are represented in our national legislature. Of these, eight are in the city of New York, and four in Brooklyn, and our Catholic members represent almost exclusively urban constituencies.

The Eighth District, comprising the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth Wards, is represented by Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, who was born in county Cavan, Ire., and came to America when he was five years old. He was educated at the public schools in New York, and learned the printing business, at which he worked in the offices of the New York Times, Express, Tribune, and Herald. It was while at work on the latter paper, that he embarked on the troubled sea of politics, being nominated for the State Assembly in 1867. Ever since, he has been actively engaged in assisting to shape legislation. He studied law with Judge Flanagan, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1869. He was elected Justice of the Fifth District Civil Court, in New York City, in 1875, and served six years; in 1883 he was returned to the State Assembly. He supported Cleveland's administration, and, while serving in the legislature, was nominated for State Senator in opposition to the Tammany candidate. He was elected; but before his term expired, a vacancy occurred in the Eighth Congressional District,—caused by the appointment of Hon. S. S. Cox as minister to Turkey,—and Mr. Campbell was nominated and elected to the Forty-ninth Congress. He held the position during the following congress, and was defeated by McCarthy in 1888; but was again elected to congress in 1890. He is a member of the Committees on Mines and Mining and on Territories.

Mr. Campbell is familiarly known to his friends as "Tim," and is very popular, being full of jollity and not overburdened with piety. Although not a very young man, he is now receiving congratulations on account of his recent marriage. His bride is not a Catholic, but the marriage ceremony was performed by a priest.

Hon. Charles Tracy, of Albany, was born in that city, May 27, 1847, and was educated at the Albany Academy, where he graduated in 1866. In the following year he joined the papal zouaves and served with them, in defence of our Holy Father, Pius IX, during the memorable four years preceding the forcible occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel. In 1875, he was appointed Aid-de-camp to Governor Tilden, of New York. Two years later he was appointed by Governor Robinson, Commissary General of Subsistence of New York State. He was appointed, by Governor Cleveland, Manager of the House of Refuge at Hudson, N. Y., and was reappointed by Governor Hill, in 1886. He was elected to the Fiftieth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Nicholas T. Kane, which place he has since occupied. He is a member of the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures. General Tracy is a typical New Yorker. He looks prosperous, and has an energetic, decided, yet gentle manner. He is an earnest Catholic and a good man, highly esteemed by all who know him. He is happily married, has a charming wife and five children. They have not been with him in Washington this winter; so that all his leisure time has been taken up in flitting back and forth between the capital of the Union and that of its most important state.

Hon. John M. Clancy, of Brooklyn, was born in Ireland, May 7, 1837, came in his childhood to New York, and was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn. He is in the real estate business, and is unmarried. He is a member of the Committees on War Claims and on Arid Lands. This is his second term in congress.

Hon. Edward J. Dunphy is comparatively a young man, though the ladies would probably call him an "old bachelor." He was born in New York City, in 1856, received his primary education there, and graduated, in 1878, at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. In 1891, he received from his *Alma Mater* the degree of L.L. D. He was engaged in the practice of law until his election to the Fifty-first Congress, residing with his parents in New York. This is his second term in congress, where he represents the Second, Third, and Seventh Assembly Districts of New York county. He is a member of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Routes. I have been told that he has a brother at the Troy Seminary studying for the priesthood.

Hon. William Bourke Cockran, who represents the Tenth District, part of the city of New York, is a son of Ireland, where he was born February 28, 1854. He received his early education in his native country and in France, removing to America when seventeen years old. His early manhood was spent in teaching, and while thus engaged he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He was elected to the Fiftieth congress, and was a member of the Commission appointed to revise the Judiciary Article of the Constitution of New York. He was elected to the present congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Spinola. He is a member of the important Committee on Ways and Means.

New Jersey sends one Catholic representative, Hon. Edward Francis McDonald, who was born in Ireland, September 21, 1844, but was brought to this country in his infancy. He learned the trade of machinist, and became a skilled mechanic, following that avocation until he was more than

thirty years of age. Meanwhile he served as a soldier during the Civil War, enlisting in the Seventh Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers in 1861, and serving under McClellan and Hooker. He entered politics in 1874, when he was elected to the New Jersey Assembly. In 1877, he was elected director at large of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Hudson county, serving four years. In 1884, he was chosen Presidential Elector by the Democratic State Convention, but declined the honor. He was a member of the State Senate, when he was elected to the present congress. He is a member of the Committees on Military Affairs, and on Invalid Pensions.

All the gentlemen I have mentioned, and, indeed, all the Catholics in congress of whom I have any knowledge, belong to the Democratic party.

AGNES HAMPTON.

Holy Water.

THE use of water for religious purposes is very ancient. It is older than Christianity, for it began in the Old Law. God Himself is the institutor of it. He gave command to Moses and Aaron about the "water of aspersion," and told them to put "in a most clean place," the ashes of "the cow burned for sin:" "And they shall take of the ashes of the burning, and of the sin-offering, and shall pour living waters upon them into a vessel." (Num. xix.) By the sprinkling of this water all "defiled" or "unclean" persons were to be "purified." "He that toucheth the corpse of a man. and is therefore unclean seven days, shall be sprinkled with this water on the third day and on the seventh, and so shall be cleansed." (Num. xix.) And not only such persons were to be sprinkled with this water, but also their dwellings, furniture, etc. "And a man that is clean shall dip hyssop in it, and shall sprinkle therewith all the tent, and all the furniture, and the men that are defiled." (Num. xix.) So important was this sprinkling that any one defiled "and not sprinkled with this mixture, shall profane the tabernacle of the Lord, and shall perish out of Israel, because he was not sprinkled with the water of expiation." (Num. xix. 13.) In certain public ceremonies "the priest shall take holy water in an earthen vessel," etc. (Num. v. 17.) In many other places of the Old Testament the sprinkling of water as a religious rite is mentioned.

Hence, the use of holy water in the Catholic Church comes to us with all that in its favor which we read of in the Old Testament. It still signifies cleansing or purifying as did all the ablutions commanded by God in the Old Law down to and including the baptism in the Jordan given by John the Baptist. For this same purpose our Lord Himself used water in washing the feet of his Apostles the night of the Last Supper; and He made baptism of water a condition necessary to salvation: "unless a man be born again of water, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." (John iii. 5)

Holy water, as used in the Church at present, has been used through all the centuries back to the days of the Apostles, and is mentioned in the "Apostolic Constitutions." Pope Alexander, who died in the year 130, confirmed this Apostolic tradition by his pontifical decree. He says: "We bless salt and water for the people, that all who may be sprinkled therewith may be cleansed and sanctified." St. Justin the Martyr, who died in the

year 163, says, in his Apology, that the faithful in his time were sprinkled with holy water every Sunday in their assemblies. We find it spoken of in the writings of St. Cyprian in the third century, of St. Basil in the fourth, of St. Jerome in the fifth, of St. Gregory the Great in the sixth, etc.

Holy water is one of the "sacramentals" of the Church. Sacramentals are "things made sacred by religious rite." All religious rites and all sacred things used in administering the sacraments are sacramentals: *e. g.*, holy oils, chrism, blessed salt, holy water, the sign of the cross, etc.

Sacramentals differ from the sacraments because (1) Christ Himself instituted the sacraments, whereas it was the Church, in the exercise of the authority He gave her, that instituted the sacramentals; because (2) the sacraments of *themselves* infallibly confer that particular grace which Christ attached to each of them, and which he promised to those who receive them worthily; but the sacramentals do not *confer*, but *obtain* grace, as prayer does. They who piously use them have great advantages from them. They excite piety, and thereby cause the remission of venial sins. They also cause the remission of temporal punishments due to sin. They put to flight and restrain the power of demons tempting us. Besides, they obtain bodily health and other temporal benefits. These blessings and benefits follow as the effects of the prayers of the Church, used in blessing and consecrating the sacramentals. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving. *For it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer.*" (I. Tim. iv. 4–5.)

Cleansing or purifying is not the only signification attached to the sprinkling of holy water; it also signifies fruitfulness and revival or renewal of life. Watered by rains, the earth brings forth each year, in newness of life, its flowers and fruits. Hence the Church, in her funeral service, sprinkles the dead bodies of her children to signify her faith in their resurrection, to show that they shall come forth again from the earth to new life.

In blessing water the priest, as the minister of the Church, first blesses salt which he afterwards casts into the water. This blessing of salt and casting of it into the water is done following the example of the prophet Eliseus who, by God's command, took salt and cast it into the unwholesome waters of Jericho, and made them good. "And the men of the city said to Eliseus: Behold the situation of this city is very good, as thou, my lord, seest; but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness. And the waters were healed unto this day, according to the word of Eliseus which he spoke." (IV. Kings ii. 19–22.)

The following prayers, translated from the Roman Ritual, show what the Church prays for, in blessing the water, and what we may expect to gain from the pious use of it. In blessing the salt the priest says: "I exorcise thee, thou creature salt, by the living God, by the true God, by the holy God, by God who commanded thee to be cast into the water by Eliseus, the prophet, that the sterility of the water might be cured,— that thou mayest become salt exorcised unto the healing of the faithful; that thou become

health of soul and body to all who use thee; that every phantasy and wickedness and snare of diabolical cunning, and every unclean spirit may depart from the place in which thou shalt be sprinkled — adjured by Him who is to come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen." Then, blessing the water, he says: "I exorcise thee, thou creature water, in the name of God the Almighty Father, in the name of Jesus Christ His Son our Lord, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, that thou be made water exorcised for the avoiding of all power of the enemy, and that thou mayest eradicate and extirpate the enemy himself, with all his apostate angels, by the power of the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. Amen."

Then putting the blessed salt into the water in the name of the three Divine Persons, he prays: "O God, Thou Author of invincible power, and King of unconquerable empire, who checkest the force of the adverse power, who overcometh the fierceness of the raging enemy, who powerfully subduest hostile malice, Thee, O Lord, trembling and suppliant, we implore and entreat to look benignly upon this Thy own creature of salt and water; that Thou mayest enlighten and sanctify with the dew of Thy clemency wherever it shall be sprinkled, through the invocation of Thy Holy Name; that every attack of the unclean spirit may be repelled; that the terror of the venomous serpent may be banished, and that the presence of Thy Holy Spirit may deign to be everywhere with us who seek Thy mercy. Though our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth forever. Amen."

These exorcisms, prayers, and blessings of the Church so solemnly worded, show us what great and good effects *must follow* from the pious use of holy water.

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Convent National Schools in Ireland.

HIS GRACE, the Archbishop of Dublin, has an article in the Contemporary Review of March, defending the Convent National Schools of Ireland — of which there are two hundred and forty-two, attended by one hundred and nine thousand, two hundred and eighty pupils — from the sustained and virulent attacks of Mr. T. W. Russell. In the current number of the Review of Reviews the article in question is thus summarized:

Mr. Russell condemns these schools, and Archbishop Walsh replies to his condemnation by giving samples of the abundant and conclusive evidence available in disproving his assertion as regards their present condition. In order to convince stalwart Protestants, Archbishop Walsh sets aside all reports made by Catholic inspectors, and confines himself to the reports of the Presbyterian and Wesleyan inspectors, of whom there are eight. Referring to the past, he says that these inspectors, with one consent, sang the praises of the Convent National Schools twenty-eight years ago. As for the present, Archbishop Walsh quotes from the National Education Board for 1890, in order to prove that the percentage of passes in the Convent Schools is uniformly from three to fourteen per cent. higher than in the National Schools of Ireland. Although Mr. Russell maintains that the nuns are untrained and indifferent teachers, the Archbishop is able to

prove by figures, which he quotes from the official report of the board, that the percentage of pupils who have passed is seven per cent. higher than that of the National Schools generally, and one per cent. more than the model schools which are the favored section of state-favored education. The Archbishop then discusses the question of the inadequacy of the rate of capitation grant adopted by the National Education Board for the payment of teachers in Convent Schools.

MacMahon and Von Moltke.

NATURALLY, considerable interest is taken in this country in Count Von Moltke's Memoirs, long extracts from which have been reproduced with comments by most of the Parisian journals. Few attempts have been made to dispute the correctness of any of the accounts given by the great soldier; and the work seems to be regarded generally as thoroughly fair and accurate. In a conversation which he had a day or two ago with a visitor at his Chateau de la Forest, in the Department of the Loire, Marshal de MacMahon related how, hearing that he had been wounded at Sedan, Count Von Moltke sent one of his officers to ask after him. This gentleman told Marshal de MacMahon's aide-de-camp that Count von Moltke could not believe that he was hurt really, as he could not imagine why he should have exposed himself. Was it not enough to direct the movements of the troops, and was it not the duty of the commander of an army to remain as much as possible under cover? "*Le diable d'homme!* He had prepared everything!" exclaimed Marshal de MacMahon, who said that he had been strongly in favor of a retreat on Paris, and that when M. Rouher had gone to Rheims and had implored him not to retire on the metropolis, he refused firmly to accede to his request. He had given instructions already for a retreat on the following day, when he received an order from Bazaine to join him. He had no alternative but to obey. Marshal de MacMahon declares that even now he cannot understand Bazaine's motive, and that he himself did not explain it at the court-martial. Was Bazaine guilty? Thiers has often assured him that he regarded Bazaine's trial by courtmartial as infamous; but he had to sign the decree, though he did it with the utmost reluctance. The Marshal added that he respected the decision arrived at by his predecessor, but that he should not have liked to have had to sign the decree. He had known Bazaine in Africa, and he was an excellent officer. "Was he really guilty?" he repeated meditatively, and then, extending his clenched hands suddenly, he cried out, "But, then, what on earth was he waiting for?" Marshal de MacMahon considers the morale of the French troops exceedingly good. He admits frankly that he had his doubts at first as to the efficacy of a republican training; but they were dispelled long ago. He thought that the French soldier would give a capital account of himself if war were to break out. "Especially if we have the Russians with us?" remarked his interlocutor. "The Russians are first rate troops," concluded the Marshal, who related that the Emperor used to say of them, "Those fellows! Not only have they to be killed, but when they are killed, they must be kicked or they get up again."

The Battle of Bunker Hill.

THE 17th of June, 1892, is the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, fought June 17, 1775. While the rest of the world may remember this event in American history only as a matter of tradition, there is a compact community of forty-five thousand people in the Charlestown District of Boston, who take special pride in annually announcing to the public the living, breathing presence of the day so full of meaning, conveyed by liberty, loyalty, and patriotism.

A short account of the battle in 1775 will not be out of place in this Magazine.

On the evening of the 16th of June, Col. Prescott, with about one thousand men, was sent from the American camp to get the start of the British, by being the first to occupy the heights of Charlestown. It was found that there were two ranges of hills that commanded Boston on two sides; Dorchester heights on the south, Bunker Hill and Breeds Hill on the northwest. It was of importance to both sides to get control of these hills, and the Americans had reason to know that the English general, Gage, was planning to extend his lines and include Bunker Hill. While the English were planning, Col. Prescott and his men, who were mostly farmers, started from Cambridge Common and marched to Charlestown, arriving there about midnight. The Americans set about erecting earthworks. While they were working they could hear the sentinels from the British warships cry "All's well." As day dawned the newly made earthworks were seen from the ships, which began to fire on them; also from Copp's Hill, where the English had a battery. Early on the following day, three thousand British soldiers were embarked in boats and sent across to Charlestown. Col. Prescott placed his men behind the half-finished mounds, they were without food or water, and with very little ammunition; they awaited their opponents, while Putnam, Prescott, and Warren moved among them, saying: "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, then aim low." When the cannonade was at its hottest, Prescott climbed out on the defences and walked around the parapet in full view of the British. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Howe ordered his column to advance, and, at the same time, every gun in the fleet and from Copp's Hill, the English poured hot shot which destroyed the town. The people mounted the housetops in Boston to behold the engagement. On came the British with steady tread, and not until they were within one hundred and fifty feet of them, did the Americans show any signs of their presence. "Fire," cried Prescott, and from breastwork and redoubt every gun was fired and the front rank of the British melted away. When beyond musket range, Howe rallied his men and led them to the second charge, and they were again driven back. Then, for the the third time, the English came with fixed bayonettes, up the hillside, where were strewn the dead and dying. Most of the Americans had by this time only one round of ammunition left, and their last shots were soon fired; then they fell slowly back, losing far more men in the retreat than in the battle.

WE should only make use of life to grow in the love of God.— *St. Liguori.*

The Story of a Parish.

We briefly noticed this very interesting book in our last Magazine. We here add an interesting extract:

As the first settlers in Morris county came from Connecticut, it is not unlikely that they brought with them some unfortunate son or daughter of Erin, exiled and enslaved on account of attachment to faith.

Father Schneider, S. J., was the pioneer priest in New Jersey, and probably crossed Morris county frequently. The road in those days crossed Schooley's mountain; and through lonely forests and rugged by-paths the priest sought out the Catholic, and gave to the little household the consoling ministration of our holy religion.

Years before the Revolutionary War a Jesuit, Father Farmer, visited this section of New Jersey, on his way to Macopin, now called Echo Lake, where there was quite a colony of Dutch Catholics engaged at the furnaces, which afterwards turned out the solid shot the Americans used so effectively against the British.

The early settlers of East Jersey had no desire to harbor Catholics, and the freedom of conscience they were ready to extend to all believers in Christ, no matter how they might differ from themselves in religion, was not to include us: "No person or persons that profess faith in God by Jesus Christ, his only Son, shall at any time be molested, punished, disturbed, or be called in question for difference in religious opinion, etc., etc.; provided this shall not extend to any of the Romish religion the right to exercise their manner of worship contrary to the laws and statutes of England" (*Laws of East Jersey*, 1698). Instructions to Lord Cornbury, on his appointment as Governor in 1701, directed him to permit liberty of conscience to all persons except Papists.

The following, written on a slip, pasted on the fly-leaf of Father Farmer's Register: *You are to permit a Liberty of Conscience to all persons (except Papists)*,* was a constant admonition to the zealous priest of the dangers he was running. Hence his dress failed to indicate his clerical character, and his manner befitted the physician rather than the priest. Thus he safely passed through the Jerseys, ministering to the faithful wherever found without molestation. To throw off all suspicion, he wrote out the Missal with his own hand, and this he carried with him on his journeys.

Father Ferdinand Steinmayer, or Farmer, as he chose to be called, was born in Suabia, Germany, October 13, 1729. He became a Jesuit in 1743, and arrived in this country in 1758. His field was the entire state of New Jersey, and it is evident that he visited Morris county regularly in the spring and autumn from 1768 to the time of his death. He died August 17, 1786.

He is described as "of slender form and having a countenance mild, gentle, and bearing an expression almost seraphic."

During the Leisler usurpation, 1688–89, a price was set upon the head of Major Anthony Brockholes and others who were denounced as Papists.

* Instructions to Gov. Francis Bernard, of New Jersey, 1758.

Major Brockholes was a native of Lancashire, Eng., a Catholic, and very wealthy. To escape persecution he came, in company with Arent Schuyler, to New Jersey, and was enabled by his large means to buy extensive tracts of land in the central part of the state, as well as at Pompton. Surely, so wealthy and influential a man must have had a following, and in his service there must have been other Catholics.

The recondite historian, John Gilmary Shea, who more than any other knows the spots hallowed by the missionaries of other days, in a letter to the writer says: "Father Farmer notes a baptism at the Wall-kill, which the Philadelphia wiseacres translated Wall street. The Rev. Francis Beeston was at Mount Hope and Hibernia in October, 1787; at Charlottenburg October 21, 1788, and at Mount Hope May 3, 1789. The Rev. C. Vincent Keating paid a visit to Mount Hope April 30, 1792. The Rev. L. Graessl was at Charlottenburg on April 25, 1793; and on September 19, of the same year, he married, at the same place, John Philip Seeholster to Julia Vinyard. Father Graessl, elected coadjutor to Bishop Carroll, died before he was consecrated while attending the yellow-fever patients in Philadelphia."

Three days after the battle of Princeton, January 7, 1777, Washington, with his troops, arrived in Morristown, and took up his headquarters at the old Arnold Tavern, now the site of the Arnold Building, on the west side of the Park.* With him as aid was General Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic bishop of Cork.

Other Catholics among Washington's generals who resided here at times between 1777 and 1779 were Lafayette, Du Coudray, M. A. Roche de Fermoy, Kosciusko, De la Neuville, Armand, and Duportail.

In the army was a large contingent of Catholic Irishmen, raised by Captain Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Philadelphia, and enrolled in the Pennsylvania Line. Beyond the Hills, on the Wicke farm, reposes the dust of many a poor fellow carried off by the small-pox, which raged fiercely for a time among the almost starved and ill-clad patriots.

How it is Non-Catholics go to Heaven.

CARDINAL MANNING, in the Review of the Churches, explains for the satisfaction of the reunionists of Christendom how it is that the Catholic Church admits non-Catholics can be saved. It is owing to "the Catholic doctrine of the universality of grace. They presuppose the doctrine of the visible Church, which has not only a visible body, but also an invisible soul. The soul of the Church is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least who has died, in the union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on 'The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England.' This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs. Burns and Oates. Thus far, then, I can lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes

*Now standing in the Collis tract, Mt. Kemble Avenue, and known as the Colonial Building, and purchased by the Catholics for a hospital.

throughout the world and gathers into union with God and to eternal life, all those who faithfully co-operate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpably out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and wilfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them. But I must not go on, for you are seeking union in agreements, and I have no will to strike a discordant note. You say truly, 'the controversies to which most of our churches owe their rise have lost much of their interest for us ; some of them are hardly intelligible.' I have two great advantages. I can hope and embrace you in the soul of the Church, and I can rejoice in all, and gladly share in many of your good works."

What is Really the Number of Catholics in the United States?

THE question of the true number of Catholics in the United States is one that frequently comes up for discussion both in the Catholic and secular press, says the Catholic Review. Ordinarily most of the discussion is founded on the estimates printed in the two Catholic almanacs,— that published in New York, by the Sadliers, and that in Milwaukee, by the Hoffmans, — and the numbers are made to range somewhere between seven to nine millions. Occasionally it is put as high as twelve million; but this usually appears to be by some irresponsible scribe in a case where a large number is favorable to his side of the argument, and is, therefore, stated barely as a fact that needs no corroboration of evidence.

But in the New York Sun recently the following communication was printed, presumably, by Rev. Father McSweeney, of Mount St. Mary's College:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* The population of the United States in 1790 was 3,029,000; in 1800, 5,308,000; in 1810, 6,239,000; in 1820, 9,634,000, etc. That is, it increased at such a rate that in 1890 it would be 22,942,000. Instead of this it is 62,500,000. Supposing that only one-half of the immigrants were Catholics, you have a Catholic population of about 22,000,000 from this source alone. What's the matter with this conclusion? EDWARD MCSWEENEY.

Now, this is a considerable departure from the customary estimates, and yet, to one familiar with the history of Catholicity in the Union, and with the conditions of the various Catholic elements to-day, it does not seem overdrawn, all the more because it is modestly put forward in the form of a suggestion and inquiry rather than of a bold assertion.

To begin with, it must be remembered that the estimates of the almanacs are made up from the reports of the chancellors or other authorized ecclesiastical officer of the diocese, and, therefore, apparently are the safest reliances in the discussion. But, in reality, they are terribly misleading for any purpose of popular or historical interest in the matter, for those ecclesiastics count as Catholics only those who are at least annual communicants, and, in addition, the estimated number of young children who have not yet received their first communion. In other words, then, whenever the question is asked, "What is the Catholic population of the United States?" no answer should be attempted until the term "Catholic" is defined. If by "Catholic" in this discussion is meant only those who comply with the requirement of receiving communion "at least once a year, and that at

Easter time," then the almanacs are undoubtedly right, and the Catholics of the United States may be estimated as being in round numbers not far from eight millions. But that is very far indeed from what is meant in popular speech by the term "Catholic." When, in everyday language, the question is asked, concerning any one, "Is he a Catholic?" what is meant by the questioner, who, let us suppose, is a Baptist, or a Methodist, or an Episcopalian? And if one of us — a "Catholic" — answers, "Oh, yes; he is a Catholic;" do we mean that we know all about the habits of life of the person in question; whether or not he is regular and prompt in the performance of his religious duties, whether, in fact, he received communion last Easter time? Certainly not. If we say of a given person "He is a Catholic," we merely meant to say that the man is one who professes the Catholic faith; one who, when asked his religion, replies, "I am a Catholic," by that intending to signify that he has been baptized, and that he holds to the doctrines and practises of the religion and church over which the Pope presides as vicar of Christ on earth. Under this definition there arises naturally the distinction between "good Catholics," or those who lead a moral life and conform to the laws and usages of the Catholic Church, and "bad Catholics," or "indifferent Catholics," those who, while believing in the truth of the Catholic religion, yet lead a more or less immoral or careless life, and who neglect or ignore the sacraments, and, in general, the practice of piety.

The difficulty, then, is that the Catholic almanacs estimate the Catholic population as consisting exclusively of those who, from their receiving communion at Easter time, may in the bulk be fairly set down as "good Catholics." In other words, there are in the United States about eight million of "good Catholics" and their little children. If, then, to these be added the "bad" or "indifferent" Catholics, who, unfortunately, outnumber the "good" Catholics — for, though many are called, few are chosen — there will appear at the very least twenty million Catholics in the United States. They belong to all the races and colors, and speak all the languages. Most of them probably are native born, but several millions of them are immigrants — Irish, English, Scotch, Welsh, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Spanish-American, Portuguese, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Syrian, Armenian, European, Asiatic, — all nations and tongues bless and praise the Lord in the Catholic Church. The dangers, temptations, difficulties, and distractions that beset nearly all immigrants, — men, women, and children, separated forever from the associations of their place of birth and mother tongue, and not yet fallen into new associations that are a sufficient substitute for what has been left behind, — account to a great extent for the abstention of many of them from the sacraments for very long periods of time, perhaps even for a lifetime, with hope, no doubt indulged in by most of them, of settling their accounts of conscience with religion before death comes on. Besides these newcomers from foreign lands there are the native born Catholics, who, for one reason or another, have practically no family ties; young and middle-aged men and women, occupied in various employments in all the cities and towns of the Union, bachelors and widowers, maidens and widows, the denizens of boarding-houses and hotels, most of them. Is there any travelled, intelligent American who does not know them? — proudly calling themselves Catholics, and, as such, recognized by

all their friends and acquaintances, yet, for reasons of various sorts, not receiving the sacraments, perhaps only irregularly going to church, and hence entirely unknown to the clergy, and, consequently, left entirely out of account in the various estimates of these Catholic almanacs.

Of course these "bad" or "indifferent" Catholics are a poor reliance to depend on for the practical good work of religion. Nevertheless they are "Catholics" in the sense that they bear the indelible brand of their baptism, and have not yet deliberately performed any act intended to be a renunciation of the Catholic faith. For all these reasons they ought to be included and counted in any general estimate of the numbers of Catholics, that is, provided any one can find out just how many there are of them. At all events, Father McSweeney's figures, when looked at from this point of view, will be seen to be quite modest, and to be completely within the limits of actual facts. It has been said that Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, made an estimate some years ago similar to Father McSweeney's, or even exceeding that. It was a very serious and important matter this valuation of the Catholic population, which appears to have been understated both in the Catholic almanacs and in the United States census of 1890. It deserves the attention, for many reasons, of those competent to deal with it.

Beautiful Death.

BEAUTIFUL Death, with calm, cold brow,
Ecstatic face, and stiff, white hands!
Never did Life look so grand as thou;
Never was sage so rapt as now
Thou seemest! That thou might tell us how
And what the experience this change demands!

Beautiful Death, with "the placid cheek,"
"The shrouded eye," and silent tongue!
Why so austere, and yet so meek?
Why to thy lov'd ones refuse to speak?
Why cold to the love thou so late didst seek?
So soon art absorb'd thy new friends among?

Beautiful Death! How chang'd indeed,
Since unresponsive to love and tears!
Since to our sorrow thou dost not heed;
Since unmov'd thou canst let us plead;
And givest no sign, in our direst need,
Of the love that ne'er failed us before in years!

Beautiful Death! Thy silence stern
Is not of chang'd affections born;
But thou wouldst have us of thee to learn
All clinging to earthly ties to spurn,
That thro' Faith and Tears we here must earn
The awakening glad of Eternity's morn.

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

The Tricks of Liquor Traders.

THE Hebrews, says a writer in the Voice, as we learn from the Scriptures, were in the habit of mixing wines, made more inebriating and stupefying by the use of spices, myrrh, opiates, and strong drugs. Many have supposed the inhabitants of the Old World were adepts in the whole system of drugging and adulterating wines, and that the chief abomination which called down the wrath of Heaven was drunkenness. Pliny gives us a long list of drugs, spices, and fruits from which wine was made. The system, for a long time in use in England, for adulterating French wines was terribly poisonous. Although we carry on the fabrication of fictitious wines to an almost fabulous extent, yet we are but novices compared with our French confrères.

It is well known that at Marseilles, Cette, and other places in France are located establishments for the manufacture of fictitious wines, both red and white. Speculators buy up these wines and ship them to the seaport towns on the continent, and, being there marked and branded like the genuine, they are reshipped to the markets for which they were intended, England and the United States.

To such an extent has this branch of trade been carried on that one shipper is reputed to have sent to this country in one year eighty thousand bottles of champagne, not the product of the grape, but fabricated in these wine factories. It is well known also that the importation of these counterfeit wines has arrived at such a pitch as to become notorious and the subject of much complaint in this country. But do the French themselves drink pure wines? Let us see how that is: The increasing manufacture in France of fictitious wine that is intended for export as the pure juice of the grape, call forth the following comments from the Druggist. This journal remarks that "the devastation of the French vineyards by the phylloxera does not seem to affect the wine industry at all. But rather the more this insect destroys of the vines the larger becomes the quantity of the wine exported.

"The ingenious French chemists prepare an artificial wine from glucose, potatoes, rotten apples, dried prunes, dates, figs, raisins, currants, and beet juice, and this swill is consumed by England, Russia, and the Orient, but chiefly by the United States." Still another wine-yielding substance has just been discovered, and the discovery has been described before the Paris Botanic Society. It is claimed by the discoverer that the leaves and flowers of the bassia tree, dried after a certain fashion, have a large proportion of saccharine matter, and, in combination with water and sugar, constitute an excellent basis for the manufacture of artificial wine. This tree is found in India, where it grows to a considerable height, and under favorable circumstances, it is reported, will yield six or seven hundred pounds of dried leaves. During two months there was imported into France for wine making purposes no less than two hundred and fifty thousand bales of these blossoms, and their coming was the cause of much elation to the wine-makers as the price of figs, raisins, and other articles, had advanced to an uncomfortable extent because of the extensive consumption of these fruits in making pure wine for exportation.

The Parisian, a paper printed in English in Paris, also gives a history of the manufacture of wines sold fraudulently under the names of the choicest vintages of the country. Owing to the prevalence of the phylloxera, everybody expected a rise in the price of wine, and some conscientious dealers laid in a stock from abroad. The rise in price, however, never came, and the markets remained well supplied.

Are the Irish a Red-Haired Race?

A WRITER in American Notes and Queries, published in Philadelphia, under date of March 26, has a very interesting article on "The Revolution in Ethnology." He assumes, however, that the real old Celts were "brawny, fair-skinned, and red-haired." He gives these attributes to the Irish Celts in particular, when he says: "Yes, ages and ages ago the Celt came down upon Greece and Italy, nor has he ceased even unto this day. Well does the writer remember the truly gigantic appearance of the fair, blue-eyed, red-haired Irishmen of the Papal Zouaves, as they stalked about among the swarthy, sturdy, but short Italians of Rome."

The writer must have reference to the Papal Brigade enlisted in Ireland in 1860, and which did duty over most of northern Italy. It was our fortune, in early youth, to see a good-sized contingent of that organization, and, with a very few exceptions, they were dark or brown-haired, with, for the most part, gray eyes. We have seen about as many Irish people together, both in Ireland and in this country, as most men of our age, and truth compels us to say that, as far as our observation has extended, only about two or three per cent. of the Irish can be truthfully described as being red-haired. There is a beautiful shading of auburn in the dark locks of many Irish women — the most beautiful hair to be found among mortals, heavy, glinting and luxurious,— but nobody, unless he was color blind, could call them red or strawberry tresses. There is a great deal of beauty in brilliant red hair,— not the brick-colored article,— and a handsome woman, with a mass of red locks, is all the more beautiful in consequence, especially as snowy skin is a usual accompaniment of such hirsute adornment, particularly in Irish women. But The Citizen cannot allow the writer in American Notes to credit Ireland with an attribute which does not belong to her people, any more than it does to the English or the Welsh. The Scotch, as a matter of fact, run higher on the percentage of red hair than any modern people. Anybody who visits a Scotch Presbyterian church, or who has ever seen a regiment of real Highlanders, will bear testimony to this fact.

The writer referred to is, quite evidently, an enthusiastic Aryan, for, in concluding his article, he says: "No, it (the Aryan race) is not extinct, but lives on in unbroken chain to the present day. Think of its mighty course, ages ago, before the continent west of Asia received its present shape, the Aryan held aloft the torch of civilization to future Europe. It overran the land, conquering and teaching. From it came Greece, Rome, Gaul, Hispania, Britain, the Scotia of Hibernia, and Caledonia, the lands of the Britons, the Cymry, and the Gael; while to the eastward it evolved the Slavo-Lettic families of the race, the Serbs and Poles, who, on the fall of

Eastern Rome, stood in the breach and saved all western Europe from the Turk. Think of its valor, of its learning, of its faith. If, as is now supposed, the Aryans originated in Europe and went thence to Asia, they may first be found in India and Medo-Persia. The sword of the Mede struck down the first great empire, — the Assyrian; that of Aryan Cyrus raised the Persian, stretching from Asia to Europe; then came the Aryan Greek, and Alexander reversed the course of empire, and then rose Aryan Rome and conquered all the world. And after, when the great flood of Teutonic barbarism had submerged or utterly swept away the art and learning of antiquity, it was the Aryan Scot of Erin and Caledonia that rekindled on the continent, north of the Alps, the sacred fire; and it was in his island home that the awakening intellect of northern Europe found schools and teachers. The Angles, the Saxon, and the Frank, received from Celtic hands their letters and their baptism, — witness S. S. Aidan, Columbanus, Kilian, and Gall. In Britain, from the days of Boadicea on to Arthur's and the latter times, the Celtic Cymry stood up manfully till overwhelmed or intermingled with Teutonic conquerors. The Scot, in Caledonia, stood successfully at bay. In Ireland he strove and struggled on for centuries, winning a brilliant victory under Brian; and when at last, in after time, expelled his native isle, his sword and intellect found a fair field and honor on the continent; later, the Gael and Cymry peopled America and now are filling yet another continent — Australia; while hidden under German masks the Celt yet fills the middle land of Europe; the broad, red-headed Celt still swarms upon the world, the living proof that Aryan blood still flows and animates the human race."

Irish Citizen, Chicago.

Influence of Diet on the Growth of the Hair.

In the British Medical Journal for July 25, Dr. E. D. Mapother says: "Several cases of shedding of hair after influenza have confirmed my opinion that diet has much to do with the production and with the cure of symptomatic alopecia. Hair contains five per cent of sulphur, and its ash twenty per cent of silicon and ten per cent of iron and manganese. Solutions of beef, or rather of part of it, starchy mixtures, and even milk, which constitute the diet of patients with influenza and other fevers, cannot supply these elements, and atrophy at the root and falling of hair result. The color and strength of hair in young mammals is not attained so long as milk is their sole food. As to drugs, iron has prompt influence. The foods which most abundantly contain the above-named elements are the various albuminoids and the oat, the ash of that grain yielding twenty-two per cent of silicon. With care these foods are admissible in the course of febrile diseases, when albumen is the constituent suffering most by the increased metabolism. I have often found a dietary largely composed of oatmeal and brown bread greatly promote the growth of hair, especially when the baldness was preceded by constipation and sluggish capillary circulation. Those races of men who consume most meat are the most hirsute. Again, it is well known in the zoological gardens that carnivorous mammals, birds, and serpents keep their hair, feathers, or cuticle in bad condition, unless fed with whole animals, and the egesta contain the cuticular appendages of their prey in a digested or partly digested state."

Notes on Current Topics.

THE Rev. John Stephen Michaud, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Bennington, Vt., has received the official notification of his appointment as Coadjutor Bishop of Burlington, with the right of succession to Bishop de Goesbriand, who is one of the oldest members of the American Catholic hierarchy. He, the late Bishop Loughlin, and the late Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, were consecrated together in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on October 30, 1853.

THE mission conducted by the Paulist Fathers in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which closed last week, shows the great amount of zeal displayed by these Reverend Fathers in the cause of temperance. The young and gifted Father Doyle by his forcible reasoning wins the hearts of all, and as a result four thousand seven hundred and thirty persons were pledged during the mission to abstain from intoxicating liquors.

THE Duke of Norfolk presided at an influential meeting in London to promote the proposed memorial to Cardinal Manning. Mr. Gladstone and others wrote letters expressing sympathy. Addresses were made by Archbishop Vaughan, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. McCarthy and several other prominent Catholics. The meeting resolved to build a refuge in East London for the homeless poor of all creeds and nations.

THE Boston Daily Herald says of our April issue: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—The leading paper in this number is by Hon. E. Arling. It dwells on "The Importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life," and points out who the active workers are under the lead of Tammany Hall. It is a very instructive paper for an American, and especially a New York citizen, to read. The original and the selected articles in this magazine are mingled together without much discrimination; but the result is a miscellany which is always readable, and touches on a great many subjects dear to the Irish people.

THE French Messenger of the Sacred Heart tells us that it is now proposed to consecrate the month of April to St. John the Evangelist. Most fitting this is surely, as during this month generally occurs Holy Thursday and Good Friday, days so dear to St. John and so honorable for him. To consecrate April to St. John is an excellent preparation for the months of May and June, as he was so devout to the Blessed Virgin, and, above all, was he not the "disciple whom Jesus loved?" This practice has been adopted for many years by pious souls, but an effort is now being made to make it better known; therefore, during this month the clients of St. John are recommended to daily ask his intercession, that their hearts may be filled with the three loves which burned so ardently in his — namely, love for our neighbor, a filial, tender love for Mary, our Immaculate Mother, and a strong, earnest love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the "Heart which has loved us so much."

IRISHMEN will be pleased to learn that arrangements are in progress amongst the surviving members of Meagher's Irish Brigade and their friends to celebrate, in a special manner, during the coming summer, the splendid

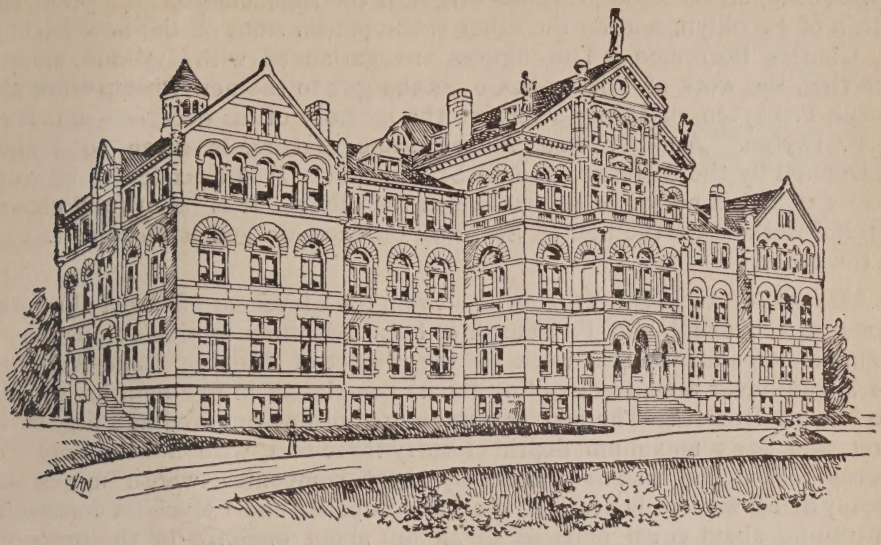
military exploits of those who, just thirty years ago, maintained on American battle-fields the olden reputation of the children of Ireland for valor. A special demonstration will be held at Fredericksburg, where the blood of the Irish Brigade was poured out like water. The historic fields of Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania will also have their pilgrimages; while the graves of the dead heroes will be garlanded with the trophies of a proud love.

A PASTORAL letter from the archbishops and bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Nimes, which comprises the archdiocese and the diocese of Valence, Viviers, and Montpelier, was read in all the churches of the province. The bishops declare it to be the duty of all Catholics to speak, write, and act against laws which strike at the beliefs and interests of the faith, and point out that the most effective way of doing this is to elect men who share or at least respect the Catholic religion. "Whether the election be for the communal council, the department, or the state," continues the pastoral, "it is of supreme importance that each elector should vote in a manner calculated to serve the best interests of the country, and, among these interests of religion hold the first place. Theologians even go as far as to maintain that when abstention from polling may entail the return of a candidate hostile to the Christian faith, Catholic electors who fail to record their votes commit a mortal sin." In regard to education, the pastoral declares that religious education has been suppressed, and a sort of practical atheism has taken its place to the ultimate destruction of all faith and the ruin of morals. The pastoral energetically condemns the law of divorce, declaring that the Church will never admit the possibility of the disruption of the marriage tie.

DR. H. T. WEBSTER, of Oakland, Cal., has cured several cases of persistent snoring by cutting off the uvula and tonsils. When these organs are too large, and when relaxed in sleeping, the passage of air through the mouth causes them to vibrate, and noise results.

AVE MARIE: Among the longer articles in the current number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE perhaps the most interesting is "The Late Rt. Rev. John Loughlin," with portrait; it is a well-written biographical sketch. The title of one of the departments of DONAHOE'S, "A Dish for the Young and Old," would be a not inappropriate name for the magazine as a whole. The eclecticism that is evinced in its pages is the outcome of sound judgment and long experience in feeling the public pulse.

DEDICATION OF MONAGHAN CATHEDRAL, DIOCESE OF CLOGHER, IRE.—We are authorized to announce that the dedication of Monaghan Cathedral, so largely contributed to by our American people, will take place on Sunday, August 21, next. We announce the ceremony thus far in advance, in compliance with the wish of Bishop Donnelly, because many of our clergy and laity have expressed, as the Bishop tells us, a wish to be present on the occasion. The church is considered to be, perhaps, the most finished cathedral in Ireland. The Irish archbishops and bishops, and a vast concourse of the clergy and people, are expected to take part in the ceremony; and altogether the event promises to mark an epoch in the ecclesiastical history of the Old Land.



McMAHON HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, WASHINGTON.

For account of the laying of the corner-stone, see page 597.

SPEAKING of the Columbian celebration Archbishop Ryan says: "We should never lose sight of this religious element in the great discovery, and should keep in view the central group — the Monk, the Navigator, and the Queen, representing, as some one has suggested, faith, hope, and charity — in the achievement of the mighty work of discovering a new world and thereby enriching and preserving the old one."

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591.

MGR. CHARLES EDWARD McDONNELL was consecrated Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday, April 25, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Archbishop Corrigan was the consecrating prelate. His Grace was assisted by Rt. Rev. Bishops McQuaid of Rochester and Chatard of Vincennes. The Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, was the preacher of the day. Archbishops Fabre of Montreal and Ryan of Philadelphia, and Bishops O'Hara, Scranton; McNeirny, Albany; Ludden, Syracuse; Ryan, Buffalo; Gabriels (Bishop-elect), Ogdensburg; Harkins, Providence; McMahon, Hartford; Wigger, Newark; O'Farrell, Trenton, occupied places in the sanctuary. The cathedral was packed, about eight thousand people were present. Nearly six hundred priests attended. At the dinner in the afternoon, at the orphan asylum, Bishop McDonnell was presented with a purse of ten thousand dollars, from the New York clergy. The ring which was presented to the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, on his consecration as Bishop of Brooklyn, is probably the handsomest bishop's ring ever produced in this country. It has a large amethyst, of a royal purple color, weighing three and one-half pennyweights, and around it are sixteen brilliants, each weighing one-half carat. The gold, of which there are fifty pennyweights in the ring, is beautifully chased. The crown of the ring is in the shape adopted for the episcopal seal, the shank is chased in high relief,

representing on one side Murillo's Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, the patron of Brooklyn, and on the other is the patron saint of the new Bishop, St. Charles Borromeo. The figures are garlanded with ivy and violets. The ring, the work of Tiffany & Co., is the gift to the new Bishop from Mr. Joseph P. Payten, of Henry street, in the memory of his deceased son, Rev. C. F. Payten. Another ring, by the same makers, is given to Bishop McDonnell by the Sisters of Mount St. Vincent. It is intended to be worn every day and is not quite so massive as the other. It is beautifully chased in relief work, with the lion of St. Mark on one side and a bishop's crozier on the other.

Drainage of a Small Lake.— From the Cleveland offices of the Lake Superior, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh & Lake Angeline mining companies, it is announced officially that work on the project of draining Lake Angeline has begun under a contract calling for its completion in five months, so says the Marine Review. The lake covers an area of one hundred and fifty-three acres, and has a maximum depth of forty-three feet, with a mean depth of twenty feet. The lake is owned by these companies, whose mines are already being worked beneath it, the Lake Superior and Cleveland companies controlling about equal portions of all but about one-fifth of the property, which is owned by the Lake Angeline company. This large body of water is being removed as a matter of safety to the present underground workings, but there is no telling, of course, what may be done in the way of further development of the properties when the water is out of the way. The companies undertaking this work are among the strongest in the mining business of Lake Superior, and there is little doubt that it will be carried out successfully. The contractor is C. B. Howell, of New York. A crib will be sunk while the ice is still on the lake. A centrifrugal pump, having a twenty-inch suction, and a twenty-two-inch discharge, with a capacity of fifteen thousand to twenty thousand gallons a minute will be used, and the water will be discharged into the Carp River.

The hill near Jerusalem, where the crucifixion occurred, is formed of lime-stone. The shores of the Dead Sea are lined with pumice stone, showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sunk beneath the waters of the Dead Sea.

In 1878 the State Church of Russia numbered 58,111,135 members, with over 50,000 churches and chapels, 89,193 secular clergy, 6,402 monks, and 4,437 nuns.

Mr. William Gray Brooks read a paper at the March meeting of the New England Historical-Genealogical Society on The Birth of Religious Toleration; A Study of the Maryland Charter. He proved from Protestant jurists and historians that Lord Baltimore, for the first time in the history of the country, proclaimed liberty of conscience and toleration to all believing in our Lord.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Messmer, the new Bishop of Green Bay, Wis., was warmly welcomed to the See city on the 7th of April. There was a long procession composed of various Catholic societies. The residences along the line of march from the depot to the cathedral were elegantly illuminated

with Chinese lanterns, etc. The whole city was in gay attire. The flag of the United States flew from every steeple, and many of the house tops, and cannon boomed salutation. The speech of welcome was made by the mayor of the city, James H. Elmore.

With few exceptions the 1st of May passed off peaceably in Europe. In London the working classes turned out to the number of nearly two hundred thousand.

The monthly number of the Ave Maria for April is a valuable issue. It is embellished with a good picture of the Resurrection.

Some Lies and Errors of History, by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., author of Studies in Church History, and reprinted for the Ave Maria.

On the 4th of May, the Church celebrated the feast of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, and in the history of her life there is a lesson that mothers should well consider. In early life St. Monica was not far from becoming a drunkard. At first she only tasted liquor; but soon she became fond of it. One stinging, sharp rebuke, from her maid-servant, was the means, under God, of bringing her to her senses. In that rebuke, "thou sot," she saw the degradation to which her love of liquor brought her. This should be a warning to all mothers who find in themselves a growing fondness for intoxicating drink. Have nothing to do with that which, unless absolutely checked, will surely degrade you. And never think to look for good and loving children if your bad example robs them of the respect they have for you. There is no degradation so profound and so pitiable as that which comes to a drunken mother.

The well-known jeweller, Mr. William B. Parazina, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and suburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend.

Rev. William Maher, D. D., chancellor and secretary of the diocese at Hartford, Conn., has been invited to deliver a lecture before the Kent Club at Yale College. He has accepted the invitation, but the date of the lecture has not yet been decided on.

Prussia is a strange country. Fifteen years ago the priest who had the audacity to celebrate Mass or administer Extreme Unction to the dying was cast into prison. Compare a recent circular issued to inspectors of schools by the Royal Government at Breslau. This document sets forth that it is a pious usage to say Masses for the dead, and enjoins that no scholastic regulations should be allowed to act as obstacle to the worthy celebration of these offices. In those parishes where the teacher is an employé of the Church, — organist or sacristan, — he is to be entitled to assist at Mass during the hours of class; and if he has no substitute to take charge of the school during his absence, he must conduct the children to

the church. The teacher must also accord the clergy two, four, or six children as acolytes during the class hours. An acolyte must likewise be at the service of the parish priest when he administers the sacraments to the ailing.

THE New York Pasteur Institute for the Preventive Treatment of Hydrophobia, and for the Study of Contagious Diseases, has just issued its second annual report, which shows that most gratifying results have been obtained. Of the five hundred and seventy-four persons who applied for treatment after being bitten by animals, it was proved that in four hundred and sixty-one cases the animals attacking were not mad. Of the remaining one hundred and thirteen persons, in whose cases satisfactory evidence was given that they had really been bitten by mad animals, there were but three deaths resulting from hydrophobia after treatment. Of the whole number of persons treated during the two years since the Institute was founded, only sixty-six per cent. of the cases proved fatal, while the usual statistics indicate that seventy-five per cent. is a low rate of deaths after bites inflicted by mad dogs.

THE bell that will ring the hours from the steeple of the college church at Notre Dame, Ind., is the largest on the continent. Eight men can easily stand erect within it, and its tones can be distinctly heard a distance of twelve miles.

A RECENT number of Blackwood's Magazine has an entertaining article by Sir Herbert Maxwell on the pedigree of personal names; wherein he tells the amusing story of how a Dublin snuff-seller named Kenny Halfpenny became Kenny Halpen, which name, being transmitted to a prosperous descendant, finally blossomed into Kenneth MacAlpin, "the descendant of a hundred kings." Even in Scotland the commonest name is found to be Smith. Macdonald holds the second place, and Brown the third. That anecdote about Halfpenny is much similar to the advice given by Curran to Lundy Foot, the tobacconist, who had set up a carriage. "What motto shall I put on the panels?" asked he. "*Quid rides*," answered the wit.

AFTER a long delay the corner-stone of the Grant monument in Riverside Park, New York, was laid by President Harrison on the 27th of April, in the presence of fifty thousand people. The monument will cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It will be one hundred and sixty feet high from the base line, and when finished will, it is said, be worthy of the great general in whose honor it is being erected. Although the work has progressed so far slowly, it is to be hoped that its rapid completion will show that republics are not ungrateful.

THE Dublin Gazette announces that his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, has been pleased to appoint the Most Reverend Archbishop William J. Walsh, D. D., to be a member of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland in the room of the Most Reverend Bishop Egan, D. D., deceased.

A PROJECT has been set on foot for the opening-up of the linen weaving industry in Kilkenny, Ire. A house has been erected by Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, for the purpose of carrying on the business, and already a large number of hands are employed. The business

is carried on under a pupil of Mrs. Ernest Hart's training in the lace department, and a competent manager from Messrs. Ewart's, of Belfast, has been placed in charge of the looms.

EASTER MONDAY in London was marked by a melancholy catastrophe, resulting in the loss of eight lives. It is calculated that one hundred thousand persons repaired to Hampstead Heath, where they spent the day in enjoying themselves, and at about six in the evening several thousands of these invaded the Hampstead station of the London and North-Western Railway, with the view of securing an early return to London. Unfortunately, access to the platforms can only be gained by descending a flight of stairs. These became congested by a crowd so dense and impatient that control, or the enforcement of order was impossible, and in the crush, eight persons were suffocated, while thirteen others sustained more or less severe injuries.

AMONG the subscriptions added to the National Fund is one of £153 16s 2d from Mr. Michael Davitt. That sum is the balance of the fund raised by the Nationalists of Waterford to pay the election expenses of the distinguished Irishman who tried to save their historic city from association with the hybrid cause of Coercion and Faction. Mr. Davitt's expenses amounted to only £117 10s 6d. It will be remembered that that "independent" politician, Mr. J. L. Carew, charged Mr. Davitt with taking from the evicted tenants the money needed to fight the national battle in Waterford. In the result the resources of the tenants was strengthened by Mr. Davitt's action, patriotic and pure as it has ever been. Perhaps Mr. J. L. Carew would now have the grace to apologize.

THE four Oblate Fathers from Inchicore, who have been preaching missions in Canada since last October, will not be able to return to Ireland this month, as they at first intended. The Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, is desirous that the Fathers should give a mission in every parish of his diocese, and they are under too many obligations to his Grace to permit them to refuse. They hope, however, to finish their work early in June.

COULD CARDINAL MANNING claim any share of Irish blood? So it is maintained. It is stated that at a public meeting in London some time ago the Cardinal referred to some writer who, in attacking him, had said that Dublin and not London ought to be the place of his ministry. The Cardinal went on, so the story goes, to say: "I fear that the scribe who wrote that article was not honest; that he himself did not believe in the Irish origin for which he gave me credit, or rather discredit. And yet he little dreamt how close he was steering to the wind, how near he was to the truth. And now from this platform I will tell him how and why. My grandmother was a Ryan, and it is well known there never yet was a Ryan, who did not come immediately or by descent from Ireland." It is needless to refer to the wild enthusiasm these words caused among the Irish part — by far the largest part — of the audience.

GOOD CLOTHING, well made, is among the luxuries of life. P. J. Maguire & Co. are among the best of our custom tailors. Their stock of spring and summer goods is excellent. See advertisement on another page.

OVER NINETY-ONE MILES PER HOUR.— Engine No. 385, of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, broke all records of high speed on February 26, by running a mile in thirty-nine and a quarter seconds, or at the rate of ninety-one and seven-tenths miles per hour. The engine is a Baldwin compound. In speeding this engine the first mile was made in seventy-six seconds, the second in sixty-two, the third in fifty-three and a half, the fourth in forty-five and a half, and the fifth in thirty-nine and a quarter seconds. The engineer reports that the engine was running fastest on the sixth mile; but it was not recorded on account of the excitement which followed when the engine made this wonderful speed. Mr. Hoffecker, superintendent of motive power, informs the National Car Builder that he has every reason to believe the report correct, and that he has timed this engine himself while running a mile in forty-two seconds. Four duplicates of this engine have been ordered.

MESSRS. MCCARTHY AND DILLON.— In reply to a cablegram sent by Dr. T. Addis Emmet, president of the National Federation of America, asking if there was any truth in the reports of division in the Irish national party, the following has been received: No foundation rumored division Irish party.

WISCONSIN has selected Father Marquette as one of its two heroes whose statues are to occupy the space accorded in the Statuary Hall, Washington.

REMINISCENCES OF KNOW-NOTHING DAYS.— The Rev. Samuel Davies, a Methodist, who died in Providence, R. I., once saved the life of a Catholic priest who is now widely known,— the late Bishop Hendricken, of Rhode Island. Mr. Davies, the son of a missionary to Turkey, that had been murdered, was brought up by a German family, had studied for the ministry, and while yet a young man, was coming to America on the same ship with Father Hendricken. Those were Know-Nothing times; and because of his ministrations to a dying woman, the Irish priest was set upon by captain and crew, kicked until senseless, and was about to be thrown overboard, when Davies interposed and rallied a lot of German emigrants to the priest's rescue. These proved to be numerous enough to save Father Hendricken, and they nursed him back to life. The Boston Pilot says: "The Catholics of Providence would do well to make that humble grave (Mr. Davies') conspicuous by a monument worthy of the great heart which sleeps within it."

FURTHER Anarchist outrages are reported from several parts of the continent. At Pampeluna, a bomb was thrown among a religious procession; at Barcelona, a petard was found behind the altar of a church, and at Lille a tin box filled with powder, with a lighted fuse attached, was found in an electric works. The Anarchist Munoz, questioned by the magistrate in Madrid as to the manufacture of the bomb found in the possession of the Cortes Anarchists, said it was of the kind known as spontaneous, and was charged with gunpowder. Inserted into and protruding from the bomb was a small pipe filled with powder, composed of half a gramme of soda, six and a half grammes of saltpetre, and three and a half grammes of sulphurated antimony. A bomb thus prepared, he said, possessed the property of exploding immediately it came in contact with water, and he intended placing

bombs in the holy water basins in a number of churches. In the course of examination by a magistrate, Munoz declared that at a recent meeting lots were cast to decide who would kill the young king.

A RAIN OF MUD.— On April 4 there was a shower of mud along the Union Pacific Railway at Onaga. The rain commenced early in the day, and soon the south and east sides of all houses were covered with yellow clay. The windows received such a coating as to shut out the sun's rays. A Union Pacific train which ran through the storm had its windows covered, and the headlight was so completely plastered that the light was shut in and the train ran in darkness to Rossville, the next station, where the mud had to be scraped off. This storm lasted until after daylight. As far east as Topeka, the windows showed that the edge of the mudstorm had extended this far. It was more severe about fifty miles northwest.

PEOPLE should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as labor; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.— *W. E. Channing.*

THE "Imitation of Christ" was written by a hand that waited for the heart's promptings. It is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph; not written on velvet cushions, to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all times a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother, who, ages ago, felt, and suffered, and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serged gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fast, and with a fashion of speed different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.— *George Eliot.*

THE Boston Saturday Evening Gazette: Whenever an alarm of fire is sounded, the drivers of fire engines makes an immense pother, much of which is entirely unnecessary. The horses are driven through the streets at a mad gallop, with much shouting and horn-blowing and an excess of confusion generally. To make the horses go at a galloping pace is a mistake; for, as is well known, it is far less rapid than a quick trot. A trot will beat a gallop every time, and the engines would reach their destination much sooner, and with far less fatigue to the animals, if they were driven at a lively trot. —— This same paper remarks: It seems that the lower branch of the state legislature is in favor of biennial elections, and in this it shows its wisdom, for it evidently believes that legislators should hold office long enough to become familiar with their work. Annual elections are expensive, and they disturb business. Time and money would be saved if they were abolished. They are relics of the past, which might have answered well enough in earlier and more primitive times, but they do not keep step with the march of intelligence and improvement.

THE bill conferring upon women the right to vote for all state officers, passed the New York Legislature by a vote of sixty-nine to thirty-four.

The Month of May

Is especially devoted to the Mother of God. "Who is she that cometh forth as the Morning-rising, fair as the Moon, bright as the Sun, terrible as an Army set in array?" It is that star-crowned Lady of whom the Church sings, "Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, for thou hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world."

Dark and hideous is heresy; bright and beautiful is the Truth. Beautiful beyond words is that Catholic Faith which Jesus gave to His Church. "He measured the City with a golden reed for twelve thousand furlongs, and the length and the height and the breadth thereof are equal." In the City there are "on the East, three gates; and on the North, three gates; and on the South, three gates; and on the West, three gates." Beautiful and strong, changeless and indestructible, ever old and ever new, is the Faith of the Son of God. Hideous, defiled and defiling, are all manifestations of heresy; purifying and glorious is the Truth. Mary is the bulwark of the Faith; the guardian of that Faith "as the Truth is in Jesus."

Jesus came into the world by Mary, and by Mary He giveth us grace. Heresies strike at Jesus through Mary; but, on the other hand, through Mary Jesus is defended by His Church. The wisest and calmest and greatest of the Doctors of the Church are they to whom best is known the glory of the Virgin-Mother, and the greatness of the work that God has given her to do. If we hold the truth about Mary, we are sure to hold the truth about Jesus and the ever-Blessed Trinity; but if we dishonor our Lady, and deny her prerogatives, we are certain to deny the revelation of God about Himself. Thus Mary is bright as the sun to all the children of God; but terrible as an army set in array to all the enemies of His Church.

Colorado Oil.— A recent paper on "The Florence Oil Fields of Colorado," by George H. Eldridge, of the United States Geological Survey, says: The locality is situated on the Arkansas River near Canoro City, and thirty miles from Pueblo, Col. The oil-bearing zone occurs in the Pierre formation, the lowest strata of the Montana group of cretaceous rocks, which is here about four thousand feet thick. The most productive wells are eleven hundred and fifty-five feet below its top, or two thousand feet from the surface. There is then about three hundred and fifty feet of barren ground, and then more oil is found. Below this is again three hundred and fifty feet of barren ground, and, finally, at the bottom of the zone, there are some small wells. The oil seems to have originated in the Pierre rocks. The percentage of producing wells to the number bored is fifty-seven and one half, and the wells yield from five barrels up to two hundred and fifty barrels per day. The total yield of the district in 1890 was about twelve hundred barrels per day; but the wells could yield two thousand barrels per day of thirty-one degrees Baume oil. Out of three hundred thousand barrels of crude oil there was produced last year one hundred thousand barrels of illuminating and five thousand barrels of lubricating oil.

We cannot do too much to honor Mary; our most must be sorrowfully too little. — *Faber.*

Installed.*

He asked no favors, but obeyed
The summons beckoning to a throne;
Truly he felt as though he laid
His heart upon the altar stone
In sacrifice to God; but still
Humbly he bows to Heaven's will.

A throne, in sooth, might well inspire
The soul with joy; and yet 'tis known
That sainted men, aye, men of fire,
And dash, and grit, were forced to own
They could not dare to contemplate
The throne of the Episcopate!

Like them, our prelate also sees
No sinecure in being called
To wield the crozier; yet to please
His Master, he is now installed
As Bishop o'er a loyal flock,
Whose faith is firm as Cashel's Rock!

Gems are flashing from his ring;
His robe, so gorgeous to behold,
Gleams like the vesture of a king,
Embroidered in bright tints of gold;
But, midst the glitter and display,
One treasured gem he hides away.

If that were lost, he'd feel bereft;
That loss he never might recall!
Ah! were it lost, there's little left;
Once that is lost, he loses all!
Humility — this priceless gem —
He loves it like a diadem!

He'll never lose it! For, before
His installation on that throne,
He was installed in something more,
Which, with diviner radience, shone;
He was — within the Holy Place —
Duly installed in Heaven's Grace!

And what a privilege from High
To be — at the Almighty's nod —
Chosen from every passer-by,
Installed among the friends of God! —
May Heaven's choice blessings, like the rays
Of sapphires in the sun's red blaze,
Illume his path for endless days!

Brooklyn, N. Y. Thomas J. McGeoghegan.

* Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell was installed second Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2d.

Recent Publications.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, have published the following books: Thirty-Two Instructions for the Month of May and the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. 12mo, cloth, *net*, 75 cents. Neatly bound in cloth.—— The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church, by Rev. J. J. Burke, 12mo, paper, 20 cents.——A pamphlet of one hundred pages, American Catholics and the Roman Question, by Monsignor Joseph Schroeder, D. D. Ph. D., professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Catholic University in America. Price, 25 cents. The subject is interesting to every Catholic, and should receive a wide circulation.——Gertrude's Experience, and Olive and the Little Cakes (two new volumes of Our Young Folks' Library), which are sold at the extremely low price of 50 cents retail, and 30 cents wholesale. These are the cheapest "Premium Books" in cloth binding published. They are just the books for prizes, — they are so prettily bound, — and equally suited for parochial and other libraries.

MARY QUEEN OF MAY, and other Ave Maria essays, by Brother Azarias of the brothers of the Christian Schools. The following is a brief preface:

These short Essays appeared from time to time in the pages of the Ave Maria. They state in brief the relations of Mary with the faithful on earth, with the souls in purgatory, and with the saints in heaven. The author places them at the feet of Mary, with the prayer that she to whom the handful of wayside flowers, be they ever so humble, is not unacceptable, may not refuse this slender tribute from his pen.

De La Salle Institute, New York.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Baltimore, have published Guide to Latin Conversation: idioms, sentences, dialogues; a list of comparatives and superlatives; a collection of ordinary words; the principal irregular verbs; choice familiar phrases; the Roman Calendar; latin abbreviations; tables of moneys, weights, and measures; quotations from the poets, and Latin expressions that have passed into current use. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by Prof. Stephen W. Wilby, Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore, Md. Price, $1.

THE March number of Hoffman's Catholic Directory reports the number of deaths of clergymen during the past three months as sixty-one; removals, three hundred and fifty-three; additions, sixty-six; and other changes, forty-one. It also contains sketches of Bishops Horstmann, Messmer, Schwebach, and Gabriels, with pictures of each. Published by Hoffman Bros. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT. A drama in four acts, for female characters, by Mary Cody. Published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. The following letter of recommendation is from the Sisters of Mercy, of Pittsburgh, Pa.:

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 26, 1892.

DEAR MISS CODY: We can most cordially recommend the Drama you are preparing for publication as very beautiful and most suitable for school entertainments. It cannot fail to please any audience; and the praise it called forth when rendered under your direction by our pupils must be most gratifying to remember. That your efforts may be crowned with the success which they merit, is the earnest wish of

Your sincere friends, THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, have issued The Decree; Que mad-modun, with explanations. By Rev. A. Labetti, S. J., professor of moral theology, of Woodstock College, Md.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR for every day in the month. Translated from the German of the Very Rev. P. Maurice Klostermann, O. S. F., priest of the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by Rev. Augustus McClory, O. S. F., with permission of the Superiors. 32mo, three hundred and eight pages. Cloth, retail, 50 cents; French morocco flexible, gilt edges, retail, 90 cents. The object of this little book is to foster piety and devotion in the hearts of the faithful. In a particular manner, to increase their love and veneration for our dear Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Published by B. Herder, bookseller, publisher, and importer, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

A WORLD'S AFFAIR, a comedy for little girls, written for the thirty-sixth Annual Commencement of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., and published at the office of the Ave Maria.

THE following music has been received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston. *Vocal:* "In Es Sacerdos," Quartette, by Rev. J. Brelivet. "Spring Song," Two Part Ladies Chorus, by C. S. Steele. "Jamie, dear Jamie," by A. S. Mackenzie. "Tipperary," Irish Ballad, by Gerald Lane. "Only Tired," Male Quartette, arranged by W. T. Meek. "The Heart's Sorrow," by Will C. King. "When Evening Rises," words by Tennyson; music by Frederick Stee. "A Serenade," Waltz Song, by B. M. Davison. "Sing and Be Happy," Medley Quartette, by C. A. White. "I Would Live to Thee," by C. C. Stearns. *Piano:* "The Cosmopolitan March," by J. C. Chandler. "Elegy," for Organ, by C. C. Stearns. "Cabaletta," by Theo. Lock. "The Latest Polka," by R. A. A. Chase. "Melodie," by Ignace J. Paderewski. "Fortune's Child Waltzes," by C. Millocker.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. take pleasure in announcing, for early publication, Phases of Thought and Criticism, by Brother Azarias, author of The Development of English Thought, etc. Crown 8vo, $1.25.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has now in press with Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, a new edition of her poems. The work is dedicated by special permission to His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, and has an introduction by Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, rector of St. Mary's Church. Miss Donnelly, whose writings enjoy a wide reputation, has been tendered an appointment as auxiliary to the Committee on Woman's Work of the Pennsylvania Board of World's Fair Managers.

THE Scientific American, published by Munn & Co., New York, during forty-five years, is, beyond all question, the leading paper relating to science, mechanics, and inventions, published on this continent. Each weekly issue presents the latest scientific topics in an interesting and reliable manner, accompanied with engravings prepared expressly to demonstrate the subjects. The Scientific American is invaluable to every person desiring to keep pace with the inventions and discoveries of the day.

NERVOUSNESS FAREWELL!
BHUDTEA
CEYLON
TRADE MARK
WAS FORMERLY Buddha
Altered at the request of the Buddhist Defence Committee of CEYLON
35 CENTS PER QUARTER LB
Tiffin 25¢ per Packet
Bungaloe 18¢ " "
CAUTION.--THIS TEA IS VERY MUCH STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER, HENCE CAREFULLY ASCERTAIN THE QUANTITY YOUR TASTE DEMANDS; AND TO PRESERVE ITS FULL STRENGTH AND FLAVOR KEEP IT IN AN AIR-TIGHT JAR.

REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY, of Baltimore, has petitioned the Superior of St. Joseph's Society, at Mill Hill, England, to be allowed to form an independent American order for the evangelization of the negroes in the United States. Permission has been granted upon certain conditions which, however, have yet to be realized. One of the needs of the project is a supply of young men having a vocation to the priesthood, and willing to consecrate their lives to Christ in the persons of His lowly colored brethren of the South. The most of the eight millions of our Afro-Americans are in a deplorable condition of spiritual destitution, and a field of heroic self-sacrifice lies before the missionaries who will evangelize them. College students and seminarians free to give themselves to this work, and eager to have a share in it, should communicate with Father Slattery, whose address is: St. Joseph's Seminary, Pennsylvania avenue, above Franklin street, Baltimore, Maryland.

WHAT a life is ours! We serve God by fits and by starts; we have cold fits and hot fits, like men in an ague, like those that are struck by a fever; sometimes we are in earnest, sometimes we give up; we are carried away by gusts of temptation; a frown of the world will kill off all our good intentions.—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE GREAT IRISH Woollen Fabrics

FROM THE

BEST LOOMS

OF

IRELAND.

IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY US.

Manufactured into Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, and may be found upon our counters, ready for wear.

A. SHUMAN & CO.

Men's and Boys' Outfitters,

BOSTON.

Juvenile Department.

SINCE MOTHER DIED.

THE fire sends forth its ruddy glow,
The brazen lamp is brightly lit
Within the room, where, long ago,
Dear Mother always used to sit.
This was her chair. . . . Ah, fire and lamp
Are hopeless things where ghosts abide!
The spot seems ever dark and damp
Since Mother died.

Here is her work-box on the shelf—
Her little bird bides there—poor thing!
In those old times, the merry elf
Did nothing all day long but sing.
'Tis silent now; it sadly broods,
And 'neath its wing its head doth hide;
We cannot understand its moods
Since Mother died.

The clock, too, on the western wall,
The clock *her* hand so often wound,
Like some dead friend, is mute to all,
Its silver bell gives forth no sound.
Before its corpse-like face I cower,
And note its lifeless hands stretch'd wide;
It never once hath told the hour,
Since Mother died.

Days come and go—now fast, now slow—
And is the weather foul or fair?
Is that the sunshine or the snow?
I know not. Here's her vacant chair.
And nought is as it used to be
When we were happy at her side;
Life, love, seem sorely changed to me
Since Mother died.

Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Irish Monthly.

LITTLE JOHNNY McDONNELL.

"No, you don't, old fellow!" and sturdy little Johnny McDonnell held his hat far above frisky Bruno's reach, enjoying the frantic efforts which the dog made to catch it, and hugely delighted with his own dexterity in evading the dog's grasp.

"You'll be late for school," spoke up an unpleasant voice just behind little Johnny's ear; "the bell stopped ringing five minutes ago;" and a great, bluff fellow walked passed the little boy with a stride which seemed to say, "I hope you will be."

Johnny fired with sudden indignation, bawled after the speaker: "It isn't any of your business if I am late."

"Isn't it though?" And the big, bluff fellow turned and looked back at Johnny, as if he meant to make it his business.

"I hate him," said the little boy to himself, "he is always sneaking after other people's affairs, and getting the boys whipped when they don't do much for a whipping either; and he's such an awfully good boy that he'll just go now and tell Mr. Birchem how I was playing on my way to school, and what I said to him when he spoke to me, and then I'll get whipped and have to lose my dinner. I don't mind the whipping much, but a fellow gets so awfully hungry when twelve o'clock comes, that it's dreadful hard not to be let home to your dinner. Ugh! I hate good boys; they won't play marbles because old Birchem says it'll make us gamblers by and by, and they won't help a fellow out of a scrape because then they would not have a chance to let the teachers see how good they are; but they'll precious soon let us bad fellows help them out of a scrape, and they'll say nothing about that, and when they're sure old Birchem won't find it out they'll play marbles too."

The time consumed by this soliloquy had made Johnny quite late for school. He seemed to be fully aware of the fact, and planting his hat on his head with an air which seemed to say, "the matter can't be helped now," he slung his books over his shoulder, and calling to Bruno started in a direction opposite to that which led to the school.

"Might as well," he soliloquized as he walked slowly along; "might as well have a morning's fun. Bruno and I will go down to the hollow and play there till dinner time. Then we'll go home and have our dinner. I guess the folks at home won't know as soon as that, that I have been playing truant, for old Birchem don't let the teachers send for absentees till the afternoon. Then I'll go to school and all I'll have to bear will be a whipping, and a keeping in after three o'clock, and as long as I shan't be without my dinner I guess I can stand the other things. Hurrah! Bruno, it's all fixed now, old fellow, and we'll have a jolly time."

And hope and courage being renewed by the plan of action he had proposed to himself, the little fellow skipped along the road with every evidence of the most hearty enjoyment.

He had well nigh reached the hollow, a delightful little rustic nook, to which the boys were wont to repair on summer holidays, when he was met by a pale, fragile lad, walking along with such manifest dejection of manner, that it made one's heart ache to see him. Johnny's heart which was not one whit behind grown people's in the share of feeling it had for others' sorrows, was instantly touched.

"Halloo, Mark!" he cried, "what is the matter with you?"

The boy thus addressed raised his head, and seemed very much surprised at meeting Johnny.

"Why, how did you get out of school?" he asked.

"Didn't go there, old fellow, — that's the reason."

"You are not playing truant, surely."

"I guess it's about the same thing. I stopped on the way till it was late. But how is it you're not there, and you're the fellow for the prize, too?"

Mark dropped his head again, but the quick eye of Johnny had already detected something very like tears on Mark's eyelashes.

"Say, old fellow, what is the matter?" and Johnny gave a sympathizing poke to Mark's ribs, by way of encouraging the latter to answer.

"Maybe it won't seem a great deal when I tell you," was the timid response, "but it's breaking my heart," and he made no further attempt to conceal his grief.

Johnny took his books from his shoulder and prepared to listen with, perhaps, the gravest face he ever wore.

"You know my mother is sick," resumed Mark, "and that she hasn't anybody to help her support me."

"Yes, I know that," interrupted Johnny, "I heard you speak about it one day when the fellows twitted you about your old-fashioned jacket. You said if they had nobody but a widowed mother to do for them, that maybe they wouldn't be dressed as well; and didn't I like you that day, old fellow, for the cut you gave them, and the way you spoke of your mother. I wanted to go right up and shake hands with you, only I was on the line for punishment. But go on and tell me about your trouble."

"Well," Mark falteringly resumed, "my mother's sickness hasn't let her earn much this while back, and I have been trying for the prize Miss Striker offered, because, because—"

"Because that prize is a dollar, and that dollar will help your mother," interrupted Johnny triumphantly. "Oh, I understand it all now. But you are home to-day, and that'll be awfully against you," and Johnny's face fell as much as though he himself were the interested party.

"I know that," Mark answered; "but yesterday afternoon Miss Striker told me my marks were so much ahead that I thought if I reported myself to-day, and told her how very sick my mother was,"—the tears again filled his eyes,—"that maybe she wouldn't let this day's absence count so much against me; and to-morrow Aunt Sarah will be over and I can go to school."

"The very thing," struck in Johnny joyfully. "Miss Striker is a real trump, though some of the boys do call her 'four eyes,' and say she's a tearer for snapping 'em over the knuckles, and making 'em toe straight lines. She'll do the right thing by you, Mark."

"Yes; maybe she would give me all my marks," was the answer; "but I have left my mother asleep and I don't know how soon she'll wake up, and her medicine must be given to her then. So I don't think I have done right to leave her anyway, and I am glad I met you; for now that so much time has been taken up, I'm sure that I ought to go right back and attend to my mother, even if I do lose the dollar I wanted to gain for her." And he turned to retrace his steps.

"Hold," said Johnny, catching his arm, "you are not going to be done out of your prize in this manner; just you go on ahead to school, and I'll go back and mind your mother. It's the little house back of the hill where you live, isn't it?" But instead of joyfully acceding to the proposition as Johnny supposed he would, or even answering it, Mark only blushed hotly and cast his eyes to the ground. In an instant, however, Johnny had comprehended the case. He remembered how some of the boys used to say

that Mark Mahony lived in such a poor place he never wanted anybody to call to see him, and he himself knew how Mark was always careful to go home alone from school. So the good-natured little fellow was in fresh difficulty as to how he might aid his friend; but another idea speedily entered his mind, — to tell Miss Striker himself all about Mark when he should go to school that afternoon.

Mark shook his head at that.

"I'd lose my marks in that case," he said, "for Miss Striker sends the account up to Mr. Birchem every day at twelve o'clock, and if she doesn't receive my excuse before that hour, Mr. Birchem will have deducted the marks, and I shall be down on the list."

"That's so," said Johnny thoughtfully; "I didn't think of that; but I tell you what I'll do," speaking slowly, "I'll go right off to school now, and tell Mr. Birchem, himself, and maybe that'll set you all right. I don't care if I do lose my dinner. I'd do more than that to serve a fellow."

Mark Mahony cried like a girl from very gratitude.

"It's so good of you," he said, "that I don't know what to say to you."

"I don't want you to say anything to me," said Johnny manfully; "only go home as fast as you can, and I'll run to school," and suiting the action to the word, he was off with Bruno barking at his heels before Mark could say any more. Disposing of Bruno by turning him home before he had quite arrived at the school, Johnny began to think that he must proceed at a little less rapid gait, if he would have breath enough to speak to Mr. Birchem, and so wiping his face, and making his little legs take moderate steps, he arrived at school to find the monitor at the gate was no other than the big boy to whom he had spoken so defiantly in the morning.

"Oh, you thought you'd come to school, did you?" said the big boy jeeringly.

"I am going up to see Mr. Birchem," responded Johnny with as much defiance in his tones as he had used that morning.

"And Mr. Birchem wants to see you," returned the big boy triumphantly; but Johnny without replying, kept manfully on his way to the principal's desk. Mr. Birchem was there, stern and stately, and Mr. Birchem met little Johnny McDonnell with all the sternness and stateliness which were the terror of all bad pupils.

"A sad account, sir, a sad account has been given to me by one of my head boys," he began at little Johnny. "You were loitering on your way to school, playing with a dog, and you gave impertinence when you were admonished to hurry to school; and now, sir, where have you been till this time?" And Mr. Birchem proceeded to take the cane from its place over the platform. "You shall receive a good thrashing, sir, and lose your dinner in the bargain," the preceptor resumed, as he collared little Johnny.

"Please, sir," spoke up Johnny, not wincing a bit under the stern grasp, "I'll take the whipping, and I'll do without my dinner, only let me tell you about Mark Mahony first."

Surprised at the boldness of the little fellow, Mr. Birchem *did* listen to the story of Mark's trouble.

"And was it to tell this you came to school now?" he asked when Johnny had finished.

"Yes, sir."

"What did you intend to do if you had not met Mark Mahony?"

"Play truant till the afternoon, so that I wouldn't lose my dinner."

The preceptor relinquished his hold of Johnny, put up his cane, and to the little fellow's intense astonishment, said:

"Shake hands with me, Johnny; you are a brave little man, and I only hope your life will be full of such noble things as you have done to-day. Mark Mahony shall have his full credit, and you shall have your dinner, and a good mark beside, only promise not to loiter any more on your way to school."

Of course Johnny promised; and, of course, he did not look triumphantly at the gate monitor as he passed him out on his way home at noon-time. Mark Mahony gained his dollar, and the grateful fellow was never tired of telling everybody how noble little Johnny McDonnell had assisted him to win it. CHRISTINE FABER.

YOUNG SQUIRRELS.

ONE morning in the middle of October I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much further advanced than the rest, while another was very babyish. Their prime characteristic was inquisitiveness. What a fine and curious new world was this they had been introduced to! How much there was to see! How many delightful things to do!

They ceaselessly investigated everything about them with minute attention, and had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scratched and stroked one another. Once I saw one diligently combing another's tail with his fore feet. Young red squirrels, of which we also had a family or two, play somewhat differently, having a peculiar way of regularly boxing with their fore paws.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how far the liveliness of the young can surpass even the tireless activity of old squirrels. Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high jumping match and turning regular somersaults; but the most amusing thing is this: Finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grapevine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done "just for fun."

The kittens continue to be nursed by the mother until they have grown to be almost as heavy as herself. It seems impossible that her system can stand such a drain — in fact, she does grow weak and thin — and my neighbor, who has been an extremely close observer of their economy for several years, has come to the conclusion that the mother weans the kittens gradually by giving them food which she regurgitated, or, at any rate, has thoroughly chewed up in her own mouth.

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her behavior when the nearly grown brood has begun to make short excursions and is undergoing instruction. All the other families in the grove take an interest in the proceedings, and clatter about at a great rate; but if one comes too near and attempts any interference in the instruction, he is likely to be driven away most vigorously by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut hunting are given, and and pretty scenes are enacted. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some aerial path is very noticeable. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the pliant limbs by slow degrees.

It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed, before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to another with confidence in their security. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again." I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say: "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid!" Every little while she would stop, and the two well-grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if protesting that it was almost too hard a task.

This loving kindness is extended to other young squirrels whenever no question of family rivalry interferes.

Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's.

KATHERINE'S TRIUMPH: A TRUE STORY.

THIRTY, fifty, a hundred, two hundred! Katherine's dark eyes sparkle with honest pride as carefully, from a well-worn book, she copies these and many other gratifying figures.

"Dear old list! I wonder if any one could ever imagine all our secrets? How many struggles these marks represent! We shall never part, for I shall give you an honored nook in my treasure-box, with my veils, and ribbons, and medals."

Unconsciously Katherine stops the happy occupation of counting, and her thoughts wander back to when she first entered this convent-home, a little maiden of less than a dozen summers. How she missed her mother at first, and longed, as she used to say for "the real, true home;" then she remembers how, by degrees, the separation from mother, without the love growing less, was borne more bravely, and the convent became part of herself. "What lovely days I have had here: my first Holy Communion, my Confirmation, becoming a ribbon and a Child of Mary, and, oh! the kindness of the nuns! I wonder if any girl can ever be sufficiently grateful to them; I know I wish I had been better; often shall I miss the gentle-spoken 'Be careful, Katherine,' which has warned me to conquer a temptation of pride; often I shall long for this dear old study-hall, where I have known merited disgrace, and hard-won victory."

The dark eyes are growing dim, the pencil has fallen from Katherine's hand, in anticipation the day of farewell has come, and she feels heart-pangs as she turns away forever from school-life. But "mother and home

are waiting me"—ah! the smile comes, making, as it were, a rainbow through the tears; the pencil is taken up, and the counting continued. "There, I must add the marks for the last competition of three, and then I have finished."

"Kate, Kate, why do you remain in this old deserted study-hall? I should think you would be glad to get out of it, and enjoy our last *congé*. We have had great sport! I challenge you at tennis."

"Accepted, Nan. I was just thinking of going out to see what occasioned those Indian whoops."

Many games are played, supper is over, and Katherine slips off for a solitary walk — to think, she tells her chum, who laughs and says: "Well, think away, Lady Katherine; we wish we could have such happy thoughts as yours, and be as certain to come out victorious at commencement."

Are Katherine's thoughts really happy? Let us judge. Here they are:

"What shall I do! I have worked so hard just for this great triumph. Mother will be so gratified; and I—ah! here is the trouble — I will be so very proud! Oh! what shall I do?"

No warrior has ever fought a nobler, harder battle than our convent girl is now doing. Two contestants are in the field, pride and desired humility. Each possesses good weapons and uses them well.

"Shall I be understood if I ask to be deprived of the prize of success, which I feel sure I have secured? Shall I not be considered presuming and proud in anticipating this honor; and yet—

"'Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.'

"Thank you, dear Lord;" and Katherine bows her head as if receiving a royal message. And has she not? No more uncertainty, but stern determination to immediate action.

A short visit to the chapel; a fervent prayer to the Sacred Heart for courage, and then a request to Mother A—— for a private interview.

The task is difficult, but our heroine is brave, although her heart beats with a quick and nervous throb.

"I hope, dear mother, you will understand my thought and desires in regard to what I am going to say."

The quiet "Yes" is little encouragement, and Katherine, in low, trembling words, tells her whole story, finishing it with, "Mother, I feel no honor, no triumph could compensate for a moment of pride."

A pause, —and then the brief answer: "I am glad, my child, you have spoken to me. Good-night; God bless you."

Katherine joins the evening recreation with a great weight off her mind. She makes the "I am so glad I was able to tell mother," conquer the "Oh! my longed-for honor, how hard it is to give you up!"

The final days of school life pass most quickly, as all final days do. Katherine and her sister-graduates help decorate the study-hall, placing conspicuously over the platform their class motto: *In omnia paratus* (Prepared for all things). The 26th of June at last arrives. What a beautiful picture for an artist is the flower-laden room, and the bevy of white-robed, bright-faced girls! Kate is thinking of her week-ago struggle. It seems so odd not to anticipate the triumph, and mother's gratified words of con-

gratulation. Memories of all the past hours of mental labor come to her. Only one who knows by experience how, in school life, mind and heart have to work for victory, can appreciate what Katherine has done; only those who have attempted the hardest task of all, self-conquest, can fully understand our heroine's action. But the grand march is being played; the exercises have begun. At their commencement Katherine is content and cheerful; at their close, radiant with grateful surprise, for, not only is she covered with many rewards, but, above all, she possesses the unlooked-for prize of success. It is hers without one feeling of pride. She knows our Lord has accepted her willingness to be denied it, and she understands He desires her to receive the honor.

Not a word is spoken by Mother A—— or herself on the subject; not a word has ever been in the years that have passed since Katherine left the convent-home to become a light in her family, an ornament to society, and a friend to the poor and needy; mixing in the gay and fashionable world, in it but not of it, a bright example to many of what a perfect Christian woman can and should be.

"Her triumph," long forgotten by herself, is well remembered by Mother A——, who related it last spring when talking to an intimate friend on the mutually interesting subject of Katherine.

OUR BOYS.

THE time has gone by when the better class of Americans can be reproached with neglecting their daughters. The American girl is no longer the wild, untrammelled being, with a latch-key and an obedient mother, whom Henry James drew for the amazed Britisher. She is a tender plant, cared for, cultivated, and sometimes over-educated. Marriages are even arranged for her, or at least great care taken that she shall meet the "right people." But how different is the fate of the young person who has ceased to be a boy! There may be a saloon or a pool room next to his father's house. What difference does it make? There is no girl in the family. Boys can live anywhere,—what difference does it make? If there were a girl in the house, all sorts of schemes for making home bright and pleasant would be put in force; but a boy doesn't care for these things. "He's always out, anyhow." A boy, after he leaves school, is supposed to be able to take care of himself. He is, less or more. His normal condition is to be "out"; where, nobody knows. There is no attempt made to surround him with desirable associates. If he falls into bad company, it is looked on as a misfortune due to his nature. "He had a good father and mother," people say; "how could he have gone wrong?" The fact is forgotten that this father, a model of integrity, never gave the surroundings of his son a second thought; never knew his associates, and was entirely regardless of his associations. If a young woman makes one of those unfortunate marriages which means a lifetime of misery, her parents are, in a measure, held responsible for it. "Why did not they take care of her?" one asks. "Why was she permitted to become acquainted with the wrong people?" We wonder why sane parents allow all sorts of men to be introduced to their daughter; we condemn their carelessness, and regret any girl should be left

unsurrounded by those safeguards that prudence and experience teach us are necessary.

But when a young man makes an alliance which is entirely unsuitable, — when his family is compelled to receive as his wife a woman who must, from her lack of good sense, good breeding, and education, drag him down and destroy all reasonable hopes for his future happiness, — the blame is thrown upon himself. Nobody considers that his father or mother should have seriously thought of directing his friendships or associations. We all know that young people have a way of marrying the other young people that happen to be near them. As this is the case, why should young men be thrown into social environments which make the judicious grieve? Why should their future not be considered from the matrimonial point of view?

Is marriage such a sure and safe means of happiness that it makes no difference whom a man marries provided he *is* married? Is youth so wise, so provident, so far-seeing that it will never act on the impulse of the moment and mar irretrievably its whole future? Come, let us consider the young men, let us look after them, — without nagging or open interference, — as we do after our daughters. If a young man is let alone at that most important time in his life when he is making friends and acquaintances, his future prospects will be in danger of hopeless, irreparable wreck.

Maurice F. Egan in Ave Maria.

CHRISTIAN DOCTORS.

A DISTINGUISHED thinker of the last century did not hesitate to say once, that he preferred a thousand times the common murderer of the highways to the impious doctor; and the reason he gave was, that there was some chance of defending oneself against the highwayman, and some hope of seeing him finally hanged. This is rather strong language, but not too strong. During these last months our prayers have been directed against those who are using literature, science, and the arts, to pervert men, and to kill the life of faith in individuals and states. Now, there is no denying the fact that, in the great conspiracy against God, the medical faculty is playing a great part. The signs are multiplying around us which indicate this. And when there is no conscious hatred of God, impelling to a bad use of medical knowledge, what havoc in souls is not the consequence of materialistic leanings, and lax principles of morality? How many souls are hurried into eternity without due preparation; how many men and women have learned to curse the day in which they met a doctor who failed to conceive rightly of his responsibilities!

On the other hand, after the priesthood itself, what profession has been able to do so much for truth and virtue? It was not without reason that our Divine Lord called Himself the Physician of souls. In all times medicine has been under obligations to the Church of Jesus Christ. She preserved the mysteries of the healing art in her cloisters in time of anarchy and confusion. She inaugurated and fostered medical teaching in the great universities, and she has at all times extended over it the ægis of her protection. Woe to the world, and woe to medicine itself, when it separates itself from Jesus Christ, and submits no longer to the control and guidance of religion and revelation.

We need, then, a generation of Christian doctors who will be able by their science and their spirit of devotedness to make the religion of Jesus Christ respected, and so put a stop to the ravages materialistic and infidel doctors are causing in souls. Let us implore the Divine Heart, the great Physician of souls, to grant this prayer of ours. The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE CROWNS.

I.

LITTLE Sylvie Costello did not like school, especially when the weather was fine. On cold or rainy days, the long, rough desks, the hard benches, the dull books, and the wearisome tasks might be endured with patience or something like resignation. But on days of bright sunlight, when the sweet south wind, laden with the salt spray of the laughing Mediterranean, hardly half a mile distant, whispered playfully through the vines of the schoolroom window, poor Sylvie could take no interest whatever in the educational routine. Even Master Barthelemy, the old teacher, however severe his eye, sharp his tongue, or heavy his hand, though he dearly loved the little fellow, too, began to feel that at such times he had but little success in arousing the attention of his wayward pupil. On such a day indeed, if brought by his mother, who seldom had a moment to spare from her hard, daily toil, the boy might be personally present in school; but for all the good he did there he might as well have remained at home. Seated at his desk, he apparently had his eyes wide open; but not a book did he see, nor blackboard, nor slate, nor painted map on the wall. He saw nothing but flowery banks, pools full of fish, hedges full of birds'-nests, and leafy nooks full of wild rabbits. He might be standing respectfully in class, his hands behind his his back, but he heard no question or answer, no words of praise or censure. His ears were ringing with the lovely sounds of rural life, the hum of the bees, the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the cows, or the warbling of the robins, blackbirds, or linnets fluttering around the willow pond where he had set plenty of snares the previous evening. Oh! how he would long for a scamper over the knolls, through the lavender bushes whose wild fragrance was sweeter than roses! Or, better still, what fun to be scrambling down the steep cliffs on his way to the fishermen on the beach, just starting on a trip, sure of a hearty welcome, for these honest fellows delighted in his smiling face, his obliging ways, and, especially, in his passionate love of the sea.

With a head full of these ideas, it may be readily surmised that his school days were few, and his school progress slow. Master Barthelemy, in despair, at last, hardly ever complained of his truancy, or even noticed it. Things were growing worse. By taking care to return home about the time when school let out, the truant generally contrived to escape detection. It was only on evenings when something unusually attractive had detained him beyond time, that he manifested any apprehension of danger. On such occasions he would approach the house without a word, steal in noiselessly through the half-open door, and make himself as small as possible in the corner, listening to the angry reproaches of his father, a poor, sickly laborer, evidently dying of hard work. At the signal of dismissal, he would silently

take refuge in the garret that served him for a bedroom, and pretend to be fast asleep, when, several hours later, his mother, her eyes red with tears, brought him the forbidden supper, and the kiss that pardoned everything. Then, yielding to the natural impulse of his heart, little Sylvie would throw his arms around the poor mother's neck, and promise surely, oh! this time surely, to be a good boy. But just as soon as a day came when the sun was bright, the sky blue, the clouds fleecy, the birds singing, the fishermen at their boats — away flew all his good resolutions — father, mother, school, promise, everything was forgotten in an instant.

One afternoon as he was entering the house in a rather easy state of mind, having nicely timed his return with the closing hour of school, he suddenly stopped short, alarmed, seriously troubled. On a bed in the corner of the room his father lay motionless; beside it knelt his mother, weeping and trying to pray.

The dying man recognized his son's step, opened his heavy eyes, and called him with a feeble voice. The boy approached timidly, more and more frightened, though his childish imagination did not at once yield readily to the idea of death.

"Sylvie," said the father, laying on the child's bushy head his horny fingers already stiffening in the agony; "my son, I am dying. I am not going to scold you, though you were not at school to-day. I know it because I sent after you. You were not here when the priest brought me the last sacraments. I might have died without giving you my blessing!" A death rattle interrupted him for a few moments.

Sylvie was now weeping bitterly. He knew enough of death to feel that his father would soon be carried off to the cemetery, that he would never come back, and that he would never speak to him again, never in this world. Emotion choked him, and he felt himself shuddering in the presence of a terrible and awful mystery.

The dying man resumed. "You are now the only one left to your mother. You both have had a very hard life. After I am gone it will be still harder. Now, listen to me, Sylvie. If you wish to give some comfort to your dying father, promise me that you will never again make your poor mother weep."

"Oh, father, I promise, I promise," sobbed the boy.

As the dying hands blessed him, the child's face sought his father's lips, and received his last breath in a kiss.

II.

On the day of the funeral, with all expenses cut down to the lowest, there is not one penny left in the house. Everything has been paid for, however; the priest has said Mass for the repose of the poor laborer's soul, and is now attending his remains to the grave. Mother Costello follows the hearse, holding little Sylvie by the hand.

The boy is not weeping, but his countenance, usually so full of mirth and fun, has suddenly assumed an air of gravity and resolution.

The burial service is said; the coffin, its coarse boards scraping the sides of the grave, is slowly lowered to the bottom; the holy water falls

like tears on the rough pine; all take the last respectful look; the gravelly clay begins to rattle on the lid with a hollow sound, and soon puts it out of sight.

All the participants are now gone, except the mother and son, who wait to see the grave-digger fill up the pit. Every shovelful of earth falls like lumps of lead on the poor woman's heart.

At last the work is done. On the little mound made by the left-over clay, the grave-digger sticks a cheap cross of rude construction, wipes his perspiring forehead with the cuff of his coat, picks up his spade and shovel, and starts for home, giving the mourners the usual nod of commiseration. His wooden shoes grind for awhile on the gravelly alley; but the sound is soon lost, as he makes a short cut over the soft earth between the tombstones.

Orphan and mother are at last really alone.

The mother's eyes are fixed mournfully on the rude cross left sticking carelessly in the black clay.

"Alas! not even a crown," she murmurs.

Sylvie quietly adjusts the cross, but makes no further reply.

Next day Sylvie was at school bright and early, and fairly astonished Master Barthelemy by his excessive industry.

But the old school-master was too much accustomed to such fitful starts to have any confidence in them. Hard cases like Sylvie, he knew, are seldom or never converted. Of course, the shock of his father's death would probably keep him straight for a while. But wait till the winter was fairly over; wait till the spring came. The first bird's-nest on the first fine day would prove too great a temptation for the truant, as it had often done before.

The old school-master had often proved himself to be a true prophet, but this time, certainly, he was a false one. The fine days, the birds, and even the fishermen came, without Sylvie's ever seeming to notice them. He gave every one of his spare moments to his school duties, and worked so steadily that he was rapidly recovering all his lost time. At last he stood among the best of his class.

Master Barthelemy was delighted, for he had been the father's friend, and had often sincerely pitied the mother for having such a good-for-nothing son.

On the day for the distribution of prizes Sylvie somewhat astonished his mother by begging her to accompany him to school. He had never made such a request before. Unwilling to parade her mourning before the public, she refused at first, but the boy insisted so earnestly that at last she consented to go.

"What is the use of my coming anyway?" she asked herself as she took a seat in the remotest corner of the hall, very little interested in the proceedings. "He can't get any prize. He squandered away too much of his time."

But what is this she hears? "Sylvie Costello!" Why that is her son's name! Master Barthelemy is calling him! And, sure enough, there he is now, ascending the platform!

The Mayor embraces the boy, and places on his head a beautiful crown

for "remarkable proficiency in learning"! He is retiring to his seat when he is called again — yes her little Sylvie — and receives another crown "for industry and good conduct"!

The poor mother weeps; but this time her tears are tears of consolation. For the first time for many a long year a spark of joy and life gleams in her eyes.

The music gives the signal for departure, and the crowds disperse. The widow turns homewards, leaning on her son's arm and quite proud of him.

But what does the boy mean? As she wishes to turn down the street to her house, Sylvie stops her and draws her away. Where does he want to take her?

"Just come, mamma, that's all."

She takes his hand and follows him.

They leave the village, reach the cemetery, enter it, and are soon standing near the well-remembered grave.

Sylvie walks straight over to the cross, reverently hangs a crown on each limb, and, turning to his mother, says:

"Father's cross has crowns now, mother, hasn't it?" E. R.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE world is being governed by Freemasonry; that dangerous institution is waging war against the Church of God, and is laboring with might and main for the subversion of Christian education. But who is at the head of Freemasonry; who directs it? Satan in person. This has been well and often proven from many sources, and what we are about to relate now, is only an additional proof of our declaration. The following statement cannot be gainsaid, for it was made by the illustrious General of the Dominicans, the Most Rev. Father Jandel, to witnesses whose integrity cannot be impeached:

"We have in our possession," says the Semaine, of Grenoble, "all the proofs of this fact; the dispositions are now in our hands." Rev. Father Jandel, whilst preaching at Lyons, felt himself interiorly moved to proclaim to the faithful the power of the sign of the cross, and he readily obeyed the inspiration. As he was leaving the cathedral, he was joined by a man who said to him: "Sir, do you really believe what you have just proclaimed to the people?" — "If I did not believe it, I should not have preached it," replied Father Jandel. "I do not preach but what I believe. The virtue of the sign of the cross is acknowledged by the Church, and I, as a member of the Church, hold as certain the power of the sign of the cross."— "So then," replied his interlocutor much astonished, "you believe in the virtue of the sign of the cross! Well, I am a Freemason, and I do not believe in it; but, because I am profoundly surprised at what you have preached, I now propose to give you an opportunity to test the truth of what you have announced from the pulpit. Every evening we meet on such a street, and at such a number; the devil himself, in human form, presides at our sessions. Come this evening with me. We shall remain just outside the door of the hall; you will make the sign of the cross over the assembly, and I shall then be able to tell whether what you preached is true or not."

"I believe in the power of the sign of the cross," said Father Jandel; "but I cannot, without mature deliberation, put my faith to the trust in the manner that you suggest. Give me three days to reflect on your proposition."

"Whenever you are ready to accede to my proposal, I shall be at your service," replied the Freemason, giving, at the same time, his address to the Dominican.

Father Jandel betook himself at once to the palace of Mgr. de Bonald, and asked him if it would be in accordance with his wishes to accept this challenge that was flung at the cross? The archbishop summoned several theologians, and he discussed at length with them "the pros and cons" of the case. The unanimous decision of the meeting was that Father Jandel should, for the glory of the cross, accept the challenge so defiantly hurled at it.

"Go then, my son," said the archbishop to Father Jandel, at the same time blessing him, "and may God be with you." Forty-eight hours yet remained to Father Jandel before the time agreed upon with the Freemason should arrive, and these he passed in prayer, mortifications, and in entreating the spiritual assistance of friends. Towards the evening of the day appointed for his answer to be given to the Freemason, Father Jandel rapped at his door. The Freemason was expecting him. Father Jandel had externally nothing about him that would indicate the religious; he was clothed as a layman, but he carried concealed under his coat a large crucifix. They at once started for the hall, and they soon arrived there. The hall was furnished in the most gorgeous style, and it was so brilliantly illuminated that their eyes were dazzled. They remained just inside the door, as had already been agreed upon. In a little while the hall was filled, and all the seats were about to be occupied, when the devil appeared. "There he is, look at him," whispered the Freemason to Father Jandel. The priest without delay drew from his breast the crucifix, which he had until then carried concealed there, and with both hands raised aloft, made with it the sign of the cross over the whole assembly.

A bolt sent by the erring hand of Omnipotence could not have produced a more unexpected, sudden, and terrifying effect on the crowd, than did this just described action of the priest. The lights became extinguished, the seats were all overturned and thrown upon one another, and the attendants were scattered in all directions. The Freemason dragged Father Jandel away with him, and when they were a great distance away from the hall, without being able to account for the manner in which they escaped from the darkness and confusion, the disciple of Satan threw himself upon his knees before the priest, and exclaimed: "I believe, I believe; pray for me, and receive me into the Church." Father Jandel says that this convert led, to the very last moment of his existence, a most edifying life.

A HIGHLANDER was one day looking at a print from a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark: "Hech, sirs, but they maun be easily pleased wi' music. I wonder they dinna borrow a pair o' bagpipes."

EXAMPLE OF FILIAL PIETY.

DUPUYTRIN was about thirteen or fourteen years old when he heard an oculist spoken of who performed an operation by which he restored the sight of persons suffering from cataract. Dupuytrin's father, an old man, was quite blind, and he used to lead him from door to door to beg alms, which was their only means of livelihood. On hearing of the wonderful cures effected by this celebrated physician, the child first listened eagerly, then ran to his father's house, where he found the old man stretched upon his miserable bed, and exclaimed joyfully:

"Good news! good news, father! There is a clever doctor at Paris, who can make you see; may I take you to Paris?"

His father, deeply moved, replied:

"My child, I am old; Paris is a long way off; and, besides, I am poor, — the poor must be content to suffer."

Dupuytrin lived in the good old days when children reverenced their parents; he said:

"Are you poor when you have a son? Come with me; I will take care of you."

The old man wept tears of joy for his son's tender love, and they set out together from Chalons sur-Saone for Paris.

After three days of this painful journey, however, the poor old man, overcome with the fatigue of walking, fell ill of fever; he could go no farther. His child knew not where to look for help; they were alone in a strange country, and they could only weep together. Soon, however, young Dupuytrin's courage revived: by keeping carefully all the half-pence he could beg he managed to buy a wheelbarrow, and, love giving strength to his childish arms, he actually succeeded in bringing his father to Paris in this strange vehicle, begging his bread as he went along. Overjoyed at the accomplishment of his purpose, he thought nothing of the fatigue and labor he had undergone, but hastened, without a moment's delay, to inquire the address of the physician.

Having ascertained this, he presented himself at his house. The physician, who was a humane and charitable man, gave him a ticket to admit himself and his father to a consultation. The result was that his father's case was pronounced a very serious one, needing peculiar remedies, and necessitating a residence in the hospital. But the fixed charge for this was twenty sous (ten-pence) a day, — a larger sum in those days than it would be considered now, and quite out of the question for a poor beggar. He must give up the hope of recovering his sight, and think of returning to his home.

But young Dupuytrin still repeated: "You are not poor when you have a son." He had no one to help or advise him, but he had a pair of stout arms, and he looked about for work. At last he saw a mason's yard, and went in to offer himself as a workman. He was refused on account of his tender age, but he begged, he entreated. "Even a child is strong," he said, "when he works to maintain an aged father."

The men at length agreed to try him, and promised him twenty-four sous a day. This was enough: four sous would buy him a loaf of coarse

bread, — this was his only food, and he drank only water from the well; the remaining twenty sous he took every day to his father at the hospital. Every morning and evening he took his breakfast and supper there with the old man.

After some time the physician, who had noticed and admired his affectionate care, questioned him, and offered to take him into his service to drive his carriage. Dupuytrin gratefully accepted this offer, on condition that his father, whom he was resolved never to leave, should live with him. But he felt the rising of genius within him; he employed all his spare time in study; his master, who fully sympathized with his desires, gave him both time and valuable assistance; and he became at length a great physician, whose fame spread far and wide.

On the 13th of February, 1820, when Lourvel plunged a dagger into the breast of the Duc de Berry, heir-presumptive to the throne of France, Dupuytrin was sent for. He drew out the dagger and sucked the wound. When the prince asked for the pardon of his murderer, Louis XVIII. said to the physician:

"But if the dagger should be poisoned?"

Dupuytrin replied, "A Frenchman can die to save the life of a prince of France."

The Duke de Berry died; but the king rewarded the generous self-devotion of Dupuytrin with a pension of a million francs and the title of baron.

The poor man's child, the noble baron, never forgot the poor; he lived and died as a Christian; and he gave the million francs to found an institution for poor boys who wished to study medicine. Thus does it please God to reward filial piety even in this world.

THE TRADE RATS OF ARIZONA.

A MINER near the Senator recently had a rather singular experience with trade rats, known also as mountain rats. As the nights were cold the miner took his ore sack to replenish his rather hard bed. Having neglected to come to town for several weeks, his supply of beans had given out, and he had come down to a diet of straight bacon. Considerably out of humor, he started in to pull his bed to pieces one morning, and in removing the sacks was agreeably surprised to find three pounds of beans, with a little coffee mixed, which the trade rats had brought from the Senator and stored in his bed. The rats are native Americans, and very different from their imported Norway cousins. They are called trade rats because they generally leave some article in exchange for what they take away. The miner states that he never killed a trade rat; that these rodents habitually steal from one cabin and carry their plunder into an adjoining one; that on one occasion he spilled a couple of quarts of corn on the floor of his cabin and the next morning found the rats had stored away every grain of it in a pair of saddle bags hanging upon the wall. He also states that the rats have thick caudal appendages, about three inches in length, which they keep constantly throwing up and down, striking the floor with each downward movement with the regular measured stroke of a musical professor marking time.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

McMahon Hall of Philosophy, Catholic University, Washington.

Impressive Scenes at the Laying of the Corner-Stone.

THE sun shone radiantly, refreshing breezes blew, and the trees were in tender green leaf and fragrant blossom for the day, Wednesday, April 27, set apart for the laying of the corner-stone of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America. The lovely day broke the tradition of bad weather attending the great events in the University's life; begun by the dismal wet days of the corner-stone laying and the dedication of the Divinity Hall.

Who that struggled through the clinging red mud, after a vain wait for a carriage, to the little dimly lighted wooden railway station on the night of that eventful 13th day of November, 1889, would recognize the marvellously improved and beautiful location? A handsome stone depot, marked "University Station," which might almost have been transplanted from one of the Newtons on the Boston and Albany road, replaces the unsightly structure of our former acquaintance; electric cars, stamped with

Catholic University

in letters two feet long, run from the centre of Washington to the very gates; there are good broad sidewalks from the station to the grounds, which are neatly fenced in and handsomely laid out, and a little town is springing up in the vicinity.

The massive foundation of the Philosophy Hall is up to the first story. Over this the platform for the participants in the ceremonies had been erected. Round about it, from an early hour in the afternoon, an expectant crowd patiently held their places. Others moved over the grounds, or sought their friends among the faculty and students, in the great reception rooms and other parts of the Divinity College open for the day to the public.

At 4 30 P.M. the signal was given for the opening of the ceremonies, and the directors and faculty of the University, the visiting prelates and priests, the students and invited guests assembled in the public lecture hall.

The orators of the day were Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore and Chancellor of the University, and Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore. With them on the platform were the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., rector of the University; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Williams of Boston. Other Bishops present were the Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D. D., of Trenton, N.J.; the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Columbus, O.; the Rt. Rev. C.P. Maes, D.D., Covington, Ky.; the Rt. Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D., Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Santa Fe, N.M.; the Rt. Rev. A. Van de Vyver, D. D., Richmond, Va.; the Rt. Rev. A. A. Curtis, D. D., Wilmington, Del. Other distinguished people present were the venerable Father James McMahon, founder of the Philosophy Hall; the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, D. D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston; the Very Rev. A. L. Magnien, D. D., president of St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore; the Rev. Joseph Haven Richards, S. J., president of Georgetown University; the Rev. J. Eames Rankin, president of Howard University; the Rev. Edward P. Allen, president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.; the Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J., president Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Brother Anthony, president of Manhattan College of the Christian Brothers, New York; the Rev. J. A. Walter, St. Patrick's, J. F. Mackin, St. Paul's, Washington; A. Mandalari, S.J., James A. Ward, S. J., Frederick, Md.; James F. Smith, of Philadelphia; James McGovern, D.D., editor Chicago Catholic Home; Mgr. Farley, of New York, the Rev. Thomas S. Lee, rector, the Revs. E. A. Williams and T.J. Kervick, of St. Matthew's, Washington; the Revs. Wm. J. O'Hara, of Mount St. Mary's College; Wm. J. Hill, Brooklyn; J. J. Powers, Peoria, Ill.; Patrick L. Duffy, Charleston, S. C.; F. E. Hannigan, New York; Francis J. McArdle, Philadelphia; M. J. Riordan, Barnesville, Md.

These lay members of the Board of Managers were present: Michael Jenkins, of Baltimore; Eugene Kelly, of New York; Thomas Waggaman, of Washington.

Among the laity were noted Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Charles J. Bonaparte; Colonel Vincent and wife and daughter, Professor Burgess, Professor F. G. Clark, Professor Wilhelm Bernhardt, Mrs. Wellington, of Chicago, sister of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the author; Mr. Bernard Corr and his daughter, Miss Mary B. Corr, of Boston, and Miss Neville of Canada; Mr. Milton E. Smith, editor of the Church News, Washington; A. J. Faust, Ph. D.; the representative of THE PILOT, Boston; Professor Welling, of Columbia College; Professor Harkness, Miss Kate Field, Major Pollock, and F. W. Clark, chief of the Geological Survey, etc.

The hall had no decorations except the Papal and the American colors, displayed on the platform.

The Cardinal spoke as follows:—

Cardinal Gibbons' Address.

The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in decreeing the establishment of this *Seminarium Principale ad instar Universitatis,*

expressed the hope that from it "*favente Dei gratia perfecta suo tempore effloresceret studiorum Universitas.*" We have reason to express our joy and devout thankfulness today that already we see this hope beginning to receive its accomplishment.

The faculty of divinity, now organized, has for its object the profound study of all that concerns God, and man's relationship with God as seen in the light of Divine Revelation.

The faculty of philosophy, to accommodate which this new structure is begun, has for its object the profound study of all that concerns man, and his multiform relations with all below him, around him and above him, as seen in the light of natural reason.

The school of philosophy embraces the thorough study of man's spiritual, rational and ethical nature with the aid imparted by the wisdom of the philosophers and schoolmen of all ages, especially St. Thomas Aquinas.

The school of sciences comprises the study of man's relations to all organic and inorganic nature. It includes in its scope investigations (1) in physics, chemistry and geology; (2) in biology, physiology and anthropology, these being crowned by a complete course of experimental or physiological psychology in which the relations between mind and matter in all mental operations are carefully analyzed.

These scientific courses are to be organized and conducted in such a manner that they who wish to study the sciences not merely in their relation to philosophy, but for purposes of professional utility, or of profound experimental research, will find every facility for doing so.

In the school of sociology will be thoroughly treated the organization of human society under its three great heads of social development, political institutions, and economic adjustments.

With this will be intimately connected the school of jurisprudence, which will have for its field the history and the philosophy of the development of law in the civilized world. From this school of jurisprudence, will naturally grow in process of time our faculty of law.

The above-mentioned schools, in which man's nature and relationships are studied in all their phases, will naturally call for departments of philology and literature, and departments of history, in which the busy workings of human thought and human life in all ages and nations will furnish abundant matter for most interesting study.

These two great departments of study—the faculty of divinity and the faculty of philosophy, the former proceeding chiefly by the light of Divine Revelation, the latter chiefly by the light of natural reason and observation—are not to be independent and separate one from the other, as if alien or hostile to each other, but are congruous and harmonious elements of one and the same University organism, having constant and intimate relations with each other, each free and untrammelled in its own domain, yet both agreeing and blending as sister emanations from the same infinite Fountain of all light and beauty.

It cannot be denied that there dwells in some minds a lurking suspicion, if not a positive conviction, that an antagonism exists between certain dogmas of revelation and the results of scientific investigation. Mr. Huxley, Dr. Draper and other leaders of a modern school have done their utmost to confirm these impressions, and to widen the breach between the teachers of religion and of physical science. They insist that the study of nature leads us away from God and, ultimately results in the denial of His existence. They maintain that there is an irrepressible conflict between these two great branches of knowledge, and that in the long run theology must surrender to her younger and more progressive rival.

They affect to believe that the champions of Christianity, conscious of this unequal conflict, view with alarm the rapid strides of the natural sciences, and discourage the study of them. We are told by this modern school that the more we are attached to the teachings of Christian faith, the more will our judgment be warped, our intellect stunted, and the more we will be retarded in the investigation of scientific truth. They contend that to enjoy full freedom in searching the secrets of the physical world, we must emancipate ourselves from the intellectual restraints imposed upon us by the Christian religion. We must be permitted to call these childish declarations, though uttered by bearded men. The truth is, that how much soever scientists and theologians may quarrel among themselves, there will always be a perfect harmony between science and religion. Human science and divine religion, like Martha and Mary, are sisters, because they are daughters of the same Father. They are both ministering to the same Lord, though in a different way. Science, like Martha, is busy about material things; religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord.

The Christian religion teaches nothing but what has been revealed by Almighty God, or what is necessarily derived from revelation. God is truth. All truth comes from Him. He is the Author of all scientific truth, as He is the Author of all revealed truth. "The God who dictated the Bible," as Archbishop Ryan has well said, "is the Author who wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies." You might as well expect that one ray of the sun would dim the light of another, as that any truth of revelation can extinguish any truth of science. Truth differs from truth only as star differeth from star—each gives out the same pure light that reaches our vision across the expanse of the firmament. Legitimate inquiries into the laws of nature are therefore no more impeded by the dogmas of faith than our bodily movements are obstructed by the laws of physics.

We may rest assured, then, that the Church of God has nothing to fear from the progress of physical science and from new discoveries of the laws of nature. So far from hiding her head like the ostrich in the sand, at the approach of modern inventions, she will hail them as messengers of heaven, and will use them as providential agencies for the propagation of the Kingdom of Christ. Yes, we bless you, O men of genius, we bless your inventions and discoveries, and we will impress them into the service of religion and say: "Lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever."

The Bishops of the United States are proud to establish an institution like this here in our National Capital, under the eyes of our whole country, and in most cordial relations with all her national institutions of learning and of social improvement. Every bishop is in solidarity with all, a proprietor and a director of the University; each will be sure to be its patron and its friend.

The faculty of philosophy is intended primarily for the laity of America, as the faculty of divinity is for the clergy. To reap its advantages every young man is invited whose heart feels the noble craving for the broadest and deepest scholarship, imparted under the benign influences of Christian faith and Christian morality. For our country's good may they be many, and may their influence help to guide her future in the glorious paths of Christian civilization.

The Cardinal's address was heard with the deepest attention and heartily applauded.

At its close Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., came forward and made an appropriate address.

Laying the Corner-Stone.

After the address the lay people moved out to the foundations of the new building. The prelates and priests formed in procession chanting, as they passed on from the Divinity Hall to the scene of the ceremony, those significant and beautiful psalms of the ritual, "Lætatus Sum" and "Nisi Dominus." The students of the University walked first, priests all but three; then the visiting clergy and the faculty, all these in cassock and sur-

plice; then the bishops, in their purple robes and rochets; last of all the Cardinal, in vestments of cloth of gold, wearing his golden mitre and bearing his crosier. The Cardinal was attended by the Rev. Drs. O'Gorman and Shahan, professors of the University.

Arrived at the platform, the ceremony of blessing and laying the stone was duly performed. The architect, Mr. Francis E. Baldwin, placed in the Cardinal's hands the silver trowel and the hammer used at the laying of the corner-stone of the Divinity Building. His Eminence blessed the stone, placed upon it a trowel full of mortar, and as the stone was put in position, adjusted it with his hammer.

Then the canticle of Simeon, "Benedictus," was joyfully chanted, and followed by the prayer for the Pope, with which the function concluded.

Silver Jubilee of the Good Shepherd, Boston.

A Beautiful Celebration.

On Monday, May 2, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, celebrated, at their convent on Tremont Street, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their establishment in Boston.

The chapel of the convent was decorated with exquisite taste, the altar being brilliantly lighted and adorned with the choicest flowers.

The friends and benefactors of the convent were well represented at the celebration, which began at 9.30 A. M.

The Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, who was assisted by the Rev. Alphonse Charlier, S. J., deacon; the Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton, subdeacon; the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of East Boston, master of ceremonies; the Rev. Charles Rex, SS., assistant priest. Other priests present were the Revs. J. F. Talbot, D. D., of the Cathedral; E. I. Devitt, S. J., rector of Boston College; A. Ponce, S. M.; Henry Barry; W. P. McQuaid, rector of St. James' Church, of Boston; James O'Doherty, P. R., of Haverhill; J. H. Gallagher, of Roxbury; D. J. Wooley, of Newton Centre; W. J. Browne, of Brookline; Thomas Magennis, P. R., of Jamaica Plain; John Flatley and J. J. Ryan, of Cambridge; P. J. Kavanagh, of Lexington; E. J. Curran, of Malden; J. J. Chittick, of Hyde Park; Timothy Brosnahan, P. R., of Waltham; Alexander Klauder, C. SS. R., and Father Lynch, C. SS. R.

The sermon was given by the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., Bishop of Portland, Me., who was during his priesthood in Boston one of the first and most devoted friends of the Good Shepherd Nuns. The Bishop said among other things:—

Bishop Healy's Address.

"Give glory to the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever" God is infinite perfection; God is infinite sanctity; God is infinite goodness. We are intelligent beings, beings who are the representatives of His goodness, of His perfection. When we revel against God, our sin must be punished. How punish it? Simply by rejection? When the first rebellion of intelligent reason occurred there was no excuse, no palliation. When the angels fell away from God there was no palliation for them.

But when man sinned, God's goodness became merciful to a fault. Yet justice demanded satisfaction. His own Divine Son came into this world of ours in order here fully to reveal the mystery of God's goodness. He came into the world for our enfranchisement; to repair the wrong that had been done to God's majesty, and what was more, to restore fallen man. And here came this, the manifestation of His mercy. And here Christ became the companion of sin. He spent Himself not only in seeking sinners, but bringing them back to His shelter. Nothing was too good for the returned prodigal. Christ laid down His life for sinners, though one single drop of His Blood would have been enough for the salvation of the world.

But Christ made of His Blood a saving bath in which the vilest sinner might be cleansed by a single plunge, and not once only, but seven times and seven times seventy times. Give glory to the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever. It is not the perfect, it is the sinner, all unworthy as he is, who is the subject of the mercy of God. His mercy is, humanly speaking, greater than His justice. Peter, who denied Him, was made the Head of the Church. All the Apostles who deserted Him were made the pillars of the Church. And even the woman Magdalen, who was despised and rejected by men, bathed His crucified feet, and she was also the first to whom He appeared after His Resurrection. Could mercy go beyond this? No matter how many, how great have been the sins of man, there is only one unpardonable sin, despair. All else can be forgiven.

Bishop Healy then congratulated the Nuns on the great work they had accomplished, and on the splendid success of their Home. "Beginning twenty-five years ago," he said, "under a roof that was not your own, God has raised up friends for you on every side. His gifts and graces have been multiplied as you have seen, and as all these people have witnessed. During these years over 4 000 souls have been sheltered from the storms and the tempests of life. And you, at every day and every hour God has made you the ministers of mercy among your own sex. And you, like the angels of Heaven, must find your joy in the conversion of one sinner rather than in the perseverance of the many just. Take up the word and the song, 'Give glory to God, for His mercy shall endure forever. And I leave you, my brethren, with these thoughts of the mercy of God."

The music was unusually fine. Gounod's Cecilia Mass was sung by a choir of twenty-four picked voices, most of whom were from the Cathedral, under the direction of Mr. Alfred De Seve. The soloists were Mr. M. J. Dwyer, tenor; Messrs. Richard McMunn and Thos. E. Clifford, baritones, and Miss Ella E. McLaughlin, soprano. Miss McLaughlin rendered Gounod's 'Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Mr. De Seve, with exquisite effect. J. Frank Donahoe was the accompanist.

At the conclusion of the Mass the bishops, priests and laity were hospitably entertained by the Nuns.

By way of memorial of their silver jubilee, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd have issued a beautiful booklet, bound in blue, with silver lettering, entitled "The Good Shepherd in Boston.' There is an introductory chapter on the foundation of the order, its mission and spirit, by Katherine E. Conway. This is followed by "Twenty-Five Years' Work of the Good Shepherd in Boston," which is, in effect, the history of the Boston house. The booklet bears this dedication: "To the benefactors of the House of the Good Shepherd in Boston, whose generous aid has made it possible, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd gratefully inscribe this record of twenty-five years."

Copies of the little volume have been sent to all the benefactors of the house. Others desiring it, can procure it from the publishers, Messrs. Flynn & Mahony, or from THE PILOT Bookstore.

The Sisters wish to acknowledge the generous act of Mr. Chickering of Chickering & Sons, Tremont Street, Boston. They had intended having their piano tuned for the celebration, but Mr. Chickering, on learning of this, kindly sent out a magnificent grand square piano, which was used instead.

Appeal of the National Federation of America.

THE National Federation of America has issued the following appeal to the friends of Home Rule for Ireland:—

Fellow-Countrymen and Friends of Home Rule:—After centuries of misrule in Ireland, after an unbroken line of martyrs have yielded up their lives in protest, after enduring every form of persecution that could be inflicted, making every sacrifice that was demanded, accepting poverty and exile rather than abandon the hope of restored nationality, the constancy, loyalty and fidelity of our race has aroused the sympathy of the liberty-loving, and won from the majority of the British people an admission of our claims and their consent to render the justice long denied.

The Tory Government, the implacable enemy of Irish people, has been driven finally to bay. Advices from the other side point inevitably to an early dissolution of Parliament. The general election following immediately will decide the Home Rule question for our generation if not forever. Friends of Ireland in America, will you aid the Irish people now? Will you organize at once and give the necessary material support without which the battle cannot be won?

The Tory party have arranged to contest every seat in Ireland, to impose new burdens on our people, knowing their poverty. Shall the sacrifices and devotion of the past be in vain, because of indifference now? Shall the present prove recreant to the past?

The heavy statutory fees must be deposited when nominations are made. The necessary funds should be in our treasurer's hands before the dissolution of Parliament, in order to be available at once. The hour for final effort is upon us. Fellow-countrymen, you have pledged your support to this contest until the victory was won. The purpose and the lines of contest have not changed. Never in the history of the long struggle has Ireland gained a position so full of promise as the present. Avoidance of the duty you owe your race now under any pretence is desertion in face of the enemy.

The hour of destiny has arrived for Ireland. This is "Ireland's Opportunity," and to nations as to individuals such opportunities seldom recur. The fate of the Home Rule question rests now in your hands; defeat can come only through the apathy of professed friends. The hour for hesitation and discussion is passed. To work! To work at once!

Send on your individual subscriptions without delay; organize branches of the Federation where none exist; appoint collecting committees; remember that on every man will rest a share of the shame of defeat or the honor of victory. Answer the exultant Tory cry that you have deserted the cause of Ireland by material aid forwarded to the Central Office, 22 Cooper Union, making checks or money orders payable to Eugene Kelly, treasurer. In addition to the receipt from the treasurer's office subscriptions hereafter will be publicly acknowledged through the press.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M. D., President.
JAMES S. COLEMAN, Secretary.
EUGENE KELLY, Treasurer.
JOHN BYRNE, Ch. Md. of Trustees

Donegal Tweeds.

CHIEF among the cottage woollen industries of Ireland is the manufacture of homespun tweed cloth, which the lady originators of the scheme designate as "Donegal Tweeds." The wool which enters into the "Donegal Tweeds" is assorted, mixed, corded and spun by Donegal women and girls by their cabin firesides; the yarn is woven into cloth, finished in little mills on the mountain streams, according to designs furnished by some of the best artists of Ireland and London. In London last year, when for the first time the "Donegal Tweeds" were introduced, they became quite the rage for every-day suits of gentlemen's clothing, so that the supply did not equal the demand. Mr. A. Shuman, of this city, who is treasurer of the Countess of Aberdeen Fund in Boston for the promotion of these cottage industries has on exhibition, for the first time at Shuman Corner, the largest and most varied assortment of these "Donegal Tweeds" which the mills of Tyrconnell have yet turned out in any one year, since they started, on one order. Mr. Shuman guarantees the most extraordinary durability in these goods, and he believes their original, quaint and artistic designs will ensure at least as great attention in Boston as they are receiving in London.

Spring Cleaning.

IN the spring time when the human race is popularly supposed to be cleansing its blood from the impurities which have gathered therein during the winter, in order to have it in good condition for the warm days of summer, is a good time to talk of Putnam Nails.

It is high time that those smiths who have been trying to delude themselves into thinking that any cheap stuff would do to hold the shoe on during sharpening, were clearing out the debris from their shops and getting in the stock of Putnam Nails, which they know from experience is the only brand which will take them through fly time with credit. Why (it may be asked) is it that the Putnam Nail is so relied on to stand the hardest wear? The answer is easy. Because it is made from the best Swedish iron stock obtainable, and it is the only nail which is hot forged by the action of hammers alone, and hammer pointed cold, following and imitating the old hand process. It is the only nail which cannot split or sliver, and which will hold the shoe until worn out. This fact has caused some of those who are unmindful of the welfare of the public, so long as they can obtain some of their eighty-five cent dollars, to endeavor to palm off cheap imitations as the genuine article. These imitations imitate in name only, not in quality. They are not hot forged; but are made by squeezing out a blank hot elongating it by cold rolling and shearing from the end a V shaped piece to form a point. Therefore, they are cold rolled and clipped nails, and liable to split or sliver when driven into the foot, to cause lockjaw, and perhaps death to a valuable animal. Go to your smith. Insist upon his using the Putnam Hot Forged & Hammer Pointed Nail in shoeing your horse. Look in his shoeing box. If the nails there present a smooth edge for the whole length, they are the hot forged Putnam; if they present the marks of the shears on the edges near the point, they are cold rolled and clipped. It costs but one cent more per horse to shoe with the Putnam Nail. Pay that cent, and insist on its use. Samples from THE PUTNAM NAIL CO., NEPONSET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Sharon, Mass., is now open for services and will be finished early in the fall. Sharon is a dependency of Stoughton, and is under the charge of the Rev. J. M. Kiely, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in that place.

Dr. James Field Spalding Returns to Protestantism.

THE Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune last Saturday announced the surprising news that Dr. James Field Spalding had returned to the Episcopal Church, which he left four months ago to become a Catholic

Dr. Spalding has thus far offered no explanation of the motives impelling him to this action; but the Tribune, whose editor is a warden of the church in Cambridge over which the reverend gentleman was rector for many years, up to last November, says: "In common with all his friends we shall await a full explanation from Dr. Spalding of the causes that have induced him to thus retrace his steps to his old faith." Catholics also will await the explanation, but rather with curiosity than with grave interest. In his farewell statement in Christ Church, last November, Dr. Spalding said:—

"I would not have you suppose I have been hasty in taking the step of resigning, or in reaching the condition which I have in my own mind, and of which I am now about to tell you. . . . I have no sympathy with carelessness and haste in such an investigation. To be carried away by some impulse or imagination about a divine or worship or morals; to give up one's own communion from some personal discontent, or because of grave faults in its workings, and then to rush into another with no clear notion of what it teaches or stands for, is a folly which might be expected to be followed by bitter repentance. I have tried to be as thorough in my investigation as ability and opportunity would allow."

. . . . . .

"I have not been solicited by any one; no inducements of any sort have been held out to me. There has been no attempt at proselytizing. I have rather been kept back many times; I have received help by way of books or counsel or explanation when I have asked it; but the chief thing, the thing I have been bidden continually to do, to bring myself to a decision in this great matter, has been to pray—pray for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. No! I have not been sought, but I have myself sought; and I have been impressed with the naturalness, candor, fairness, gentleness, large-heartedness, charity of those whom I have met; and there has been sufficient variety, of so many different people, in different places, in different walks of life, of occupation sacred and secular, to enable me to reach an intelligent conclusion, and to believe that the manifestation of such virtues as I have just named has not been, as narrow-minded enemies sometimes say, the working of any craft or policy to gain me, but of sincerity and truth; and as such I bear my witness to it."

It had taken him many years, he further said, to reach the conviction that the Catholic Church is the true Church. He made undoubted sacrifices to enter it, and bravely entered on more which awaited him. His convictions, the growth of years, remained unshaken up to a week or two ago. It is not complimentary to the reverend gentleman's intellect to intimate that within the space of, say, fifteen days, he has discovered the reasoning of years to be fallacious; and yet that supposition is more charitable than the alternative that he was insincere four months ago, or is so today. We have no reason to make the latter charge against him, nor shall we question the assertion of the Tribune that he is a man of great moral courage and unflinching conscientiousness. We simply question his intellectual force, as we should question that of anybody who could make two so remarkable changes of opinion in so brief a time. It is a case for compassion and gentle judgment.

Mr. A. LEES, 28 Sudbury street, Boston, Wood Mantels and Wood Carving, whose advertisement appears on page 6, has recently put up the Wood Mantles in the new parochial residence of Rev. P. H. Callanan, Wellesley Hills.

Mr. M. F. SULLIVAN is now with Thomas O'Callaghan & Co., Carpetings, 599 and 601 Washington street, Boston.

TO THE NEW ENGLAND PIANO COMPANY: *Sir:* It gives me pleasure to tell you that during my stay in Boston, this season, I have enjoyed the use of one of your semi-grand Pianos, which I consider one of the *best* for *accompanying the voice;* its tone being so mellow, and blending perfectly with the voice.

Dec. 29, 1891. LILLIAN NORDICA.

FRANK FERDINAND'S

Mammoth Blue Store

2260 WASHINGTON STREET,

Cor. Warren.

THE LARGEST STORE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Largest Stock.
The Largest Assortment.
The Lowest Prices.
The Best Goods.

The best place to buy all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods, as our low rent and expenses enable us to undersell all competitors.

Remember the place and try us, and you will always trade with us, as thousands have, for the last twenty-five years.

FRANK FERDINAND, Proprietor

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Any subscriber getting a new one and sending us $4 will receive two copies of this interesting book.

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911